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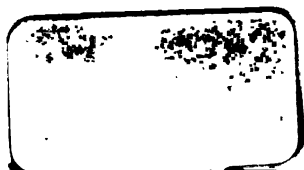
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CAMPBELL;

OR, THE

SCOTTISH PROBATIONER.

A NOVEL.

Hard is the Scholar's lot, condemned to sail,
Unpatronised, o'er life's tempestuous wave :
Clouds blind his sight ; nor blows a friendly gale,
To waft him to one port—except the grave.

PENROSE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

Along the cool sequestered vale of life
He kept the noiseless tenor of *his* way.

GRAY.

Ye powers who rule the tongue (if such there are),
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
A duel in the form of a debate.

COWPER.

HAVING spent the greater part of a long life in unremitted, but generally ineffectual, endeavours to be useful to myself and others, I am anxious that my errors and misfortunes should be recorded *pro bono publico*. Like him therefore who, dying of an incurable disorder, bequeaths his body for dissection, I sit down to write an unembellished narrative of my varied life, trusting that the time which is employed in perusing

VOL. I.

A

my humble tale, may not be altogether unprofitably spent.

Having little of which to accuse the world, and still less upon which to congratulate myself in the subsequent narration, I shall

Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.

And being equally a stranger to private resentments, my pages are not intended as the vehicles of personal satire ; and flattery would be without an aim, from him to whom the season of hope is past, and whose only remaining wish is to descend peacefully to the grave.

My father, a plain honest Scotsman, was born between the Tay and the Grampians, where he farmed about fifty acres of land ; the occupation of which, partly through the kindness of its successive proprietors, and partly owing, perhaps, to the peaceable and industrious habits of my progenitors, had been allowed to descend from father to son for several generations.

The local situation of my natal spot, at a

considerable distance from any large town, and the nature of my father's employment (a principal part of the work on the farm being performed by himself), left him few opportunities and little leisure for what is termed knowing the world. With the exception, therefore, of what might be acquired by going twice or thrice in a year to a cattle fair, attending a village funeral, or mixing with the parishioners on a Sunday, my father was a stranger to men, their manners, and their ways.

My mother, whom my father had married when both were pretty far advanced in years, was, in her own opinion and also in that of some others, a smart, active, ever bustling woman; with this additional qualification, that while her hands were generally employed her mind was never idle, and her tongue almost incessantly in motion. Her opinions were often rashly formed, but most tenaciously maintained: thus, in debating upon whatever she imagined likely to promote her interest or gratify her inclinations, she commonly mistook obstinacy for

firmness ; and, although not always able to persuade others, she constantly succeeded in convincing herself, that she was perfectly in the right.

My father, on the contrary, was a man of slow conception and few words, little qualified and less inclined for argumentation ; and generally, as my mother became more loquacious, his taciturnity increased in the same proportion. He would almost at any time have yielded the point in dispute, although conscious of being right, rather than have taken the trouble of defending it. The only exception within my recollection was, a contest which he had with a neighbour at our summer fair, about the comparative beauty, strength, and value of two *fillies*, reared on their respective farms.

From these few traits of my father and mother, it will perhaps naturally enough be conjectured that, according to the homely saying, the *gray mare was the better horse*. Probably it was so ; but such was my father's placidity of temper, or so much had he been accustomed to the manner of his

helpmate, that things went on smoothly enough. Not but that slight wranglings would sometimes occur, in which case my mother's utterance always acquired a kind of *allegro* movement, and her voice rose fully an *octave* higher ; but then my father's immediately fell in the same proportion, and his responses were delivered in *adagio* time. Now this produced so unnatural a discord, that the *duet* was generally broken up by tacit, although mutual, consent ; and by next meeting all was forgotten.

Let it not be imagined that I take a pleasure in exposing the foibles of my parents. What I have said was necessary to illustrate my own history ; for their manners and habits were not without their influence upon their first-born and only son, who now lives to record himself the last of his race.

CHAPTER II.

A glorious boy, he cried, and what the name ?

CRABBE.

I WAS born early in the spring of 1746, a year famous in the annals of Britain for the happy termination of a rebellion, fomented by faction, and headed by a romantic youth for the recovery of what he conceived to be his paternal right.

It was on a cold, raw, frosty morning, while my father was in the act of leading gray Dobbin from the stable, that the area before his door was suddenly filled with dragoons. —A subaltern officer rode up, and told my father that he must immediately have his horses, carts, and servants, for the conveyance of his Majesty's stores to the next market town. My father replied, that without doubt his Majesty had a just claim to his best services, and that for King George he would most willingly hazard his

life; but that at present he was about to employ this horse on a service, which he would not renounce for *all the kings in Christendom*! “Bravo!” said the officer, “what may this important service be?” “To fetch a midwife,” replied my father:—“my wife is at this moment in labour;”—pointing, at the same time, to a room where my mother leaned against the window. “All this may be very true,” said the trooper; “but you must go on foot, for we want your horse this instant;” and he seized Dobbin by the *branks*.

My father, although slow in speech, was acute in feeling:—high words had ensued,—when an officer, apparently of high rank, riding up, thus accosted my father: “My brave fellow, I excuse your warmth on account of its cause: we shall easily agree; your horse, altho’ fit for the draught, does not seem formed for expedition, will proceed with our stores; and as neither your case nor mine will allow time for deliberation, point out the road to the midwife’s residence, and Jack there (pointing to a

dragoon,) shall fetch her in a twinkling." The distance was about three miles, and away scampered the dragoon. The hand-maid of Lucina, who was verging on her grand climacteric, unaccustomed to a groom in armour, refused to mount the charger; but an oath from the dragoon, intimating, that unless she got up immediately a whole troop should be sent to fetch her, soon produced a compliance. By the assistance of a neighbour she was seated, and instructed to hold fast. But the horse, although perfectly well bred, and sufficiently skilled in military manoeuvres, had not been accustomed to carry double; and as Mrs Midnight's dimensions, as well as specific gravity, were very considerable, the generous but indignant charger conceived that her pressure was an attack upon his rear, and consequently wheeled, capered, and curvetted, most gallantly. However, his rider, an adept in equestrian exercises, admonished his charge to keep fast hold of him, and there would be no danger. This injunction was complied with from a kind

of convulsive fear; and by the time that they reached my father's door, her hands were so firmly clinched in the trooper's belts, and so completely had she been unnerved, that she could not loosen her hold. Being assisted to alight, and led into the house, instead of approaching my mother, she dropt on the floor in a fit. What was now to be done? It was a critical moment, upon which my future fate was suspended. My mother required immediate assistance, and my father ran out of doors, wringing his hands, exclaiming in the agony of grief, that his wife would perish; and, in the bitterness of his heart, cursing all constituted authorities, whose interference had placed him in so distressful a situation.

The superior officer already mentioned, who still remained in the court urging the despatch of the carts, said to my father, upon learning the case, "My good fellow, we have one more resource;—my surgeon is just coming up;—he *can* and will assist your wife. I shall send an express for him; go and prepare the poor woman for his appear-

ance,—tell her, he is also a clergyman, and acts as my chaplain. This will reconcile her a little. Her's is no situation for false delicacy :—for your own sake therefore and hers, I beg you will advise her to be calm, and all I hope will soon be well.

The surgeon arrives,—necessity has no law,—my mother submits,—and in ten minutes the humble subject of these memoirs is introduced into the world, a free denizen to all the rights, privileges, immunities, pains and penalties, that mortal flesh is heir to, by the attendant surgeon of his Royal Highness, William, Duke of Cumberland.

When my mother, who had behaved with surprising fortitude, was put to bed, his Royal Highness shook hands with her ; wished her joy of her first-born son ; took me in his arms ; and, on putting me down, deposited on the bed beside my mother a purse of ten guineas to begin my education ; adding, that he had no doubt I should be a great man.

When the duke and his retinue had departed, the peculiarities attending my birth

afforded an almost inexhaustible fund of conversation for the gossips who now surrounded my mother; and the duke's assertion, that I should be a great man, was echoed about till it made my mother's head ache, although there is some reason to believe that it produced a more delightful sensation in her heart.

At the feast given on my mother's recovery, which in that part of the country was termed the *up-drinking*, it was discussed in full divan, whether I should arrive at my dignity in the church or the army; for, it being implicitly believed, that the obstetric operator who ushered me to the light was his Royal Highness's chaplain, it appeared very probable (as they said) that I would take after him: others were of opinion, that as I appeared a stout fellow, and of a very restless disposition, I should be a great general.

Although the progress of the royal and rebel armies afforded subject of talk for the public at that time, yet in a country village, the circumstances of my mother's *accouche-*

ment were so remarkable, that fame always introduced them, either as an episode or sequel to more important events. In a week or two after, the whole, with considerable exaggerations, were repeated to my maternal uncle, who lived (as it is termed with us) in "the *mow*" of the Highlands." This uncle, though very cautious, was at heart a staunch Jacobite. Prudence had prevented him from joining the standard of the Pretender; but he most anxiously anticipated the day when his sentiments could be declared with perfect safety; and he earnestly prayed for that success which he wanted the courage to promote. The news of my birth, therefore, had no sooner reached him, than he made my mother a friendly visit; and, after the usual compliments, the following dialogue took place:

"Weel sister, I'm glad to see you sae weel recovered; wha was your *canny-wife*?" My mother blushed without speaking.

"Ay! nae wonder that you dinna like to speak; but I hae heard the particulars. My wife wad hae died before the like should hae happened to her!"

My mother was sometimes *blessed*, but oftener *cursed*, with a ready wit: my uncle had no children, and his wife was now aged. My mother therefore very promptly replied: "Indeed, brither, ye're right—she'll die before the like happens to her!"

"Jeer on, Mary, ye may come to repent it! An' sae ye really an' truly had the assistance o' an English sodger?"

"Deed had I, brither."

"Weel, I say't again, you ought to hae died sooner than submit to sic vile degradation! But you were hansumely treated, I'm tauld, by that miscreant the Duke of Cumberland.—Did he really help in bringing the bairn to the world?"

"Brither, we'll drap the subject, if ye like."

"Wi' a' my heart, gin you'll but say that ye repent."

"I hae naething to repent o',—what happened was a matter o' necessity, and no o' choice."

"They say he gied ye a purse wi' a hunder guineas in't?"

“ He shook hands wi’ me, an’ left ten guineas to my bairn.”

“ Ten guineas ! I wad hae thrown them in his face !”

“ I was nae sic fool, brither ; ten guineas are ay ten guineas !”

Weel, weel ! some fowk are fools, an’ will be ; but had the Royal Stranger (ye ken wha I mean) had the same opportunity, he wad ne’er hae disgraced himsel’ in sic a manner.”

“ Dear brither, for your ain sake, let that subject alane, an’, if possible, change your mind.”

“ Change my mind ! an’ desert my prince !”

“ Desert your prince ! weel said—hae nae ye denied him already ? If ye haud him sae dear, why dinna ye join him, an’ help him to recover his rights ?”

“ Mary, there are mony reasons.”

“ Nae doubt, brither, I can guess your reasons, but we hae gane ower the subject before now ; I hae aften entreated ye to turn your heart to King George, your lawful

sovereign, an' now I beg of you to do it from interest, for you'll ne'er see the royal stranger, as you ca' him, king of Scotland."

"I'll see him king, an' you his subject!"

"God forbid!"

"For shame, Mary! but there's eneugh said.—Is your son baptized?"

"No."

"What are you to ca' him?"

"We hinna resolved yet."

"That's right; ca' him Charlie! an' I sall gi'e him twa lambs, an' girse them till they produce him a score."

"I winna promise, brither."

"Ye winna! Oh! I forgot; ye'll be to ca' him Willie?"

"An' what if we do? is there ony harm in that, brither?"

"Brither! ca' me nae mair brither!—for I tell you at anes, Mary, if ye ca' that gyte lyin in your bosom Willie, you are nae sister of mine! An', d'ye hear? ye ken I've nae bairns o' my ain; an' altho' it's an auld bye-word, that blude's thicker than water, if ye ca' that bairn Willie, I wad sooner ca'

ilka horn an' hoof that belongs to me o'er the craig o' Drumscarlie, than let him be a single bawbee the better o' them ! Mind what I tell ye, Mary ;—but ca' him Charlie, an' its a' his ain when I die."

Contrary to her usual custom, my mother made no reply ; and my uncle took his departure, having neither received nor communicated pleasure by his visit. My mother was one of that class which may be led, but will not be driven. Besides, I believe she was as sincerely attached to the house of Brunswick as her brother was to the unfortunate Stuarts : I was therefore baptized by the name of William.

CHAPTER II

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The girls were taught to hem, stitch, and dearn. She had a great deal of small talk suited to the capacities of her pupils, and an inexhaustible collection of legendary and fairy tales, with which she enlivened our imaginations, and increased our credulity in proportion as she diminished our courage. For I sincerely believe, that not one of her pupils would have entered a room alone when it was dark, unless a friend was there before.

By the time I was six years of age I could read the Bible (saving and excepting as aforesaid), and repeat the Shorter Catechism, with all the Scripture Proofs, without misquoting either chapter or verse. I could almost say, or sing, most monotonously, about two dozen of the Psalms of David, one of which was the 119th. The schoolmistress now declared that I was *prodeejusly* clever, had all the *eddycashon* she could give me, an' that it would be a *saul* sin not to follow out my *genus* an' mak me a minister. By this time I had a sister about three years

of age; she was the last produce of that vine, which, although afterwards barren, continued to vegetate vigorously.

I was now sent to the parish school to learn writing and arithmetic. The school-master, although not at the head of his profession, was at least a respectable teacher; he was a tolerable scholar and a good man, with few peculiarities, except those naturally arising from the unremitted routine of a task, in the discharge of which he had grown old without becoming rich. His ~~dignity~~ ~~of manner~~, and propriety of behaviour, were, however, such as preserved the general respect of the parishioners for him and his family.

After about three years attendance here, I was pronounced the cleverest boy in the school; which, by-the-bye, was no proof of superior intellect, or even of sedulous application. The teacher's greatest failing was indolence; he had no hopes to stimulate him; his character and situation for life were fixed; he saw himself condemned to vegetate and die on the same spot.

Without gross misconduct he could not sink lower; and no exertion, at his time of life, could raise him one degree higher, either in the scale of wealth, rank, or respectability. Hence he went through his duty in an easy, formal manner; and the ardour which he felt not himself, he had ceased to excite in his pupils. Being now of an age when memory could record my transactions and feelings, I recollect that I did endeavour to keep at the head of my companions in the performance of our tasks; but, satisfied with this, I never endeavoured to go beyond them. They were generally idle; and my true character was of being only less so than the rest. Not that I was without pride, but unfortunately it took a wrong direction; for I often felt more proud of being able to assist my older and idler companions, than in acquiring that knowledge in which I was still defective. However, my progress appeared to give the master much satisfaction; and as two or three boys were to enter into the Latin after next vacation, he proposed to

my parents that I should join them. To this proposition my father gave a decided negative: my mother, on the contrary, was exceedingly keen that I should be a great man; for every body said, what she herself knew, that I was a wonderful scholar, and only wanted Latin to make me a gentleman.

Many were the conferences held between my parents on this important subject. Both were tenacious of their respective opinions; and as there was no middle way, there appeared no probability of the point being adjusted.

“What use,” said my father, “will Latin be to Willie in hauding the pleugh, or in selling *stots* at a fair? Will he raise any better corn than his neeburs, because he can tell the name of it in Latin? I understand it will tak five or sax years to *per-fyte* him in that language.—Is nae that as muckle time flung awa’? Lang before that he should be doing something on the farm, an’ becoming acquainted wi’ the

nature o' the business that he is likely to get his bread by. I dinna wish to mak him a slave ; but *learn young, learn fair* ; and I wish him gradually, an' o' his ain accord, to tak a liking to his faither's occupation."

"An' why," interrupted my mother, "should he be forced to drudge, an' toil, an' sweat, every day of his life, merely to live as we do, which, God kens, is soberly eneugh, when every body sees that he has a *genus*, an' will mak himsel a gentleman, if we dinna prevent him by the want of a proper education?"

Such was the substance of their respective arguments, often reiterated under different forms, and without carrying conviction to either party, or producing any mutual concessions.

About this time my maternal grandmother, a widow about eighty years of age, was taken ill, and having a little property, our family expected something at her death. Ever since I had been able to repeat the Catechism and Psalms by rote, her fondness

for me had verged upon dotage. At the present crisis, my mother availed herself of this, in furtherance of her own plans.

A will was executed by old *granny*, by which two hundred merks were left to my sister, and four hundred to me, to educate me for the ministry. But in the event of either my parents or myself declining to apply this bequest according to the intentions of the testatrix, the whole six hundred merks went to another family.

This gave my mother such a decided advantage, as placed my father and his arguments completely in the back ground. "Now," said my mother exultingly, "will ye still oppose a plan so muckle for Willie's guid,—now that ye see Providence itself is directly favouring the design? Indeed, we canna oppose it without being guilty o' a great sin: he's may be ordeened for a *burning an' a shining light*; an' ye wish to *put it under a bushel*. There is the ten guineas frae the duke, God bless him! and my worthy mither's legacy, will, I daur say, put the *laddie* to the college

without costing you a fardin; but, although that werena the case, I am sure that before I wad, like you, grudge the expense, I wad rather toil the flesh aff my finger-banes for my bairn !”

My mother had waxed warm, and her expressions were unguarded. My father, still anxious to convince rather than to conquer, replied :

“ Mary, you will really mak me angry ; you are discontented wi’ your ain lot ; you accuse me o’ being niggardly ; and are laith to hear ony reason that may be gien again’ your opinion. Your situation is at least as comfortable as that of ony o’ your *forbears*, or even mony o’ our neeburs wha haud their heads higher. I am nae niggard, either to Willie or to ony part o’ the family, as far’s prudence will allow, and to forward him in life I wad do every thing in my power ; but you and I differ about the means. Our *bit* land, though little, wad mak him comfortable ; the laird’s family and ours hae come on thegither frae generation to generation, and

there's now a sort of natural liking between us. I hope to be spared till such time as Willie's fit to work the farm; and I'm sure there's no ane o' the family but what wad let him hae a better bargain o't than ony ither.

"The steading's in gude order, and, wi' the assistance we may then be able to gie him, he should leeve very respectably. As to your making the laddie a minister, I hae nae objection to the trade, God forbid! and I hae nae doubt o' his abilities, for he promises fair according to his *upcome*: neither wad I grudge the expense of his education; but, 'deed, Mary, I see mair ministers than kirks. Ye ken, that it requires *moyen* and gude friends to get a birth amang the clergy; and we hae nae ane to apply to wha can do ony thing for Willie. Our laird's no a parliamenter, and has very little connexion with the *gryte* gentry, sae we need count naithing upon him. Now, say that the laddie's colleged, and leecenced to preach, what's he to do till he get a kirk, if ever he should be sae fortunate? and how

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mony are there that never get a kirk at a' ? fain to *win* the length of a dominie, and wring out their lives in a parish school ; a greater drudgery and waur paid than mine ! Education's a gude thing ; but now-a-days, I fear, there's o'er mony that trust to it for their bread ; for although book-learning puts plenty into their heads, yet should they find nae employment, a thread-bare coat, and a *toom wame*, will mak but a *bauch* gentleman. I'm no at a' against a man raising himsel in the warld ; if he has the power o' doing it honourably, it is his duty ; but I am quite clear that every man, wha has nae fortin to leeve on, should be qualified to wun his bread by his ain labour, and then, happen what will, provided he keep his health, he canna be a beggar."

Notwithstanding all my father's arguments, my mother remained wedded to her own opinion ; the schoolmaster and some others being occasionally called in as auxiliaries. I was also consulted by both parties ; but my mother having so strongly impressed it upon my mind that I was a prodigy

of genius, and that I could not fail of being a great man, although I did not wish to offend my father, yet I expressed my inclination to learn Latin. He continued obstinate ; my mother grew sullen, and ultimately sick ; disappointed hope had also begun to pluck the roses from my cheek, and I became mopish and unhappy. In this dilemma my father knew hardly what to do ; suffice it to say, that the situation of my mother, and not the weight of her arguments, extorted his reluctant consent.

I began my attack upon *hic haec hoc* ; my mother recovered her health and spirits ; old granny died, and her bequests were ready to be paid over on the day that I should begin to study divinity. My master was a good Latin scholar ; and, I believe, my progress and proficiency were not discreditable to either of us. At the same time I acquired the elements of Geometry. The vanity of my mother, and her ambition to dignify her family, by making me a minister, now began to produce, at least, one good effect ; it gave a

stimulus to my exertions, and I studied Latin with great and constant assiduity ; foolishly believing, that I had only to make myself master of that language, and little more time and trouble were necessary to qualify me for being a minister.

Being now pronounced fit for the university, I took my departure for not the least celebrated of those establishments, from which have issued so many of the giants of literature, and which have long been venerated by the people of Scotland. My mother had so fluently descanted upon my genius, and other equally competent judges had so often echoed her sayings, that I had, in the vanity of my heart, given them full credit for their discernment. However, in the Greek class which I entered, there were several lads, whose facility in performing their exercises rendered me a little sceptical about my own abilities ; for it required the most unremitted application to keep pace with them. I was compelled to feel my own inferiority, and my pride was alarmed ; for the painful convic-

tion shot across my mind, that I had hitherto trifled away my time. I therefore began to think as a man ; and felt that I must prosecute my studies with assiduity and perseverance, if I wished either to profit by them, or acquire respectability as a scholar.

I still reflect with gratitude upon the attention and encouragement that I received from the different professors. Here, as at school, I likewise saw idlers, some from indolence, and others from the giddy love of pleasure. My recreation from study consisted chiefly in walking, which was conducive to health, and had no tendency to vitiate the mind. My father's circumstances in life were by no means affluent ; nor, had they been more so, would he have wished that I should have much pocket money, which, as he well knew, among youthful and unthinking companions, only furnish the means of indulging in follies or vice.

It was fortunate for me that he judged so prudently ; for, I must acknowledge, I sometimes sighed to join my fellow-stu-

dents in parties of pleasure, from which I was prevented only by the limited state of my finances.

It was expected by my mother, that at college I would be able to form an acquaintance with some lord or great man's son, who might have both the power and inclination to render me essential service. In fine, that I should, by my transcendent merit, acquire

Some patron kind
To bless me wi' a kirk !

But unfortunately there were no lords nor lords' sons at the university during my stay at that seminary.

During my stay at college I took the degree of Master of Arts, and at length came home with empty pockets, and my head full of logic and divinity. In a short time I delivered my first public discourse, which drew compliments from some of my reverend judges, and passed without censure from the rest. Shortly after this I was licensed a preacher

of the gospel, and thus fairly launched into the ocean of life. I felt that it was a voyage of adventure; but youth is not the season for despondency, and if my heart was not elated with hope, neither was it easily depressed by disappointment.

My father's house, though well enough adapted for his accommodation, afforded little convenience for private study. I have already said, that my mother was the reverse of the *silent woman*, and her loquacity now became troublesome to me in more ways than one. Her incessant volubility of tongue, distracted and disorganized my ideas in the most private recess I could find; but still worse, I was her only son, and, I verily believe that, had a bishop's mitre or a cardinal's hat been attainable in the church of Scotland, she would have imagined them ready to drop upon my head. Still, all this might have been of little consequence, had she kept it within her own bosom; but what she felt she too often expressed, with so little attention to time or place, that I was the daily burden of her song, and the object of her constant adoration.

After a residence of a few weeks, I preached publicly on a Sunday, for the first time, in my native parish, and went through the service with tolerable ease and confidence. The church was crowded; and I have no doubt that the greater part of the audience sat in judgment on my performance after they returned home. During the week, my mother teased every body that she met with the question, "Weel, what thought you of my Willie on Sunday?" This question being sometimes put in my presence, I began to be seriously angry with her, as this fondness had an obvious tendency to make me ridiculous. I remonstrated with her upon the impropriety of such conduct, and ultimately felt a necessity for insisting that she should not speak of me at all. But this injunction produced another evil; for, although a weak woman, she was a fond mother, and she now inferred that I was become so great as to be ashamed of my nearest relation.

It gave me pain to observe her feelings on this occasion; but what could I do? I endeavoured to convince her that I was

fully sensible of her affection for me, and that my remonstrances were dictated as much by filial respect as a regard to my own character, and begged to assure her, that she exposed both herself and me to public ridicule. But alas! her garrulity was incurable, and she felt it impossible to refrain from speaking of her son, interlarding her encomiums with querulous complaints that his affections were estranged from her.

CHAPTER IV.

Love should be pure,
Harmless as pilgrim's kisses on the shrines
Of virgin martyrs ; holy as the thoughts
Of dying saints, when angels hover o'er them ;
Harmonious, gentle, soft ; such love should be,
The zephyr—not the whirlwind of the soul.

CUMBERLAND.

I HAD now continued at home about seven months, preaching occasionally for the clergymen in the neighbourhood ; but as they considered this necessary for me, that I might acquire confidence, it was productive of nothing farther than a dinner on Sunday afternoon, or an occasional invitation from some of the most respectable inhabitants. I soon, therefore, began to be weary of this idleness. Along with the donations already mentioned, my parents had expended a considerable sum in the completion of my education ; and

this circumstance, with prospects by no means flattering, gave me at times considerable uneasiness. My father, however, never grumbled; and I rather think he guessed the state of my feelings, and pitied me. Still it was painful for me to see him toiling from morning to night while I was doing nothing, and literally walking about like a gentleman:—I therefore became determined, whatever might be my fate, to be no longer a burden on my industrious parents. To be a tutor in a gentleman's family I considered as a desirable situation; but I was unknown, and had no one to introduce me to the public, much less to perform the friendly office of recommendation. A parish school was the next resource, in any application for which, I believed, my qualifications would be recommendation sufficient. Several advertisements for schoolmasters came under my eye; but they were all clogged with this discouraging postscript: "None intending the ministry need apply."

Just as I was beginning to despond, I was one morning very agreeably surprised

by my college friend, Mr L., riding up to me, as I sauntered near my father's house. He shook me by the hand so cordially, that I was convinced his heart was as unsophisticated as ever. After breakfasting together, he mentioned that he was on his way to visit Mr B., a country gentleman in the next county, and most warmly entreated me to accompany him. I knew that my father could not conveniently spare a horse for me ; and mentioned this as my only objection. But my father observing my wishes, requested me to accompany my friend, and return as soon as possible. The day was fine, our ride pleasant, and we arrived in time to partake of a family dinner. Mr B. was a sensible, well-informed man : he had made the tour of Europe, and, from his manners and conversation, he appeared to have studied men and books with advantage. We remained all the following day, part of which was spent in walking over the pleasure-grounds.

Mr B. seemed anxious to lead me into conversation on different subjects. After

dinner, I observed that my friend very kindly led me to such topics as he knew I was capable of treating with credit to myself. We departed next morning; Mr L. separated from me by the way, and I reached home, much pleased with our little excursion.

After supper, my mother began to expatiate on the apparently good qualities of my friend, and added, that his abrupt departure only prevented her from soliciting his patronage and assistance for me; declaring, that should he ever call again, she would not lose the opportunity of so doing. I could not convince her of the impropriety of such a step, and had therefore peremptorily to insist on her silence on that subject. She became quite peevish, and wondered what was the use of great friends, if they could not be spoken to when their assistance was wanted.

Early in the following week, I received a letter from my friend, covering one from Mr B., in which the latter made me an offer of forty pounds per annum, with

bed, board, and washing, to reside in his house, and take charge of the education of his children. Mr L. solicited me, if I had no better prospects, (which he pretty well knew I had not,) to accept the offer; hinting, that Mr B.'s friendship might afterwards be of value. I communicated the letters to my parents, with an assurance of my own conviction, that my friend had first recommended, and then introduced me to Mr B., that the latter might so far see and judge for himself.

“Ay,” said my mother; “I aye thought that Providence wad open a door for Willie.”

I accepted the proposal, and departed with a father's blessing and advice. “Go, my son,” said he, “I am no judge of your head, but am happy to think that you have a good heart, if a poor mortal creature's heart may be termed good. You are in the way of instructing others; and whether you teach in public or private, let your doctrine be adorned by your example. Always speak and act according to your conscience. Be-

ware of pride—but avoid meanness. The profession you have chosen requires regularity of conduct, and prudence in the choice of your companions and recreations. Let your first aim be, the faithful discharge of your several moral and religious duties, and let your amusements be only such as promote health of body and serenity of mind; and be assured, that temperance in every enjoyment will afford you the most pleasing and lasting relish. Flatter no man,—and be not zealous without discretion. Do your duty, and may God bless and prosper your honest endeavours !”

My reception at my new residence was more than polite: I felt that it was kind. The family consisted of Mr and Mrs B., with three sons, and two daughters; the two youngest boys, and one of the girls, were to be committed to my charge.

Were I not afraid of being tedious, I could say much of the happiness I for some time enjoyed, and had further promised myself, in this situation. Mr B., with evidently a high sense of the dignity of rank,

was affable and kind; treated me as a companion, and shewed me many marks of his esteem. Mrs B. was of a very ancient family, with many agreeable and estimable qualifications as a woman, a wife, and a mother : perhaps her most conspicuous foible was, being inclined (like her husband,) to appreciate rather too highly the advantages of birth and rank. Miss B., the eldest of the family, then in her seventeenth year, possessed a form and features capable of inspiring the admirers of female beauty with adoration; but these were only the ornaments of a casket, which contained a jewel of the brightest lustre and inestimable value. The amiable and winning sweetness of her manner would have commanded the services of a savage; while her native dignity of mind and manner would have won the libertine and the licentious to the love of virtue. Sensibility without affectation, and every female virtue without prudery, adorned and regulated her conduct.

The young squire, who had just com-

pleted his fifteenth year, although he possessed not all the virtues of his parents, appeared at least without the vices too prevalent among young men who know that they are born to be gentlemen of fortune; and his youthful character, if it did not inspire sanguine hopes, left little to fear.

My pupils were docile, but attentive to my instructions, and performed their tasks with facility, which made the discharge of my duty a pleasure; while their progress was both creditable to me, and satisfactory to their parents.

I have already said, that my treatment in the family was most respectful. At table, whoever were the guests, every one of the family endeavoured to make me forget that I was a dependant; while their behaviour would have prevented any one else from making the discovery. Such was now my happiness, that I could have been contented never to change my situation. Oh, halcyon days!—how sudden and how great the reverse! cruelly did I experience, that our

highest bliss is pregnant with the seeds of disappointment and sorrow !

I had now passed more than a year in this worthy family, my felicity increasing with the well-founded conviction, that I was rising in their esteem, and securing their friendship.

Before I left my father's, I had made myself master of the Italian language ; and Miss B., who was a proficient in French, knew only so much of it, as to excite in her a desire for an intimate knowledge of a language so well suited to harmony and love, expressed a wish to her parents, that I should become her tutor. Solicitous to promote her improvement, and to contribute what appeared conducive to her happiness, they readily complied. We entered on the task ; her progress was rapid ; and it was doubtful whether the teacher or pupil had the greatest pleasure in our respective studies. In a very short time we read together Guacini, Metastasio, Tasso, and Ariosto, admiring and criticising as we proceeded.

Oh, dangerous association ! Miss B. might have charmed an anchorite—I was a young fellow of twenty-four ; and, I believe without vanity, of no despicable face and figure.

It is easy to anticipate the result. For a considerable time, the hours that were spent with Miss B. imparted a felicity beyond any other. I was conscious of this ; and although I felt that it would have been a privation of happiness to lose this pleasure, yet I foolishly believed that I could easily suppress this cherished feeling, the moment it threatened to become dangerous to my peace. That time approached—and I felt the necessity of acting with promptitude and honour. Happily my pupil was by this time a proficient in the language ; and although I felt the sacrifice infinitely greater than I had anticipated, I took the earliest opportunity of mentioning to her parents, in her presence, that she had no further occasion for my instructions.

She affirmed, that I was complimenting her, and insisted upon still receiving further assistance in the perusal of some works she

had lately procured. What could I do? Her studies were continued occasionally; while every interview convinced me of the absolute necessity of their termination.

One day, when she had finished her lesson, she took from her pocket a small edition of Petrarch, and asked me whether I had ever read that author; made some observations on his Laura; and requested my assistance in the translation of a sonnet which she admired. While we were at this exercise, she, as if by accident, laid her hand on mine, which was stretched on the table, and said, with a graceful sweetness peculiar to herself, "If you will have the goodness to assist me, we shall read all this volume together." I replied, that she did not require any assistance. "What have I done, Mr Campbell?" she then exclaimed, with unconscious warmth, "I have certainly offended you, and you wish to get rid of your pupil? You find me, I am afraid, an untractable scholar, and in some way disagreeable to you.—If so, I am sure it is far from my wishes.—I have felt very hap-

py,—obliged, I mean, by your patient and kind instructions.” During this discourse I felt her hand tremble ; our eyes met, and I observed a deep blush suffusing her cheek : My agitation became insupportable, when most fortunately, at this moment, from the window, I saw her youngest brother fall from a tree on the lawn. Starting, I exclaimed, “Ah, poor James !” and left the room with precipitation. The boy was not much injured ; and my confusion was thus concealed, or attributed to my alarm for James. Petrarch was now almost her constant amusement, and I observed her fine eyes lighted up with a sensibility of expression, that diffused thrilling agonies through my frame.

She was in the practice of taking a morning walk in the woods surrounding the house ; and although I studiously avoided meeting her in these excursions, yet, I will not deny, that I delighted in tracing the path she had trodden ; and when I reached a seat she had recently quitted, I threw myself into it with a refinement of pleasure, that has perhaps been often felt, but cannot be

describēd. If she happened to leave a wild flower, or a sprig of a shrub behind her, I seized it with fondness, and hoarded it with a lover's care.

One morning, taking my walk, I saw her returning by another path ; I plunged into the thicket, and hastened to a rustic seat which she had just left. A few paces from the seat, I observed a folded piece of paper lying, which I eagerly took up and unfolded. It was verses in her own hand-writing, and most probably had dropt from her pocket. It was not curiosity, but an irresistible impulse, that prompted a perusal.—What my sensations were upon reading the following lines may be easily conjectured.

TO THE WOOD PIGEON.

Thou emblem of unspotted love,
Why thus with 'plainings load the gale ?
Thy mate will meet thee in the grove,
And whisper soft his tender tale.

Nor pride of birth, nor sordid gold,
Can e'er thy fond affections bind ;
No parent turn with glances cold,
To keep thee from a kindred mind.

But I, by tyrant custom swayed,
Unheard, must heave the struggling sigh;
In secret seek the lonely shade,
And hide my love from every eye.

While he, whose image fills my heart,
My presence shuns with studious care;
Nor dare I even a smile impart,
To whisper he is monarch there.

Yet even in his averted eye
I trace the pangs of love suppressed;
The stolen glance and secret sigh,
Declare the anguish of his breast.

Thrice happy bird! had I thy power
To wing my flight to distant shores,
And nestle in some secret bower
With him my aching heart adores;

With William there, supremely blest,
Long years of love would glide away;
No pang should ever break our rest,
Nor cares disturb our closing day.

What a discovery was this to me! for there was no vanity in conceiving myself the subject of these verses. A number of previous circumstances rushed upon my recollection, and confirmed this conclusion. I was so lost in delirium, that my mind was for some time

a perfect chaos, in which transport and despair were so intimately blended as to defy separation. Reason and reflection at length resumed their ascendancy, only to shew me that summit of happiness within my reach which every sentiment of honour and gratitude interdicted me from approaching.

It is impossible to describe my sensations ; I certainly did feel a pleasure in the consciousness of being beloved by her, for whom I would have deemed my life a trivial sacrifice ; but it was agony to think that she was struggling with a passion, while every noble sentiment of my heart loudly remonstrated against my acknowledgment of its being mutual.

Never till now did I regret the want of rank and fortune ; I reasoned with myself, resolved, and re-resolved. Before this discovery, I had determined that never, by look, word, or action, should the state of my heart be discovered. But I felt that this was now impossible ; and I too clearly foresaw, that with all Mr B.'s amiable qualities, he never would consent to so unequal a match.

From even the momentary contemplation of a clandestine marriage my soul turned with indignation. The opinion of the world, and the most abject poverty, appeared to me as nothing, when put in the balance against her, who now reigned triumphant in my heart. But to degrade Maria B., the idol of my soul, in the eyes of that world,—to make her forfeit paternal affection, and render her a beggar—No! I would sooner have suffered a thousand deaths. Hence, the very affection I cherished for Miss B. forbade me to see her more. Imperious necessity, therefore, required that I should immediately renounce my situation. How could I do this without any previous notice? and what would appear still more extraordinary, shew no reason for leaving a family where I had uniformly experienced so much kindness and respect? I could hit upon no plausible reason; however, to gain time for deliberation, I solicited, and obtained leave to visit my father. Before the time of my expected return, I pretended indisposition, a plea which

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was too well supported by my depressed spirits and melancholy appearance.

Mr B. solicited my return, assuring me, that I might live in the house in any way most agreeable to myself, till my health was re-established. But although my mind was harassed with a thousand distracting feelings, —concern for Miss B.—and respect for her father,—I continued inflexible in my resolution not to return, and pressed Mr B. to procure another tutor, that my former pupils might not be neglected: with this request, after waiting some time longer, he reluctantly complied.

Winter approached, and I heard, with inexpressible sorrow, that Miss B. was ill. One fine day in autumn she had walked to a considerable distance, when a sudden indication of approaching rain induced her to over-heat herself in the attempt to get home; but she was caught by the shower, thoroughly wetted,—and a severe cold was the consequence. A consumption was now seriously dreaded, both by her parents and the physician, and their fears were but too well found-

ed. Early in May, Maria's gentle spirit fled to happier regions; and her once beauteous and lovely form slept with the *clods of the valley*. I will not attempt to describe my feelings on this melancholy event. Reader, if thou hast ever loved, "thy heart will far forego my tale!"

More than forty years have passed away since Maria's eyes were closed for ever, and time has long since mellowed my sorrows; but memory still dwells with melancholy delight on her angelic virtues. Often, "in the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men," her lovely form appears before me, such as it was when the rose blushed on her dimpling cheek, and the glance of secret love melted in her eye.

Amidst all the vicissitudes of life, which I have yet to record, these are moments pregnant with felicity, pure and unalloyed as can be tasted on earth. Amiable spirit! continue thy visitations a little longer! the time, I trust, is not far distant, when we shall meet to part no more!

CHAPTER V.

Now Richard's talents for the world were fit,
He'd no small cunning, and had some small wit ;
Had but one care, and that he strove to hide,
How best for Richard Monday to provide.

CRAZE.

A SHORT while after the untimely death of Maria B., I received the following letter from her father.

“ Dear Sir,—I hardly know in what terms to address you, conscious that words cannot express my feelings. A recurrence to the recent melancholy change in my family, I have now reason to believe, will be as painful to you as I feel it is to myself; but there is a duty that I owe both to the dead and the living, which I am anxious to discharge: this I shall endeavour to do in as few words as possible.

“ A few days before her death, our dear

Maria, after soliciting my confidence and earnest attention, spoke to me of herself and of you, and the motives of your sudden and (till then) unaccountable departure, were fully explained. I always thought highly of you, but now find that I had still far under-rated your merit. The man who could make such a sacrifice is deserving of my highest esteem,—was worthy of being my son. Maria requested me to convey to you her blessing and most affectionate farewell. ‘Tell William,’ said she, ‘that he has the last and best wishes of a susceptible, but spotless heart.’ My heart is now too full to continue the subject; therefore accept of my best wishes for your happiness, and rely upon the friendship of, dear sir, yours sincerely,
C. B.”

This letter served to cherish feelings which it was my duty, although not my inclination, to suppress. For some time my health was impaired and my spirits dejected, but by slow degrees I so far recovered both, as to become, in some measure, anxious about my future mode of life. Mr B. had

promised me his friendship ; I knew his influence, and could confide in his word ; but a long time might elapse before it was in his power to serve me.

About this period my sister was married to a Mr Smith, a young man of a speculative turn of mind, with no property and as little experience ; sanguine in his expectations, and volatile in his pursuits. Being the son of a neighbour, and also a school-acquaintance, we had kept up an occasional intercourse, which, since my return to my father's, had been more frequent.

I have perhaps too often mentioned my mother's fondness and partiality for her only son : alas ! that partiality prevented her from doubting the principles and prudence of those who claimed the privilege of visiting me. My sister was not less an object of maternal regard ; but it was a blind and unsuspecting fondness, instead of a prudent and watchful care. Young, healthy, and tolerably handsome, my sister had attracted the notice of several young men in the neighbourhood, and might have made a

more prudent match; but, from the frequent opportunities Mr S. had of being in her company, a marriage became necessary, as the only means of reparation to an unthinking, giddy, and credulous girl, who was brought to the brink of infamy. Mr Smith had just taken a lease of about an hundred acres of indifferent land, at a high rent, and my father had to assist him in stocking the farm. I did not approve of the match, but, under existing circumstances, it was the only alternative.

This event again threw a damp upon my reviving spirits; and, as misfortunes seldom come single, a new cause of disappointment and sorrow soon followed. My worthy and much respected friend, Mr B., had been visiting a distant part of his estate. While sitting carelessly on horseback, conversing with one of his tenants, his horse was startled by the sudden flapping of a door, and he pitched upon his head with such violence, that he died in a few hours. My college companion, Mr L., had just sailed for India, and I was left

without a friend to counsel or console me in the day of my disappointed hope.

I was just about to remove to the town of ———, and try my success as a teacher, when I received a letter from Sir Peter Lightfoot, a gentleman in a neighbouring county, requesting me to state the terms upon which I would act as tutor in his family. I knew but little of the Knight, and that little was not greatly to his advantage : however, as I was really anxious to obtain a situation, I made up my mind to the little *disagreeables* that I anticipated, resolving, that if my terms were accepted, to discharge my duty in such a manner as to obtain civility, if not respect, from the family.

Some twenty years before the period of which I write, Sir Peter had left a distant part of Scotland, the barefooted journeyman of a highland drover ; and having once turned his back on his native country, he was in no great haste to revisit it. He still held his head to the south, till he had reached the metropolis of England ; where,

after a variety of adventures and gradations in life, he became shopman to Ben Burton, a slop-seller in the neighbourhood of Wapping. This slop-seller, by industry and the *allowable* acts of his business, had amassed a capital of £10,000, and besides, possessed a bouncing wife, of a rosy complexion, with that degree of *en bon point* which the Dutch and Chinese admire as the perfection of female beauty; and a daughter almost as tall as a May pole, who, from associating with sailors, had acquired a remarkable fluency, and easy confidence in conversation. Mr Ben Burton was just upon the eve of retiring from business, at the suggestion of his help-mate, and was on terms for a snug rural box in the country, where they intended to enjoy life; when, one evening, after a hearty supper of oysters and Gloucester cheese, washed down with a due proportion of Hollands, and two pipes of cut and dry by way of a dessert, he went to bed, fell asleep, and awoke no more. Mrs Burton was inconsolable for nearly two hours; and it was not till after

breakfast that she could give directions about the funeral. The last duties paid to her dear and ever-to-be-lamented husband, she proposed to her shopman to remain in his office, till she should determine whether she would continue or renounce business, Peter was active and prudent; the shop gave excellent returns; and Mrs Burton began to think within herself, that Peter might be able to afford her sufficient consolation for her loss. Peter had also felt similar ideas floating in his mind, and might have had no great objections, had not Miss Burton's fresher cheek and easy smiles made the balance of his affection waver between the mother and daughter; so that, for some time, he found himself nearly in the situation that the schoolmen represent the ass between the two bundles of hay. But Peter, although no anchorite, was always cool and prudent; he therefore waited till he should discover whether the mother's reversion, or the daughter's portion, was likely to preponderate. Mrs Burton being in a greater haste than Peter,

took an early opportunity, one evening, in a kind of *tete-a-tete* conversation, to hint, that if Bess married to her mind, she would give her £5000, and reserve an equal sum to keep herself comfortable in her now forlorn state.

Here was a new dilemma for Peter ;—the fortunes were equal ; and he was quite uncertain whether the widow wished him to marry Bess or herself. He went to bed, —but not to sleep ; consulted his pillow, and rose with a firm resolution to give the preference to youth and beauty ; for it never entered into Peter's calculations that he could be refused by either of the ladies. Miss Burton was not only easy in her manner, but had also a little of the coquette in her composition ; not that she wanted good sense, but her associations in life had precluded that delicacy which she would otherwise have possessed. She could joke, rattle, laugh, and jeer, till even Peter imagined her nothing loth ;—but, alas ! poor Peter, like many others, persuaded himself

that she laughed *with* him, when she was only laughing *at* him.

Chance often overturns our wisest plans ;
or, as Burns expresses it—

“ The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a gley.”

So it was here.—One evening when Mrs Burton was out at tea, Miss Burton entered the shop, and Peter very respectfully solicited a short conference in the back shop. Miss Burton had some presentiment (from Peter's previous behaviour to her,) of the subject now to be introduced ; however, fond of a joke, she smiled compliance, and at Peter's request seated herself beside him at a snug fire. As a preliminary to the intended treaty, Peter had very lovingly encircled her waist with his arm, and with a gentle violence was endeavouring to make her head rest on his shoulder ; when, at this most critical moment, the door opened, and in popped Mrs Burton's broad face, like a harvest full moon just emerging above the horizon.

Some awkward apologies were stammered out by Peter, about Miss Burton's being suddenly taken ill. The prudent mother affected to believe them; conducted her daughter up stairs; put her to bed,—and then waddled down to take the chair just vacated in the back shop. Mrs Burton, accustomed to business, immediately called in her deputy retailer of trowsers and tar brushes; told him, in few words, that she saw how the land lay; but that if he knew his own interest, of which she had no doubt, he would put about ship; for, in short, Bess might or might not have a fortune,—that was just as she (her mother) pleased; but she would tell him once for all, that if he married Bess, he should never finger a guinea, till it was sweated out through all the forms that the delay and chicane of the law would allow. . But to make him amends for this disappointment, she had a good round sum entirely at her own disposal, exclusive of a well-stocked shop and warehouse, which, with her own person, hale and healthy, and very little the

worse for wear, besides a brisk lucrative business, she now offered for his acceptance ; Yes or no was the word ! she hated dilly-dallying. If he thought well of the matter, they would be married next week ; if he had better prospects, she was too much his friend to detain him from them, and he should be discharged to-morrow morning.

Peter, recollecting the proverb, "*Strike the iron while it is hot,*" gave a frank or well feigned assent ; shook the widow by the hand ; and sealed the contract by a hearty smack on her purple lips.

Preliminaries thus adjusted, a definitive treaty followed, which was legally executed by the contracting parties on the Monday following. Peter was put in full possession of the premises left by the defunct ; the quondam Mrs Burton, now Mrs Lightfoot, stickled hard for an immediate retirement from the fatigues of business ; but Peter replied, that he was still in the prime of life, and must do something in the way of business, which was the duty of every man at the head of a family. However, they re-

moved to a more respectable quarter of the city; business was extended; Peter arrived at civic honours; became a contractor with government; dashed into speculations which turned out fortunate; dabbled in the stocks; and, on a particular occasion, had the honour of kneeling before his Majesty, and rising Sir Peter Lightfoot. He was now the father of three children, and Lady Lightfoot again sighed for retirement and the sweets of rural life. Although Sir Peter's ruling passion was avarice, or at least money-making, yet some circumstances, which were never elucidated, loosened his attachment to the city, and he graciously complied with the wishes of his lady.—Seeing the Scotch estate of Bramblebrae advertised for sale, he became the purchaser,—dashed down to his native hills, which he had never visited since he crossed them barefooted with the Highland drover,—took possession of his estate, and became the greatest man within a circle of twenty miles around him.

! Such were the master and mistress of the

mansion in which I was now to reside, (for my terms were accepted,) and I entered upon my charge, not from choice, but necessity.

Upon inquiring what course of studies it was intended my pupils should follow, I was edified with the following lecture from Sir Peter :

“Why, sir, I can’t say as how that I am up to all your outlandish terms, and them there things that they palaver about at the cadameys, howsomdever, I thinks I knows a thing or two. Yes, sir, I knows the needful, and have looked after the ready.—Before I purchased this here estate, my right worshipful and honourable friend, the Lord Mayor of London, one day after dinner, in talking about our families, mentioned a prodigious famous teacher, that, he said, should be attended by every young man, he called him Matthew Mattocks, and that he learned jometry, and God knows all what. He also said, says he, every one who wants to make a figure now-a-days, should be acquainted with Bell Letter. I

hit my lips to keep off a smile, knowing that his worship was fond of a pretty girl; and was convinced, that although I had never before heard of Bell Letter, she was a wench no better than she should be. All this may be very well, says I to myself; for I did not presume to contradict his lordship's worship; but, says I to myself again, what I now say to you, sir, That may do for Tom, who is to be bred for a gentleman; but Dick's eddycashum must not be neglected this way. Therefore, you see, sir, Tom, as I have said, being, as I may say, born a gentleman, you will please contrive, sir, to stuff into his head all your foreign lingas, stronomy, jugraphy, and history, not forgetting spelling and grammar, that he may be qualified for a public speaker; for I am resolved Tom shall go into the house. But as for Dick, he must go another guess-way to work; learn him to write a good fist, and make him master of Cocker's Arithmetic. Them things, that I have talked of for Tom, may be the go; but figures, sir, figures are the needful; Dick must learn

to turn the penny and make the ready ; and mind me, sir, be sure you put him up to fractions ; fractions of a penny, sir, are the seeds of guineas. Let me tell you, sir, it cost me no little pains to understand them ; but they have put many a good pound in my pocket since ! Gadso ! I had almost forgot interest ! be sure you attend to that. O, sir, had I been up to compound interest, I don't know what I might have been by now ! I would also add a perfect knowledge of the stocks, consols, annum, and chequer bills ; do you understand me ? I am afraid not, you have had little to do in that way I suppose ! I must learn Dick them things myself. In looking over the list of professors at college, I find there's one who learns the collegeners humanity ; but none of my boys shall meddle with that ! Many's the time and oft I've been bothered with beggars and bankrupts, snivelling about me wanting humanity ; but I found the less humanity that I was guilty of, I had the fewer bad debts on my ledger : therefore, I say, no humanity for Dick.

Tom may get a slight sketch of the subject, so as to be able to talk about it; but, mind me, don't learn him the practice. We must consult Lady Lightfoot respecting Sally, she knows what's most properest, more betterer than I."

The bell was rung, and in due time Lady Lightfoot appeared, with a rotundity of shape that might have qualified her for being the counterpart of Falstaff. She seated herself on a sofa that literally groaned with its burden. She cast a slight glance at me, then elevating her eyes to an angle that would have divided the ceiling of the room, with her arms crossed on a prominence covered with silks that rustled as she moved, and assuming great dignity of manner, her ladyship delivered herself in these polite and elegant terms:

"Sir Peter Lightfoot, you knows wery vell, as how, that this here Mr What-d'ye-call-'um, is not by no means the sort of tutor I would have chused for Sally. Nevertheless, Sir Peter, the gentleman knows vether he is qualified to be of sarvice to a

lady of fortune. Can you, sir, *parley now Francey*? Are you master of spelling and swintaks? Can you teach her the dying fall of voice and melting eye, with the delirious swell of the chest, ven she is reading sentimental pieces? Can you teach her to write, not only incomprehensibly, but also with bathos? Can you teach her to instruct maps, and twirl the globes, to shew the aunty-pods, and nokshus-line?" I, modestly but firmly, replied, "Madam, all these acquirements must be the work of time, but my best endeavours shall not be wanting." "Vell sir, we vill make trial of your abilities; but mind me, sir, you must not never, upon no account, go for to put none of your poetry books into her hands;—they ought all to be burned, so they should: and if ever you persume for to offer to leave any of them sort of trumpery lying about the room, off you pack! Heaven knows I have had more than enough of them there stuff already! You recollects the feller, Sir Peter, who used to wisit us in London, and who contrived to become hand and glove vith Miss Burton,—he

fetcht her Shakspeer, Tumson, Pope, Novurs and Haman's Love Ledgers. Ods bodkins! the girl's head vas wery near turned; she got a raving about Romys, and said she would be his Julius. Then she fell to moping, fer all the world like a chicken in the pip, and throwing herself into a most reflecting latitude, with a tone of voice just like Mrs Thingumbob's at Common Garden, repeated some lines from the mortal Shakspeer, as she called him, about never selling her love, but letting councilmen, like worms and birds, feed on her damson cheek;—and such like trash.—O if I had not been afeard for the extericks, it did my heart good to hear her. She talked also about a most beautiful pistol made by the Pope, that vas sent by Eliza to one Abel Hard along vith some verses, which she said vas most delicious poetry. Good gracious! I suspicioned she would become non compas, and threw all the books over the vinder. Therefore, I say, none of your poetry stuff here! as to your playing the spinnet or arpsicol, that, I presume, is

not your fort, and I dares say is above your comperhension !

From this display of the taste and principles of Sir Peter and his lady, I had no great cause for congratulating myself on my situation ; it was, however, necessary that I should make a fair trial.

I found my pupils ignorant, uncultivated, and forward and petulant in their manners ; with a large stock of pride and vulgarity, which it was obvious they possessed by hereditary right. The little English they could read, was pronounced in a Cockney and Thames Street accent, so strange and uncouth, that for some time it sounded in my ears almost like an unknown tongue ; and their attempts at writing required only a little aid from fancy to pass for Arabic : of every other branch of education they were totally ignorant.

Many were the foolish obstructions that were thrown in the way of their improvement by both parents. Sometimes Tom would mount his pony to take an airing, and not return till evening ; and Dick would lose

himself in the woods while a bird-nesting; or get soused in a pool, and then have to go to bed to prevent his catching cold. Miss Sally had to go out one day with her mother in the chariot; and another to stay in the drawing-room to exhibit herself, when visitors arrived. But what had a worse effect than all this, nothing being esteemed at Bramble-brae except wealth and its accompaniments, I was treated with very little ceremony, and without even the external appearance of respect; and I am well convinced, that although Sir Isaac Newton had filled my place, without the appendage of his title, his reception would have been no better.

At table, it was obvious to all that I held my place only from sufferance; and there the general tendency of the conversation was, to depreciate and despise every degree of scientific or moral excellence, unless it were to be the means of acquiring wealth or external splendour. And when not actually employed with my pupils, several attempts

were made to degrade me into something very like a menial servant or errand boy.

What a contrast did my present situation form to that which I once held, in my lamented friend Mr B.'s family ! Six months rolled on in tedious round ; and as I found that the progress of my pupils was not likely to promote either my credit or satisfaction, I had just resolved upon intimating an intention of resigning my charge, when a most unexpected storm burst upon my head.

CHAPTER VI.

Why Mistress Minion you !

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds !

Out you green sickness carrion ! out you baggage !

You tallow face !

SHAKESPEARE.

Miss Burton, the daughter of Lady Lightfoot by her former husband, has been already mentioned. Of all the members of the family at Bramble-brae, she had by far the best heart ; and, if we except selfish worldly wisdom, the greatest share of common sense. Had she been placed in proper society, and enjoyed the advantages of education, she would have been an amiable girl : unfortunately for her, she had seen very little but gross vulgarity, and her education had been most miserably neglected. Hence her young, uncultivated mind, prompted by a heart naturally benevolent,

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led her into many eccentricities of conduct. Her passions were strong, and her perceptions vivid; what she keenly felt was as warmly expressed, and often in language not quite suited to her sex and station; but of all this, from her ignorance of propriety, she was totally unconscious.

The hey-day of youth was indeed waning apace, and she was every day becoming more cool and cautious; and, although late in life, gave promise of still being, if not an ornament to society, at least a very respectable member of it. When any of the domestics expected a scolding, Miss Burton was ever their intercessor: she often contrived to secrete cold meat from the pantry, and cast clothes wherever she could find them, and distributed them privately to the hungry and naked. Without any pretensions to the fastidious delicacy of a fine lady, she would often blush for the selfishness of Sir Peter, and at the ostentatious pomposity of her mother, delivered in a dialect, compared with which Miss Burton's address, though neither very correct nor refined, was elegance itself.

I have often observed her endeavouring to turn the attention of the company to some new subject, when her parents were speaking contemptuously of learning and its professors. By these and similar traits, she tried to smooth some of the asperities which rendered my situation so disagreeable; but her gentle and delicate attentions were soon observed by her mother, who, as I discovered, acted as a spy upon her daughter and me.

One morning, after breakfast, while seated alone in the parlour, and waiting for my pupils, I was beguiling the time with a copy of Thomson's Seasons, which had been read by Maria B., whose fair hand had made several pencil marks on the margin, when Miss Burton came in, and asked me to make a pen for her. I shut the book, and, laying it down, began to cut the quill, when, all of a sudden, in burst Lady Lightfoot in a fury. Miss Burton had just taken up the book, which unfortunately opened at that beautiful apostrophe of the author's :

“ O happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom love and gentle sympathy make one !”

And still more *mal-apropos*, there was a pencil mark at the commencement of the passage. Lady Lightfoot was just enough of a scholar to read the word “ LOVE,” and to observe, from the irregular length of the lines, that it was verse ; but these were discoveries sufficient. Having twitched the luckless volume from her daughter’s hand, she no sooner discovered what has been already related, than, in a paroxysm of rage, she threw it into the fire. For the reasons before mentioned, the book was to me of inestimable value ; and this outrage upon feelings so sacred and dear to my bosom, put me nearly into a rage with her ladyship. My first impulse, however, was to snatch the hapless bard from immediate destruction ; and by the time I had succeeded in this, surprise, with the aid of returning reason, kept me silent.

It was some time before her ladyship could recover breath from the paroxysm of

passion ; and her first attempt at speech was merely a series of inarticulate sounds. She pulled the bell for Sir Peter ; who in a short time made his appearance with a face of wonder, while Miss Burton and I stood mute with astonishment : for although I have related the cause of her ladyship's rage, it was only now disclosed in the following philippic, broken into a number of parts, from a scarcity of breath and a superfluity of rage :

“ Well, Sir Peter Lightfoot, what think you now ? I told you as how, that no good could never come of your taking in any of them shabby varmin into your house : but you reclined taking my advice, and you see the upshot !”

“ What do I see ? what means all this hullabaloo ?” cried the astonished knight.

“ What does it mean !” replied the enraged virago ; “ Vy, look at that there vorthless, ungrateful feller, and that there silly, low-lifed, pert, fond hussey, whom I am so misfortunate as to call my daughter !—Him for to come, for to go, to disabuse the confidants deposed in him by

the infection. who have fed his body
 you have clothed his back too, if I
 observe it. Indeed, Sir Peter, I was
 to propose to you, to give Mr S
 there your black velvet breeches
 only wants seating, and your French
 coat, which is only a little broke at
 home—but some people don't know
 the value."

"Lady Lightfoot, Lady Lightfoot
 to the point,—what have they
 "I have," returned she, "G—d know
 they would have done, if my prudence
 had prevented them! Look at this
 nasty book,—full of love, poetry, and
 and insinuation;—all in open defiance
 and striking conjunctions! And the
 the impudence to dare to pretend
 love my daughter! light-headed hu-
 manity! Most provoking insurance, in-
 —But I see it all,—a beggar and a swindler
 who wants to seduce her infections from
 make of her fortune.—And you, Sir P
 to stand like a statute, and never say

to support the dignity of your house,
the character of your family !”

“Lady Lightfoot,” replied the husband
termagant, “you degrade yourself
the family by passion ; great people
passions :—be pleased to withdraw,
others shall be settled to your satis-

“They cannot be settled to my
shun, unless that shaberoon is turn-
Bramble-brae immediately,—either
he leaves it,—that’s poz !”

Indignation, which it was at first
t for me to suppress, had now cooled
to contempt, and I very laconically
that Lady Lightfoot’s opinion of
conduct, and the epithets with which
I honoured me, were below my no-
nd that I was ready and anxious to
the house immediately.

As Burton now requested to be heard,
with more temper and prudence than I
ed, stated circumstances as they really
concluding with this, that she was
vinced I had no intention of courting
they need not be afraid, as no man of

his inferiors, who have fed his body, and would have clothed his back too, if he had deserved it. Indeed, Sir Peter, I was going to propose to you, to give Mr Slyboots there your black velvet breeches, that only wants seating, and your French gray coat, which is only a little broke at the elbows,—but some people don't know their friends !”

“ Lady Lightfoot, Lady Lightfoot! come to the point,—what have they done?”
“ Done,” returned she, “ God knows what they would have done, if my prudence had not prevented them! Look at that there nasty book,—full of love, poetry, palaver, and nonsense ;—all in open defence to my most striking conjunctions! And to have the impudence to dare to pretend for to love my daughter! light-headed hussey as she is! Most provoking insurance, indeed! —But I see it all,—a beggar and a swindler, who wants to seduce her affections for the sake of her fortune.—And you, Sir Peter! to stand like a statute, and never says no-

thing to support the dignity of your house, and the character of your family !”

“Lady Lightfoot,” replied the husband of this termagant, “you degrade yourself and all the family by passion ; great people have no passions :—be pleased to withdraw, and matters shall be settled to your satisfaction.” “They cannot be settled to my satisfackshun, unless that shaberoon is turned from Bramble-brae immediately,—either him or me leaves it,—that’s poz !”

My indignation, which it was at first difficult for me to suppress, had now cooled down to contempt, and I very laconically replied, that Lady Lightfoot’s opinion of my conduct, and the epithets with which she had honoured me, were below my notice ; and that I was ready and anxious to leave the house immediately.

Miss Burton now requested to be heard, and with more temper and prudence than I expected, stated circumstances as they really were ; concluding with this, that she was well convinced I had no intention of courting her ; so they need not be afraid, as no man of

common sense, would be in a hurry to match himself with one, whose mother could thus expose both herself and child.

The altercation was about to be renewed, when the knight, seeing no other way of concluding the scene, pushed the ladies out of the room; and after remarking he was sorry for what had happened, he admitted that, for his own part, he saw nothing to have occasioned such a *blow up*, but believed it would be most agreeable for all parties, that I should resign. I answered that I had fully determined upon an immediate removal.—My salary was instantly paid, and I bade a lasting adieu to Bramble-brae.

Thus was I once again without any employment; but, seated at my father's fire side, I felt satisfaction, rather than regret, at being released from a situation which had always been disagreeable, and had ultimately become intolerable.

About a week after my removal I received a letter by post, which, upon opening, I found was merely the envelope of two bank notes, for five pounds each; it con-

CHAPTER VII.

It is observable, that God is never so much blasphemed as when men are most religious. It is then that they so liberally invest him with their peculiar follies, passions, and prejudices. If their way lie through scenes of blood, he must go before them. The Creator of the universe must be of a party, sect, or faction ; he must be particularly their God, or he is no God.

Letters of St Evremond.

WHILE in this desponding state, proposals were made to me to become assistant to a clergyman at some distance, whose infirm state of health prevented him from preaching, although he was still able to go through the ordinary routine of parish business. Having expressed my willingness to embrace this offer, an agreement took place between me and the incumbent, for one

year, to be continued afterwards, if both parties found it eligible. I entered upon my office, deeply impressed with the importance of those duties which I had to discharge; and with a determined resolution to promote the best interests of my parishioners, both by instruction and example. The responsibility was awful; but I esteemed it as an additional incitement. I had ever felt warmly interested in the happiness of mankind, and now considered myself as favoured by Providence, in being called to a station, in which I believed duty would be a pleasure. To fill up the idea I had formed of a parish minister, I conceived that much more than pulpit instruction was necessary; such as becoming personally acquainted with my flock, discovering their general habits, little foibles, jarring interests, and party differences, and by using every laudable means to gain, not only their esteem but also their confidence, as a friend, to whom they might at all times apply for advice. Thus, by gentle and indirect me-

tained no writing, except the address, which was evidently in a disguised hand, and I could form no plausible conjecture concerning my anonymous benefactor.

Having now some leisure for reflection, I felt that neither my principles nor prudence were to blame in retreating so precipitately from my late situations ; yet it appeared exceedingly probable, that a construction might be put upon my conduct by the public, which would not tell to my advantage. This gave me very serious concern, and it was only the consciousness of having done my duty that supported my spirits.

I had continued at home more than a year, with no other employment than preaching occasionally for such clergymen as were sick or absent. My services on these occasions, however, were gratuitous ; and I found myself in such a state of dependence, that I bitterly repented my wish to study Latin, instead of learning some manual occupation, by which I could have maintained myself respectably, in the class of

society in which I should have been placed: whereas now, while in appearance I ranked above them, in point of income I was far inferior, and obliged to consider myself as little better than a useless dependent upon society.

tive of much alarm to the public in general, and totally destroyed all the beautiful theory which I had for a considerable time indulged.

The reader, who is acquainted with the history of Britain for the last forty years, will recollect Lord George Gordon's opposition to the bill previously passed in parliament for the relief of the Roman Catholics, and the dreadful riots to which that opposition gave rise in the metropolis, in June 1780.

The dread of Catholic influence spread over the kingdom, and the alarm (particularly among the common people,) became general. Fox's Book of Martyrs, Abstracts of the Massacres of the Protestants in France and Ireland, with W—n's Sermons of "Popery another Gospel," were in every body's hands; a number of Dissenting parties had not yet forgotten Bothwell Bridge, Pentland Hills, &c.: all these were dwelt upon in glowing colours, both from the pulpit and the press; till the minds of the vulgar were filled with the most dreadful

anticipations. The newspapers of the day teemed with resolutions and petitions to Parliament, from a multitude of parishes in Scotland, under the title of "Protestant Interest."

On this occasion, the intolerant zeal of my hearers overstepped all discretion, and led them into such measures as not only interfered with the tranquillity of their more liberal neighbours, but would have rendered them amenable to the civil law. This was indeed matter of deep regret to me and a few others in the parish; but my sorrow was increased when I found that the disturbance which had happened, instead of being produced by the over-heated zeal of a few, had the sanction of the majority in the parish, who still gloried in what they had done; and that a few gray-headed men, of whom the minister was whispered to be one, had spoken with approbation of conduct, which to me appeared indefensible.

I took an early opportunity of addressing my audience in a discourse, in which I endeavoured to establish the principles of uni-

thods, I hoped to lead them to the right path, and considered myself as

“ The guide to good, the counsellor of peace,
The friend, the father of the village train ;”

While I fondly cherished the hope, that I might be able to acquire the esteem of the rich, the affection of the poor, and the gratitude of the thoughtless, whom my counsels would reclaim.

In what might be termed my official duties, I conceived it indispensably necessary, to insist upon the faith of my parishioners being illustrated by a corresponding practice. Every one is aware that, even among teachers in the same church, differences of opinion will exist. A fondness for mysteries,—attachment to peculiar doctrines,—with a tendency to intolerance, form a prominent feature in the discourses of some clergymen ; and these are apt to produce a degree of zeal in the hearers, which is sometimes exercised beyond discretion. It was with no small degree of concern, that I discovered this to be the state of my congre-

gation ; but to do them justice, few were indifferent about what they considered the direct duties of religion : they were regular in their attendance on public ordinances, and devoutly attentive during their performance. They were fond of disputing on controversial topics ; and while they advanced evangelical doctrines, they often defended them with a degree of virulence and spirit, incompatible with that gospel, whose tendency is “ peace on earth, and good will to men.” Hence religion had a greater influence on their heads than their hearts ; and they might not unaptly be compared to the image that Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream, having a head of fine gold, but feet of miry clay. Aware of the prejudices which I had to encounter, and which I felt to be a duty, if possible, to eradicate, I endeavoured to follow the counsel of St Paul, and become “ all things to all men, that I might gain some ;” and had just begun to congratulate myself on the apparent success of my labours, when an ebullition burst forth, which was produc-

versal benevolence, and freedom of religious opinion, contained in the Gospel : and insisted upon that charity which "thinketh no evil," as being an essential qualification in every one who laid claim to the title of a Christian ; contrasting the character of the meek and lowly Jesus, who told his disciples that they knew not what manner of spirit they were of, with that of the bigot and fanatic, whether Papist or Protestant, who oppressed and persecuted all who were not of the same religious profession with themselves. The purport of my discourse, and some of the allusions, were so obvious as to be fully understood ; and, indeed, it was my wish to send the truth home to their bosoms.

My sentiments were certainly liberal ; but they were at the same time strictly scriptural and orthodox ; and they were delivered, I believe, with energy, commensurate with the generous indignation I felt against the outrages that had been committed.

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In the course of the week I was invited to spend the evening with a respectable family, which I had occasionally visited, and I there learned that my sermon had given great and general offence.

Next Sunday, I was astonished to find, that not a fourth part of the usual audience attended. On the Thursday following, five of the six elders belonging to the parish waited upon the minister, and told him, that if he was to continue me as an assistant, they would resign their office immediately; and further, that they were certain, unless I was dismissed, more than three-fourths of the congregation would leave the church, and that a dissenting meeting-house would be erected without delay. The clergyman sent for me,—expressed his sorrow at what had happened, although he could not help thinking that I had been very imprudent; and, as matters had come to such a pitch, he saw no way of compromising the affair. He did not, by any means, question my sincerity, but did not quite agree with all I had said,

and although he had a good opinion of me, yet he was an old man,—had lived long with his parishioners, who were perhaps a little over-rigid in the present instance; but he was perfectly aware that all opposition to their prejudices would be fruitless. The result therefore was, that, for the peace of the old man, and also of the church, I resigned my charge, and bade farewell to the parish of ———.

This was not, however, the only consequence of my imprudence. I soon after received a summons to attend a meeting of presbytery, before which a charge had been lodged against me by my late flock, on account of the doctrines advanced by me in my offensive sermon. The five elders, and a number more, had delivered a paper, the purport of which was, that they conceived themselves called upon to lift up their testimony in Zion, in the day of her calamity, when the rulers of the land had set their faces against her, and those who had been appointed to serve at her altars, kindled strange fire, and offered unclean things; concluding with a

prayer, that the Reverend Presbytery would purge the House of the Lord from backsliders and all enemies to the peace of Jerusalem; particularly naming me, and denouncing my hapless sermon as pregnant with heresy of the most dangerous kind. To be brief, I was called in, and the original copy of the discourse in question being produced and read, I was, by a majority of votes, assoilzied; a motion for a vote of censure being indignantly rejected.

Thus was I again cast helpless on the world. To add to my unhappiness, my sister's husband, Smith, either from misfortune or misconduct, perhaps both, had for a considerable time been embarrassed in his affairs: my father had assisted him even farther than prudence warranted; and had also been induced to become his security for a loan, by which it was expected that matters would be retrieved. It may also be noticed, that some time ago, an ill-natured creditor having taken out a caption against Smith, was about to lay him in jail, and my sister applied to me.

The debt was thirty pounds; and in commiseration of her and her family (for my confidence in her husband was lost), I gave my bill for the sum, with interest, payable twelve months after date; calculating that, at the worst, I could, with rigid economy, save that sum against the time it became due.

I was again idle in my father's house, and seldom honoured even with an invitation to preach. The spirit of the times, the temper of the common people in that quarter of the country, added to the clamour raised against my unfortunate sermon, all operated against me; and, to say the truth, I became very unpopular. A few behaved to me with respect, proportioned to the harsh treatment which I had received from others; but still I was pining in poverty and neglect; and on some occasions I with difficulty escaped the insults of the vulgar.

My bill above mentioned became due, while my brother-in-law's affairs were daily getting worse, and his ruin fast approaching. He in fact could do nothing, and as the cre-

ditor was inexorable, I was in the end thrown into jail. Yet my sufferings, on this occasion, were fortunately limited to the shame of being imprisoned; for although I was apprehended so suddenly, and the shock upon my feelings was so great, that I was incapable of making application to any friend for assistance, I had been confined only about four hours, when the gaoler entered, and told me I was at liberty. "What," said I, "has the creditor at last relented?" "No, but the debt and expenses are discharged." "By whom?" "I don't know,—I can't tell,—Ah sir! you will yet be a happy man,—but I must say nothing!" From his manner I easily divined that he knew my benefactor, whom I was most anxious to discover, if possible; but all that I could learn was, that a stranger had done it, who was determined not to be known.

Upon coming down stairs from "durance vile," I was met by three or four of my old parishioners at ———. It was a market day; they had just heard of my being apprehended; and, although they con-

gratulated me upon my freedom, were, I believe, disappointed that they had been anticipated in coming forward as my deliverers. We dined together at the principal inn, from which they escorted me home, where we were met by my father, who shed tears of joy over his unfortunate son. My mother had sunk in a swoon when I was seized by the officers, and was now in a strong fever, attended with delirium.

A few days after this, a circumstance occurred, which, although of a trifling nature, is highly deserving of a place in these memoirs.

A gentleman in the parish of ———, from whence I had made an abrupt departure, sent his servant with a card, requesting the favour of my *vile heterodox sermon* for perusal. Conscious that both I and my sermon had been much represented, I felt pleased in the opportunity of doing myself justice, by submitting the performance to the perusal of any person of good sense, who seemed to think it worth the trouble. The sermon was therefore sent,

with a note expressing my satisfaction at being so far remembered by one whom I esteemed. In about two weeks after, I received a letter from a respectable bookseller in Edinburgh, stating, that he had by accident seen my discourse, and offering me twenty guineas for the copy-right, to be paid immediately upon my agreeing to his terms.

This was a very agreeable surprise to me; but I had still some apprehension, that although the presbytery had not denounced my discourse, they might not approve of its publication at the present time; and, as I had not quite relinquished every hope of obtaining a church, I did not chuse to incur their displeasure: I knew that I had among them one fast friend, of sentiments congenial with my own, and to him I communicated the proposal that had been made. He very readily undertook to manage the matter, and after next meeting of presbytery informed me, by letter, that the members were highly pleased with the deference I had shown to their opinion; that I should by all means accept the terms, and

rest assured that the publication would do me no injury, except in the opinion of those from whom nothing was to be feared. My sermon was published, the money paid, and a score of copies transmitted to me for the use of my friends.

The money came very seasonably to relieve my pecuniary distresses. I learned some months after, that these twenty guineas of apparent purchase-money, were privately raised by contribution, among a few friends in the parish of ———, including one or two clergymen in the presbytery; and that the bookseller was only their tool, that they might be enabled to do me a kindness without hurting my feelings.

Most of these kind benefactors are now removed beyond the reach of my feeble thanks; but should any of them ever peruse this humble narrative, I beg to assure them, that my sense of their kindness will perish, only when I can no longer recollect the occurrences of my life.

For another year I continued to vegetate nearly as uselessly, although not

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so luxuriantly, as the docks that grew in the ditches of my father's farm. If the sickness is painful that arises from hope deferred, that which proceeds from despondency is certainly more so. My former gloomy anticipations and reflections now returned with a force, proportionate to my lengthened and reiterated disappointments. The bright, but delusive beams of hope, which once illuminated my path, and lighted me cheerily along, were now almost totally obscured; and I every day saw the gloomy shade thickening around me. My father's roof, to be sure, could still afford me shelter, and I sat daily at his table; but alas! he and my mother were now bent with age, and the fruits of that industry which had occupied their better days, had been imprudently squandered in abortive endeavours to promote the prosperity of their two children; both of whom, instead of being able to repay them, had cheerless indigence staring them in the face.

Only those who have been placed in similar situations, can understand what I then

felt, or in how different a light I viewed the same objects that I had so much admired a few years before. When I left school for college, I looked with contempt on the lubberly ignorant boys, who could hardly read, and were utterly incapable of writing their own names. And even after having commenced my college studies, when my mind had begun to expand; when I could relish the beauties of literature; when my eyes sparkled as I perused the heroic feats of ancient heroes; or my bosom glowed with finer and softer sentiments; when I explored the countless beauties of nature; or when fancy winged her boundless flight through the illimitable fields of space; even then, I must confess, that I pitied the poor rustic, who, amidst his toil,

“ Whistled for want of thought.”

Indeed, I am not sure, but something like contempt mingled itself with the sigh that I heaved for him, while I mentally exclaimed, “ poor wretch! how ignorant, and yet how happy!”

Alas! how different were my sensations now! Although I could not, without regret, have resigned the little knowledge I possessed, even had it been possible; yet gladly would I have exchanged situations with the lad who drove my father's cart, or the humble artisan mending his plough. Yes, I looked upon him, enjoying his happiness; and, turning from him, exclaimed,

“ If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise !”

In some degree to sooth my mind and assist my father, I now began, occasionally, to take an active part in the labours of the farm. My performance was awkward enough, and in consequence more tiresome to myself; I began to observe the sidelong leer, and suppressed smile of my fellow labourers, at my strained and painful efforts to perform what they did so easily. It was then that I was ready to exclaim, with the steward in the gospel: “ I cannot dig, and to beg I am ashamed !” Amidst this weariness of mind and fatigue of body, I was not altogether displeased with the suggestion of

a friend, that so constant an application to labour was incompatible with the station I still ought to hold in society, and with those future prospects, the attainment of which it would be imprudence and folly to renounce.

CHAPTER VIII.

The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.
BLAIR.

HAVING now by far too much leisure, I formed the resolution of seeing the Scottish metropolis, which I had never visited: the roads being good, and habit having made me an excellent pedestrian, the journey could be performed at a very trifling expense. I set out early on a summer morning, and after a pleasant journey, during which nothing occurred worthy of relating, I arrived in *Auld Reekie*; where, being resolved to spend a few days, I intended to look for decent lodgings, at a rate suited to my finances; but in the meantime found it necessary to dine at an inn. Upon sitting down to dinner, I was asked by the waiter, whether I had any objections to a gentle-

man dining along with me. On my replying, that I should be happy to see him, a gentleman, apparently about thirty years of age, was introduced. His appearance was engaging, his conversation lively and intelligent, and I regretted that I could not longer enjoy his company. When about to discharge our bill, my small money being expended, I asked the waiter to change me a five pound note. As the waiter replied that he should have to send out for it, my companion said that he believed he could accommodate me; which he did in four small notes and a pound of silver. We parted mutually pleased with each other, and I began my saunter, intending to look for lodgings.

As I happened to pass the theatre, a bill of the Tragedy of Douglas, to be performed that evening, was put into my hand. It was one of my favourite plays; and, as I had never enjoyed the luxury of seeing a respectable company of actors, the temptation was irresistible. When the doors were opened, I pushed in with the crowd, and

with some difficulty got forward to the door-keeper's box, to pay for my ticket. I had scarcely received it, however, when, to my utteramazement, I was charged with having given two bad shillings. I was immediately collared, questioned, and most liberally complimented with the epithets of swindler and rascal. In a few moments I became an object of general curiosity. "Take him before a magistrate," cried some: "to gaol, to gaol;" was more loudly vociferated from the crowd.

A gentleman, who appeared to take some interest in my fate, stepped forward, and asked if I had any more silver in my pocket; upon which I pulled out a parcel of shillings, and put them into his hand. —He shook his head, saying "Ah sir! they are all alike,—whoever you are, you must go before a magistrate." I begged that I might be conducted thither immediately; for I felt ready to drop down with confusion; and I heard the agitation which appeared in my countenance pronounced, by the misjudging crowd, an indisputable evidence of my guilt. The gentleman

procedure in a charge of this kind were legal, I would immediately discharge your friend, upon receiving his address and promise to attend, if again called upon."

With no small degree of confusion, I thanked Miss Burton for her goodness, and the magistrate for his politeness; but told him, that respecting the subject which had brought me before him, I felt like Cæsar's wife, that it was not enough to be conscious of innocence,—I must have my character cleared beyond suspicion; and therefore suggested, that the waiter of the inn in which I dined should be immediately sent for, and examined in regard to what he knew of the stranger who sat with me at dinner, or what he saw pass between us. This was approved of by all present; and a messenger was despatched for the waiter, who, upon his arrival, corroborated my story in every circumstance; stating, that the stranger sought my company, and that he heard him offer the change to me. The magistrate and company appeared now to be convinced of my innocence; but expressed their regret, that

the real culprit could not be found, and that I, besides losing my money, should be placed in such danger by a rascal.

One of the gentlemen asked me, whether I could tell to what bank my note belonged, or if I remembered the number. I knew the bank, but was ignorant of the number. I recollected, however, that I had performed a small equation in algebra on the back of the note, and as the operation was fresh in my mind, I said I could just now note it down in a similar manner. At the general request of the company this was done; as they said it might be the means of detecting a man so dangerous to the public.

Just as we were about to depart, a crowd approached the magistrate's door, and a message was sent in, that a man had been detected in attempting to pass a counterfeit note, and that he was below in custody of the officers. The waiter of the inn, who had met the crowd on his return, on seeing the fellow in custody, immediately recognised him as my dinner companion. He

above mentioned, asked me if I came into the theatre with any companion, or if there was any one in the surrounding crowd that knew me.

At this moment, what were my sensations, when a party of ladies pressed forward, among whom I beheld Miss Burton! Although her presence was agony, yet, I felt somewhat relieved, when she pushed through the crowd, crying, "I know him, I know him! and will pledge my life upon his innocence." She shook me by the hand, inquired the reason of my visit to Edinburgh, and insisted upon my retiring immediately, and going before a magistrate; whither, she said, she was determined to accompany me.

A passage was opened in the crowd, and Miss Burton, with other three gentlemen, one of whom was the person who had already interrogated me, accompanied me to the house of the first Bailie.—Our reception was polite, and the necessary investigation conducted with all possible delicacy; although I felt sadly humbled under the

suspicion of so degrading a charge. I stated, plainly and simply, the manner in which the money had come into my possession. And being asked by the magistrate, whether I should be able to recognize the person from whom I received it? where I had dined? and whether I had disposed of any of the notes? I took them from my pocket-book, and put them into his hands. They were passed round among the gentlemen, and all four pronounced forgeries.

Although I could hardly lift my eyes, I observed Miss Burton's emotion; who, without waiting to hear any opinion from the magistrate, earnestly said, "If bail be admissible in this unlucky case, I will be bail for this gentleman, or procure it for him to any amount, as I am conscious he is, he must be innocent!" "Madam," replied the magistrate, "I am heartily glad to hear you say so, not doubting that you speak from your knowledge of the gentleman: appearances, however, are certainly against him. Your name and station, madam, are not unknown to me; and were I certain that such a

idea of being the means of convicting a man of a crime, which would in all probability cost him his life.

It was now late, and not having procured a lodging, I returned to the inn. Next morning a letter was handed to me by the waiter, who said it was left by a *cadie*, and required no answer. Upon opening it, I found enclosed two bank notes, one for five, and the other for ten pound, with the following epistle :

“ SIR,—You will perceive by this, that I claim the privilege of an old *acquaintance*, permit me to say *friend*. By a glance at your pocket-book last night, I saw that it was not overstocked with the needful; and as your five-pound note will, at least for the present, be detained as evidence, it became necessary that some friend should replace it.

“ It has also occurred to me, that the affair of last night may detain you longer from home than you expected at setting out; I have therefore taken the further liberty of being your banker for ten pounds, to meet

exigencies. I conceive my family as much more indebted to you, and am only performing a small part of a duty which they ought to have long since discharged.—Should you be foolish enough to refuse, or return the enclosed, you will seriously offend me, and compel me to think that you have more pride and less common sense than I have been accustomed to ascribe to you. Persuaded, however, that you will not give me this cause for thinking of you in a manner so much to your disadvantage, I annex my present address. I shall yet be at least two weeks in town, and will, at all times, be glad to see you. Should you be in any difficulty, it is possible I may have interest to procure you friendly or legal advice. Do not allow false modesty, or still more foolish etiquette, to prevent you from applying for what will at all times be at your service—the friendship of
ELIZA BURTON.”

On a second perusal of this letter, my resolution was formed to return the money immediately; however, after ten minutes

returned with the mob that surrounded the culprit, and forcing his way in close to him, at the moment that the magistrate appeared, cried out: "There, please your honour, that's the fellow that dined with the gentleman,—that's he who changed the note to him!"

The magistrate now requested me to look at the unfortunate man, and say whether the waiter's evidence was correct. When his eye met mine, he seemed self-convicted; and, indeed, my sensations were such, that I could not look at him longer than to ascertain his identity, which I did at the first glance. But, exclusive of conscious guilt, I thought that I observed other very strong and apparently painful emotions depicted in his countenance.

The magistrate, seeing appearances so strong against him, ordered him to be searched. Will it be believed? I almost wished that my note might not be in his possession, and I had forgotten that my own complete exculpation depended on his conviction. In one pocket were found some

forged notes; and, in another, a book containing a few real one pound notes, and my unfortunate note, with the marks on the back as I had previously described. On being questioned, who, and what he was, or if he had anything to state in his own defence, his only reply was: "that he was an unfortunate man, and declined saying any thing further at present." My declaration and that of the waiter being read over to him, and signed by us, he was fully committed for trial.

Miss Burton, the worthy magistrate, and the company, shook me heartily by the hand, complimenting me upon my complete justification. My feelings were certainly very different from those with which I entered the house; yet I was very unhappy, and my sensations too mingled to be easily analysed or described.—One prominent feeling was, gratitude to Providence for my own speedy deliverance and complete exoneration; but there was a sensation of pity for him who was now committed, blended with something approaching to horror, at the

serious reflection, I determined otherwise. It seemed a delicacy rather too fastidious, to throw away fifteen pounds, and forfeit the good opinion of one who appeared a sincere friend. A slight struggle took place with what I at first believed independence of mind; but, suspecting that it was only pride, I pocketed the affront.

Nothing particular occurred during the remainder of the day, except my procuring lodgings; my mind was still unsettled, and amidst the novelty around me, I could not forget what I still felt as an unpleasant adventure. And next day, after breakfast, when just about to call on an acquaintance, a letter was put into my hands, which I instantly broke open, and read as follows:

CHAPTER IX.

The needy man who has known better days ;
One whom distress has spited at the world ;
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them !

HOME.

Edinburgh Gaol, July 17.

“SIR,—As this letter will not bear the name of the unfortunate writer, suffice it to say, that the hapless being who swindled you in ——’s tavern, now takes the liberty of addressing you. I am perfectly aware that you have just cause to be deeply offended with me.—I have not only injured you in your property, but have also brought your liberty and character for life into the most imminent danger. Of all this I am perfectly conscious ; yet still there is something that impels me to adopt this method of unburthening my heart, under

the persuasion, that you will not reject this communication without a patient perusal. Do not think that I mean to flatter you, when I say, that your feelings were exhibited in your countenance, when your declaration, and the other corroborating circumstances, compelled the magistrate to commit me for trial. . It was then that I read your heart ; my opinion of which has determined me to communicate to you the outlines of a life, which might have been made useful to myself and others ;—its present value you can too easily appreciate.

“ My parents, who were respectable in their sphere of life, are still alive, although now reduced to poverty, and that chiefly on my account. My father, who farmed about one hundred acres of land,—had two sons, of whom I am the elder, and three daughters. He had a considerable portion of plain common sense ; though he had himself enjoyed few of the advantages of education, he knew its value, and determined to have his sons educated as well as his means could afford. After my brother and I had learned

the elementary branches at the parish school, my father, in an evil hour, resolved upon sending us to an academy in the neighbouring town, which was become a fashionable seminary. The principal studies which he wished us to follow, were, the different branches of mathematics; observing, that as he had a long lease, which, after his death, could be enjoyed by only one of us, the other might be qualified to turn himself to something respectable. When we entered the academy, I believe both of us intended to give close application to our studies, and to live with sobriety and regularity of conduct.

“Among the pupils at this seminary, were a number of young fellows who had plenty of money, which they spent freely; and we learned too soon to imitate their extravagance. Before two years (the term of our intended stay) had expired, we were initiated into all the follies and vices of the town; we gallanted the ladies, drank deep, quizzed the waiters, and ran scores with tradesmen. This, however, was to

have an end. We returned home, and our father, with an aching heart, paid off our debts, which amounted to more than double the sum which he had calculated as the expense of an academical education. Being yet a hale stout man, he saw the impropriety of relinquishing the farm to either of us ; and therefore proposed, that one of us should now choose a profession, and that the other, if agreeable, might assist him in his agricultural operations, not as a servant, but to receive a certain proportion of the profits. As I was the elder, he naturally expected that I would be inclined to devote my attention to the improvement of a farm, the lease of which I had the prospect of enjoying during life ; our late pursuits and associations, however, had given both my brother and me a distaste for manual labour, and inspired us with the most sovereign contempt for the boorish rusticity (as we termed it) of our former companions.

“ My brother, therefore, told my father, that if he would advance him as much

money as would purchase an ensigncy, he had contracted friendships upon which he could rely for promotion, and that he expected, should war be prolonged, to die a field officer. After much opposition, and useless advice from my father, my brother continued obstinate—for “*he would be a soldier* ;” and an ensigncy in the line was accordingly purchased.

“While my father now calculated on my remaining with him, I must acknowledge, to my shame, that I shrank from the daily labour which he expected me to perform, among a class of beings with whom I was become too proud to associate ; and all this for the contingency of succeeding to a paltry farm, at a period apparently so remote, that the best of life was to be wasted in fruitless expectation.

“After some artful prefacing, and no small degree of circumlocution, I told my father, that were he to give me, what I might think a reasonable share of his annual profits, it would doubtless prevent him from making an adequate provision for my sis-

ters; therefore, as I had no great inclination for agricultural pursuits, and had acquired some acquaintance with mercantile affairs, if he would furnish me with a sum equal to that laid out for my brother, I had no doubt of succeeding well.

“My father was equally surprised and disappointed. He urged, intreated, and used every persuasion he could think of; and, in short, wasted much good sense to very little purpose. Being a fond parent, and seeing me obstinate, he ultimately, although reluctantly, complied with my wishes. I embarked in a concern, which I soon found I did not understand, although I was for some time pretty successful, and with prudent perseverance, might have done well. My early habits I had checked a little, but they were not eradicated. My circle of acquaintance extended; I became insensibly less attentive to business, while my habits were progressively growing more expensive. The event will easily be anticipated: money daily became scarcer; and I succeeded in procuring several sums from my father, until

he saw the imprudence both of my conduct and his own. A bankruptcy soon followed; the creditors took possession of my property; divided it among them; and, as I had made a fair surrender, discharged me, and left me without a shilling.

“ By the interest of my father’s landlord, the situation of factor on a gentleman’s estate was procured for me. Experience had now given me a good lesson, which I resolved not to forget. Being but ill qualified for the duties of my new station, I exerted myself in every possible way, to obtain that knowledge which was necessary to a proper discharge of my trust.

“ Every day made me better acquainted with different soils, the value of land, cattle, grain, and, in short, of all the details of rural economy. My master had seen my former ignorance, but he had also witnessed my assiduity in the pursuit of information. My fidelity and close application gave much satisfaction; and I expected to acquire both wealth and respect in my office; when, alas! my worthy master died

suddenly, leaving the heiress, a minor, under the management of curators, by whom I was dismissed from a situation, which was soon after filled by one of themselves. Again out of employment, I offered my services to the public as a land-surveyor, got some little jobs, but scarcely enough to keep me alive, much less to preserve the respectability of appearance necessary to ensure success in my new vocation. After I had struggled on in this way for some time, a lease of a farm was offered; and as I was now (in my own opinion) an adept in agricultural concerns, and conceived that the lease might be obtained upon advantageous terms, after many consultations with my father, I obtained his promise to advance me the necessary capital, for I had none of my own. The farm was taken,—but it was in a state of nature, and required to be improved, at considerable expense, before any thing like an adequate return could be expected. My father could not command sufficient funds, but he borrowed money, giving his own lease as a security.

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“ Ditching, draining, levelling, and manuring, were now my unremitted study and exercise. In spite of all my exertions, however, a series of misfortunes reduced me again, and I seemed now to be in the situation of him, concerning whom it was denounced by the prophet of old, ‘ Whatsoever this man doeth, it shall not prosper.’ ”

“ By a stupid blunder on my part, I had entered on a lease which was unassignable ; in consequence of which, it now reverted into the hands of my landlord, or rather into those of an avaricious and unfeeling factor ; for the proprietor resided in another kingdom. My father’s lease and farmstocking were sold, to discharge the debts incurred in our joint attempts to improve this unfortunate farm, and from the wreck of his affairs, he with difficulty saved as much as stocked a few acres of land ; but he still owed one hundred pounds, to a person who did not need the money, and who generously agreed to wait till we saw better times. .

“ My father’s constitution had received a

severe shock in this struggle with misfortune, and he became unable to manage his little farm. I felt it both my duty and inclination to assist him, and was now grown quite an industrious agriculturist; when, as if misfortune had not yet exhausted her quiver, the friend, to whom we owed the hundred pounds, died. His heir was a man who resided in a distant part of the country, a total stranger to us; the bill was found among the papers of the deceased, and payment required immediately. This was impossible. However, when we least expected it, Mr F., a young squire in the neighbourhood, of whom I had some acquaintance, hearing the circumstance, came forward and frankly advanced the money; saying, that he felt a pleasure in saving a worthy man, like my father, from ruin. He took my father's note for the sum, merely, as he said, for the sake of form; but requested that he would, upon no account, give himself a moment's uneasiness about the matter. My sisters had been always at home, but in our present situation it appear-

ed more eligible to get them into service, in some respectable families ; and Squire F., who condescended to become our friendly counsellor and adviser in this, promised to speak to his mother to engage one of them as her personal attendant. His application was successful : Mary, my youngest sister, went into Lady F.'s service, and was much pleased with her situation ; we now became a little more cheerful at home, and were duly grateful for the squire's friendship. Some months had elapsed, when Mary came one evening to visit her mother, decorated with some ornaments which we thought rather unbefitting her station. Upon inquiring how she came by them, the artless girl very ingenuously replied, that they were presents from the squire, for her attention to his mother.

“ Our suspicions will easily be anticipated ; and they were too well founded, for he tried every method to seduce my sister. I have not patience enough to detail his many villainous schemes ; suffice it to say, that when foiled in every other mode of attack, he

threw my father into gaol for non-payment of that unfortunate one hundred pounds; taking care, at the same time, to assure Mary, that the moment she consented to his wishes, her father should be at liberty, and the debt cancelled. The poor girl left her service half distracted, and threw herself, in agony of mind, upon her mother's bosom.

“ Boiling with indignation, I challenged the squire :—we fought, and he received what I then believed to be a mortal wound. I am unable to describe my sensations after this rencontre ; for though I still felt indignant at the squire's conduct, yet there was also a consciousness of guilt ; I believed that he would die, and accused myself of his murder. My father was in jail ; my liberty and life were in danger ; and my brain was fired almost to madness. My own early follies, the subsequent events of my life, and above all, the result of our acquaintance with Squire F., made me loathe myself and almost all the species. Had not my father been in confinement, my mother helpless,

and my sisters unprotected, I believe I should have committed suicide.

With horrid and desperate resolutions, I fled from my native plains, determined to release my father, or perish in the attempt. Without any plan, but ripe for "deeds of darkness," in an evil hour I met an engraver, an old academical companion, who knew my situation, and gradually dissolved his own secrets. He fabricated forged bank-notes, and had been pretty successful. He made propositions to me, to assist him in the circulation; and I was to participate in the illicit gains. To this I agreed with frantic joy; but my career of crime has been short. I thought that if it were possible to realize a sum sufficient to relieve my father, and replenish his small farm, I would for ever renounce this guilty and hazardous trade. Whether I should have had virtue enough for this, I know not; but Providence, perhaps in mercy, has circumscribed my course. When I had acquired a sufficient sum

for my father's liberation, I transmitted it by a confidential friend, with instructions to say nothing of its coming from me; and even that friend, I am certain, is far from conjecturing how it was procured. This was only a few days before I met with you, and all the rest of my unhallowed gains are taken from me by the hands of justice. I believe you can but ill afford to lose five pounds, for I already know something of you; but I cannot, indeed, promise to repair the injury I have done you, for I am without a shilling in the world.

“One thing I beg leave to mention, in justice to myself, that the shillings I gave you I did not know to be counterfeit; I was myself duped, and received two pounds of them, in exchange for the notes I was passing a few hours before I met you.

“I shall make no comment upon my life, the whole transactions of which are now laid before you;—I have written with candour, having no motive for disguise. You will readily perceive that I have been often a fool; but, till within these few

weeks past, I was never a villain. According to the laws of my country, I have justly forfeited a life, of which I am indeed heartily tired. Yet so inconstant a creature is man, that I feel reluctant to die; and the contemplation of a public and ignominious end, fills me with inexpressible horror. I now wish to live, that I may, if possible, recover my own lost esteem; and I feel that I am still capable of making the effort. But my life is in your hands; your evidence will decide my fate; and I know well, that, in a commercial country like this, I have no mercy to expect.

“ There is indeed one way for escape,—by becoming king’s evidence, and informing against the engraver; but my heart recoils at the thought, and I will perish on a scaffold, rather than purchase life with the blood of another.

You are not bound over to prosecute; and it will be some weeks before my trial comes on. I persuade myself, and am indeed well convinced, that you are not so hard-hearted as to seek my death, from

private resentment, for the fraud committed on you. But whether you think the duty which you owe to the public obliges you to assist vindictive justice against me, I am less certain, although I rather think you must feel reluctant to the task. By absenting yourself just now, and keeping out of the way till the time of my trial is past, I have some chance to escape. If you have a father, therefore, who is dear to you, and a mother whose heart you would save from anguish, by your affection for them, I conjure you to think of mine.

“ Whatever you may resolve upon, I can with confidence rely, that this unreserved communication will never appear against me. I have taken measures for the sure delivery of this to you, and expect at least your forgiveness, to an erring, but, I trust, sincerely penitent, FELLOW MORTAL.”

CHAPTER X.

To a wise man all the world's his soil ;
It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,
That must bound me, if the Fates call me forth.

BEN JONSON.

I HAD often paused during the foregoing narrative,—the cold sweat starting from my brow,—but, after reaching the conclusion, I sat for some time motionless, and insensible to every external object. Upon recovering myself a little, I walked out to relieve both body and mind from the oppression under which they laboured. But not all that appeared around could interest me, or enable me to abstract my thoughts from the melancholy narrative ; and I found it necessary to return to my lodgings, that I might not expose myself by my vacant looks and absent manner.

Upon reviewing the life of this wretched criminal (for such he certainly was), I saw

so much similarity to my own history, that I literally trembled at the thought of what I had escaped : nor am I ashamed to say, that I fell on my knees in gratitude to that protecting Being, who had so mercifully preserved me from those dangers to which many in my situation had been exposed. The same error had been committed in the outset of this unfortunate's life, as in my own. A wish to soar above our original station, without rational or prudent encouragement, had involved us both in difficulties and poverty. That I was less guilty, was perhaps owing to my having experienced slighter temptations. However, I had here received a lesson of such importance as was never to be forgotten ; and this poor unfortunate man had set himself up as a beacon, to warn me from the rocks on which he had been wrecked.

But what was I to do in his cause ? Not for worlds would I have his blood upon my head ! although the laws of my country pronounced it legal, and although society might claim it as a duty to convict him by

my evidence, yet every feeling of my heart revolted against the thought ; and without knowing how I either could or should act, I determined, at every hazard, except that of implicating myself in his guilt, not to appear in evidence against him. I had no friend with whom to advise ; and further, I was not at liberty to betray that confidence which he had reposed in me, by communicating the particulars to another. Thus I wasted the day in vain cogitations ; and when exhausted nature sought restoration in sleep, my mind was haunted with horrid and fantastic visions.

This unfortunate affair had quite deranged my plan of spending my time in the metropolis ; I was incapable of thinking on any other subject ; my nerves were agitated ; and I felt that I could not appear in company, without betraying the perturbation of my mind. I walked to Leith, merely to pass away time ; and while sauntering on the quay, was most cordially saluted by a hearty shake of the hand from an old acquaintance, now a shipmaster. I was in-

vited, or rather led, on board his vessel, and was soon seated in the cabin. Here we talked of "the days of langsyne;" my friend regretted, that being just about to discharge his cargo, he had at present but little leisure, and that little so liable to many interruptions; but stepping on shore with me, he took me home with him, and introduced me to his wife, requesting me to come at night to sup with them. To this proposal he would admit of no denial.

In the evening I met a most hearty reception; and found my friend possessed of that open sincerity so characteristic of his occupation, with no incompetent share of good sense and general knowledge. He had ingratiated himself so far with me, that before parting for the night, I informed him of the outlines of my progress in life; including my adventures with the unhappy criminal, who was now hardly ever absent from my thoughts, so far as I could do so, without disclosing the secrets which he had intrusted to my confidence. The captain cursed him for a rascal, and expressed his

hope that my evidence would *trounce* him : however, when he saw I was much agitated at his saying so, and heard me express my reluctance to contribute to his condemnation, he dropped the subject for the evening, and we resumed our former hilarity.

As we were walking together next morning, he resumed the subject of the former evening's conversation. "I have thought much about you," said he, "since we parted; I see you are very unhappy, although I think you ought not to be so; yet I respect your feelings, for they do credit to your heart; and I am glad to think there is a fair probability of your getting rid of this unpleasant business. You are not yet served with any legal notice to attend at the prosecution, and are not bound to stay here, nor in any particular place, for a time. I shall be ready to sail for London in a few days, and you shall accompany me. It shall not cost you a farthing; the season is fine, and the trip will be of much service to you. I have got a few acquaintances in London, who will be glad to see

you, or any friend of mine, and we shall think more at large of your concerns and prospects when there.—Come, say that you will go? don't be down-hearted—this is only a cross wind to you: and as for the fellow who has got upon a lee-shore, why, you know he went upon a false reckoning; 'twas, as we may say, attempting a tack against wind and tide; and if so be as he scud thro' the breakers of law without foundering, he may say it is a good landfall:—but I see you don't like the subject, so we'll talk no more of it. You must go with me:—write to your father, and say you are taking a spell with his friend, the master of the Hebe:—get ready to be on board early next week; and then—a fair wind for the Thames.”

Though this proposal was quite unexpected, yet, as I knew the frank sincerity of Captain L., and, glad of an opportunity to escape from the present scene, I accepted his friendly offer.

Still I was uneasy about the poor prisoner, whom I had a strong desire to visit; but

prudence whispered that it would be highly improper, as well as hazardous: however, since I was so soon to leave Scotland, I resolved upon a step hardly less romantic. The goodness of heart which Miss Burton had already shewn in this unfortunate affair, made me determine to recall her attention to this hapless child of misery. Accordingly I despatched a note, requesting the favour of a short interview, and begging that she would say when I might wait upon her. In her reply to my note she chid my diffidence, and assured me that she would be happy to see me immediately. She received me with an air of gracefulness and ease, which I had never seen equalled, except in the family of my lamented friend Mr B.; and seemed much inclined to prolong an interview, which she was pleased to say she expected much sooner. Our conversation naturally turning on the prisoner, I told her how unhappy I felt at the idea of giving evidence against him, and my consequent resolution of sailing for London with Captain L. After musing a little, she

approved highly of my scheme, which she said would, in all probability, relieve my mind from present anxiety, and perhaps remove entirely the cause of my uneasiness.—“Since you approve of my intention,” said I, “may I venture to solicit your kindness in behalf of this unhappy man, who, I fear, may not only want the common necessities of life, but is labouring, I apprehend, under mental agony, more acute than the dread of personal suffering, or even infamy, could occasion. Miss Burton easily discovered that I knew more of him than I had told her, and, before we parted, she contrived to get the whole of his history. As my apology for this apparent breach of trust, I may state, that I was induced to make the disclosure by the conviction, that, instead of exposing him to any additional hazard, it might tend materially to his advantage.

Miss Burton, very much affected by the relation, urged me to prosecute my voyage; advising me, at the same time, neither to see the criminal, nor any one connected with him.

On the day of sailing, Captain L. being detained on shore with a friend or two, till the vessel was in the Frith, we went out in the boat, and set sail with a fair wind. This was a new scene to me, and I enjoyed it much, keeping upon deck the whole day, except at meals. Captain L. informed us at dinner, that he had three ladies, passengers, on board; but, as they were a little sea-sick, they did not yet choose to appear. On the forenoon of the second day, the captain said he was going down to assist the ladies, and requested me to attend and hand them on deck. What was my surprise, when I found that our sea-nymphs were Miss Burton, and the two ladies who accompanied her to the magistrate's house! Miss Burton expressed great satisfaction that this short voyage was to procure her the pleasure of my company, whom she introduced to her friends as an old and much esteemed acquaintance.

Among the steerage passengers was a poor widow and two children, the youngest about two years of age. Her hus-

band had died in Edinburgh, and being an Englishwoman, she was returning to her friends. Her aspect was meagre and squalid; her youngest child appeared to be dying; and both mother and children were in a most wretched state for clothing. Here were proper objects for Miss Burton's benevolence. Their passage had been paid from some charitable fund; and, although Captain L. was a humane man, yet their comforts would have been fewer, had it not been for the compassionate attention of Miss Burton. She took care to have both mother and children supplied with the best food the smack could afford, and she regularly administered cordials to the sick child herself. From her own wardrobe, with the aid of the other ladies, who warmly sympathized in her pity for this helpless family, she furnished them with plenty of clothing; and before they left the Hebe, a small sum was collected to enable them to reach their friends in circumstances as comfortable as their case would admit. The poor widow parted from us with tears of gratitude, im-

ploring blessings on us all for the kindness she had experienced.

No other incident worthy of relation occurred during the voyage, which passed very pleasantly. Miss Burton's two companions were, a mother and her daughter, who resided in London, but were of Scotch extraction. I received from them a pressing invitation to make their house my home, and this invitation was warmly seconded by Miss Burton, who also told me, that she was to reside with them, and could freely invite any friend. The Captain, however, would not allow me to leave him so abruptly; so that, on arriving at the wharf, we parted with mutual regret.

When the Hebe was moored, I accompanied Captain L. to the house of his brother-in-law, a respectable merchant in the city, where we were kindly received by the family, and told that we should be considered their guests during our stay. There was so much novelty here, that, for some time, recollections of the past, and anticipations of the future, were almost banished.

One morning, Captain L. asked me when I intended to visit my sea nymphs. Upon my expressing some reluctance ;—" Psha !" said he, " you know not how to profit by a fair breeze :—come, I have a little leisure this forenoon, let us take the trip !"

We set off, and were ushered into a superb drawing-room, where we were welcomed with that frank and genuine politeness, which is the natural expression of kindness of heart. After chatting for some time, Miss Burton invited the Captain and me into another room, and immediately introduced the subject of the unhappy prisoner ; and seeing that his impending fate still preyed upon my spirits, she told me to keep myself as easy as possible ; that something might occur favourable to him ; but that, in the meantime, it would not be prudent for me to return to Scotland, unless I could make up my mind to assist the arm of justice on the culprit. An involuntary horror seized me at the thought, and my blood recoiled to my heart. Observing my change of countenance ; " Well," said she, " I see you

are the dupe of your feelings; trust to the chapter of accidents, and all may yet be well. How are you to dispose of yourself here? We have an excursion to make to the country, and want a beau, will you do us the favour to accompany us?" Imagining that there would be an impropriety in dangling in the train of fashionable ladies, I urged, as an apology for declining their invitation, that I had promised to accompany Captain L. to Ireland, for which he was to sail in a few days, expressing a very strong desire to see the green hills of Erin. Miss Burton replied, that if I could get rid of romantic sentiment, and that bashful diffidence, which was both uncommon and unnecessary in the world, I might be good for something, but she was afraid that I must be set down as incurable. After taking leave of the ladies, the captain exclaimed, "I can't, for the soul of me, fathom this Miss Burton:—she dresses like other fine ladies,—she lives in a splendid style,—and yet, somehow, one gets quite at ease in her company: I never saw her do an action, or

heard her utter a sentence, that I would disapprove of in my wife or daughter; and yet, I can't tell how, I never knew any lady so easy, and, at the same time, so polite.—This is the second time she has sailed with me, and, in both trips, I have seen several instances of her being a devilish good-hearted wench." I assented to the captain's opinion, having more cause for it than he imagined.

Amidst the varied and inexhaustible amusements of the metropolis, my thoughts still recurred to the state of the unfortunate criminal, and longed for a change of scene with as much impatience, as if I had been thus to escape from all concern about his probable fate. We sailed for Ireland with a fine breeze, and reached Cork, the place of our destination, all well, with my spirits a little revived by the sea air and the novelty of all around me. On our return, while coming down the Channel, a violent gale arose about midnight.—The captain appearing to be much alarmed, my fears rose in proportion, and every moment became more overpowering, from

the impenetrable darkness that surrounded us. While all hands were in a bustle, the Hebe and another vessel ran foul of each other, by which accident the Hebe's bowsprit was carried away. Captain L. called down to me not to be afraid, for the danger was now over, and the gale slackening, but requested me to go to bed, as he was now busy, and would see me in the morning.

Finding that I would only be a hindrance on deck, I took his advice, and tumbled into bed, but could not sleep: I thought of home, my parents, the poor prisoner, and, by a natural chain of association, of Miss Burton,—then fell into a slumber, while musing on her amiable qualities, during which the image of my lovely Miss B. took possession of my fancy; and we were translating together one of Petrarch's sonnets, when a noise upon deck disturbed my dream of felicity.

I was surprised to find it so late in the morning, and more so when I found there was no motion in the ship: Captain L. soon

after came in smiling, and bade me welcome to Portsmouth harbour; told me what had happened during the night, and that he had run in here to refit, which would take some days. During all that day Captain L. was occupied in directing and superintending the necessary repairs: next day he proposed crossing over to the Isle of Wight, where the beauty of the scenery would compensate me for my late tossing and alarm.

We arrived at Cowes a little before dinner, and waited upon a gentleman with whom my friend the Captain had some business to transact; but he was just gone to his country-house, and was not to return that night: Captain L., who was anxious to see him, proposed, therefore, that we should walk after him. When something more than half way, my companion stopped to speak with a gentleman whom we met, while I jogged on, till a phaeton, in which I observed two ladies, came forward to meet me with inconceivable rapidity. I soon discovered that the horse had taken fright, and that

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the ladies had lost the reins : in a moment I heard their screams. Between them and me there was an angle in the road, which was raised over a chasm, and I immediately saw that they were in imminent danger of being overturned, and most probably dashed in pieces. I rushed forward, and seized the horse just in time to prevent the dreadful catastrophe, which otherwise must inevitably have happened, as the horse was coming straight forward. By this time the Captain was come up ; but what was the astonishment of all, when the ladies were discovered to be Miss Burton and her young London companion.

The ladies were lifted out, and some time was spent in mutual expressions of surprise and congratulation. I now felt that I had got a sprained ankle, being utterly incapable of walking ; and upon looking down, I observed blood issuing through my stocking. The ladies following my eye, saw it ; and now became, I believe, as much alarmed for me, as they had recently been for themselves.

As I could not walk, and had no vehicle at hand, except the phaeton, which the ladies declared they would not again enter, we were rather at a loss. Fortunately a country lad came up, apparently breathless, and addressing the Captain, said, he saw the horse run away, and was afraid of the consequences; inquired if the ladies were safe, and seemed to take an interest in their fate beyond what was to be expected from one in his apparent rank in life. The ladies requested of him to take charge of the phaeton to Cowes, telling him, that if he returned in half an hour with a post chaise, he should have half-a-guinea for his trouble. In the mean time, as the day was fine, we all sat down on the bank; my ankle was examined; I felt it was severely sprained, and had now swelled considerably: the blood proceeded from its being grazed with the horse's foot; it was bound up with a handkerchief; and we resolved to exercise a little patience.

The messenger arrived with a chaise in less than half an hour. Captain L. took

the ladies' address, and walked forward to his friends, while the ladies and I were driven into Cowes, where a surgeon was immediately procured.—He was a man of sense and candour; and told me that the sprain was severe, but as no dislocation had taken place, ease and regular embrocations would soon restore it. The flesh wound was of less consequence, and would require only a few dressings to give no further trouble.

When the ladies had recovered from their alarm, and were satisfied that I was in no real danger, they hailed me as their deliverer, telling me, in a bantering way, that although I had declined to accompany them, fate had again brought us together, and made me their companion and prisoner in spite of myself. Next morning Captain L. called to know whether I would be able to accompany him to Portsmouth; this the ladies most strenuously opposed; and the surgeon, arriving soon after, gave his *veto* against my leaving Cowes, until my limb should be in a much sounder state.—Cap-

tain L. took his leave, saying that he would return in two days, by which time he expected the Hebe to be ready for sea, and hoped I should then be able to accompany him. Being now an invalid, the ladies were kind enough to keep me company during the greater part of the time. Next day Miss Burton received several letters and a newspaper; after looking over the paper, she handed it to me, saying, significantly, that it was an Edinburgh paper; and that I might probably find some articles of local intelligence to amuse me. After running my eye over the pages, it rested on the following paragraph:

“Last night, or early this morning, a man escaped from gaol here. He was imprisoned some time ago, upon a charge of issuing forged notes; the evidence, it is believed, would have been conclusive against him: he had persisted in refusing to tell his name or connexions; and always appeared very melancholy and dejected: different accounts are given of the manner of his escape, which shall be related when we

obtain accurate information. A reward is offered for apprehending him. (See advertisement)."

Upon turning to that, I saw the reward twenty guineas. The glow that had begun to exhilarate my frame, was considerably checked by the recollection of the new risk which he incurred. Still the great oppression that I felt was removed, as I was persuaded that he had a considerable chance of escape.

When Miss Johnson, Miss Burton's friend, withdrew, the latter congratulated me upon the relief that my feelings would receive, now that the prisoner had escaped. I expressed my fears that he would be retaken : Miss Burton replied, " There is little danger of that : he has been assisted, and I have no doubt the plan has been well laid ; we shall therefore, if you please, now dismiss him from our thoughts, with the hope that if we ever again hear of him, it will be more to his credit."

My friend, Captain L., having got the Hebe ready for sea, came again to Cowes,

to announce that the Hebe was now in sailing condition. "What cheer now, my lad?" said he, "are all your timbers sound again? We must weigh anchor!" My grateful and kind entertainers strenuously remonstrated against my departure; they urged that, under Providence, they both owed their lives to me; that I had sustained considerable injury, and even hazarded my life in promoting their safety; and therefore they were unwilling that we should separate till they arrived in London. As the Captain, however, was a man of business, and as I might be considered part of his cargo, they had no objections, they said, to give a receipt for me in due form, binding themselves to deliver me to him or order, in good condition, bating sea hazard, unruly horses, and other accidents of the road. Some further wit was played off on the occasion; but I had previously determined upon returning with the Hebe, being anxious to hear from my parents, and to return to my native land.

Seeing that I was inflexible, they made the necessary preparations for my departure; but I thought that both, particularly Miss Burton, appeared rather disappointed. They took Captain L.'s address, and made me promise not to leave London till their arrival.

Our voyage was pleasant, and my friendly Captain said, that as he was to push for Leith as speedily as possible, I had better wait the arrival of the ladies, who, he was convinced, had the wish, and perhaps the power, to serve me. He would return in about four weeks; and in the meantime would introduce me to a few of his friends, who would enable me to pass the time agreeably. While deliberating upon this, I received two letters, one I saw was from my father, the other in a hand-writing which I did not know. I gave my father's letter the precedence, and found that he and my mother were well, but in great anxiety about their only son. The contents of the other was as follows :

“ Miss Johnson and Miss Burton present their best wishes to Mr Campbell, their preserver, and expect to see him in London about a week hence ; in the meantime, as he is detained waiting for them, they beg that the enclosed may be applied as needful : and as Mr Campbell is sometimes troubled with scruples and fastidious modesty, the amount may be placed to their credit till accounts are balanced between the parties.”

The enclosure was a bank note for twenty pounds.

Unfortunately for me, Captain L.'s friends were all men of business ; and while they convinced me of their hospitable dispositions, I felt that I was sometimes an incumbrance to them ; and even when we met, we had few sentiments and associations of mutual interest to engage us in agreeable conversation. I was now in the emporium of wealth, commerce, literature, and science ; yet I wandered about like a ghost, without speaking, till another should break silence : and in this state I might have languished

for ever. Every one whom I saw in the countless crowds that surrounded me was busy, and seemed to have some object in view ; and I believed myself the only idler on the streets, amidst the immense multitude in motion around me.

CHAPTER XI.

I am your wife, if you will marry me ;

————— to be your fellow

You may deny me, but I will be your friend

Whether you will or no.

SHAKSPEARE.

ONE morning, in passing a bookseller's window in St Paul's church-yard, I saw "Liberty of Conscience, a Sermon, by a Clergyman of the Church of Scotland; printed at Edinburgh, reprinted at London." The text on the title was that of my hapless production, already mentioned in these memoirs. Upon walking in, and asking to see the phamphlet, I found it was my own first-born bantling, to which was attached a preface by the publisher, stating, that the unfortunate author had been obliged to flee from the church where it was delivered, after his life was in im-

minent danger from the bigotry of his audience.

I entered into conversation with the bookseller, and asked him if he knew these circumstances to be true; to which he replied in the affirmative.

“ Do you know the author ?” “ Not personally.” “ What is he—or where does he reside ?” “ You see he is a clergyman, and, as I believe, still resides in Scotland; never obtained a living; and is condemned to poverty and neglect !” “ Does he merit any attention ?” “ Why, yes sir, the fellow has talent, if he could or durst apply it; but he is a fool—I mean for himself; fettered in legal and clerical trammels, he seems afraid to follow up his own reasoning: he dares not venture a single hair breadth beyond the boundaries of orthodoxy; and hovers in the clouds, when he shews wing for soaring to the skies. Still it will not avail him.—A living can only be obtained from a patron; and where is the patron that would think of settling a minister for his abilities in writing or preaching sermons? The merits

of this very discourse are lost to the world, from its bearing the title of a sermon. Of those who from habit, (or something that they imagine a duty,) read sermons, nine out of ten will be displeased with the liberality of his sentiments, provided they have capacity to understand them; and those who would bestow their approbation, never think of looking for rational and philosophical argumentation in a sermon. As a pulpit production the thing is good, but it is unknown; however, I hope to push off a few, not so much for the profit of sale, as to promote that gradual emancipation from superstition, which I yet expect to see accomplished. The short preface I have attached to it has given it some notoriety, and helps to disseminate that disgust at superstition and priestcraft, which I trust will soon be universal. We must remove prejudices gently, and work upon some minds almost imperceptibly;—this sermon will operate in preparing the way for such authors as speak more plainly.” He went on much farther, till it appeared evident to me

that he was an enemy not only to all religious establishments, but even to religion, under any form whatever : and as I conceived that it would be losing both time and labour to engage in an argument with him, I purchased a copy of my own sermon, and walked out of the shop.

On my way home, I could not help being strongly impressed with the strange and opposite purposes to which the plainest didactic work may be applied. Here was a sermon which I had written with the direct intention of its being a barrier and support to rational Christianity, and I now found it republished, by one who avowed openly that he sent it abroad as the harbinger of infidelity. I began now to tremble, lest he should have taken freedoms in garbling my composition, or in altering my meaning, to suit his own purposes; and hurried to my lodgings, that I might peruse it with attention, determined, if it was so, to have no mercy, but to pursue him with legal vengeance, forgetting that, as there was no author's name given, this

would be impracticable ; however, my fears were groundless, and, although alone, I was forced to smile at the pride of authorship, and felt half ashamed of this fondness for the first bantling of my brain.

Having amused myself some days longer, without any thing remarkable occurring, I became impatient for Captain L.'s return, when I received a card from Miss Johnson's mother, inviting me to dine next day in Bloomsbury-square. The party was select and very agreeable. After the cloth was removed, Mrs Johnson related the adventure of the phaeton in the isle of Wight, introducing me to the company as the preserver of her daughter's life. She expressed her gratitude and inability to discharge the obligation ; for, as no pecuniary obligation could be adequate, she would neither insult me, nor degrade herself by the offer ; at the same time, presenting me with a very handsome gold watch and its appendages, she insisted upon my acceptance of it, as a mark of her gratitude, and a pledge of her friend-

ship whenever it could be useful to me. There was something so affable and easy in the manner of all the party, that I could not refuse what was so handsomely proffered. We talked, chatted, and laughed away the evening, and I took my leave, with a promise to repeat my visit.

When other two weeks passed away, Captain L. returned, and, upon shaking hands with him, I felt a sensation quite different from what usually follows that expression of friendship. I cannot explain it, but knew that it arose from the circumstance of his having so recently quitted my native country, on which account I thought him allied to me by a sort of kindred. The philosopher, who boasts of being a citizen of the world, will probably laugh at this—let him do so ; I felt that in London I was a stranger, and although, when I began to abstract reasoning, the preference, in point of climate and wealth, was due to England, still I felt that I was not at home ; and although my native land

had been only, as it were, a step-mother to me, I still retained for it a strong filial affection.

Being now fully resolved upon taking my passage in the Hebe, I waited upon my friends in Bloomsbury square, to communicate my intentions, and take farewell. Miss Burton said that her time was also expired, and being to return to Bramblebrae, she could not have a fitter opportunity. Captain L. was her old acquaintance, and I might again save her life by water, as I had already done by land. Mrs L. had accompanied her husband this voyage, and, as she was to return with him, it was expected that our little party would be very agreeable.

The afternoon previous to our departure was spent in Bloomsbury square, and we separated from our friends with mutual assurances of most respectful esteem. We arrived safe at Leith after a very pleasant passage of five days, and being anxious to see my parents, I resolved upon pushing forward next day. Miss Burton insisted

that we should dine together before our separation. There was something in her manner so easy, and, at the same time, so peculiarly her own, that, while one felt doubtful whether all her plans were consistent with strict propriety, her address made it almost impossible to oppose them. She told me, before parting, that she was to set off next morning in a post chaise, and, as fifty miles of my journey lay in the same direction, I could not do better than accompany her. Here again was one of her schemes, in which there was nothing morally wrong; still I had doubts of its being consonant to the rules of rigid decorum. However, by means of her own raillery, with Captain L. as an auxiliary, my scruples were overcome, and I consented to take a seat in the chaise. I slept at Captain L.'s, where the chaise called for me in the morning; I felt the blood mounting to my cheek as I ascended the steps; however, I was seated, and away we hurried. Miss Burton doubtless perceived my confusion, and laying aside a little of her natural gayety, led the conver-

sation to topics of rational discussion, in which she exhibited a degree of intellect, that did credit to her as a woman, and was to me (who knew the deficiencies, not to say errors, of her early education,) matter of agreeable surprise.

By regular changes of horses, we reached the stage in the evening where our roads separated. Miss Burton pretended a little fatigue, and, after a slight repast, rose to retire. When, just leaving the room, she handed me a letter, which she requested me to peruse, and she would receive its reply in the morning after breakfast. So saying she withdrew; with much surprise, I read as follows:

“DEAR SIR,—In the progress of our acquaintance you have perhaps set me down as an *outré* character. That I pay little respect to many of the fastidious rules of etiquette, so long as my motives are good, I readily acknowledge; and this letter will furnish you with the strongest evidence of the fact, as it will exhibit my departure from what has long and generally been con-

sidered an essential point of decorum in my sex. Although I have always thought the married state necessary to produce all the happiness of which human nature is susceptible, yet I have allowed time to witness my delay, till he has seized his pen to record my name in the register of old maids. I say *allowed*, for I have indeed refused offers, perhaps better than I had any right to expect, only they did not suit my capricious and wayward fancy.

“I have known you long, and my esteem for you has ripened into that regard, which now prompts me to offer you a willing hand, and, I think, an affectionate, honest heart. I do not pretend to be dying of love; but I freely acknowledge, that with you for my companion and protector, life would, in my estimation, have more value. Of all the men I have yet seen, I consider you as the best qualified to promote my happiness, and do assure you, that my best endeavours should be unremittingly exercised to promote yours in return.

“Although perfectly assured that you

have a soul above every mercenary motive, yet it may not be unnecessary to say, that I am possessed of a competence sufficient for us both.

“ I believe that I already have a considerable share of your esteem, and am not that romantic girl to think that *violent* love is indispensably necessary to domestic felicity. Mutual rectitude of conduct, plain sense, and good nature, are, in my opinion, more essential requisites.

“ I have been candid with you, and expect reciprocal sincerity in return. You will not, I am persuaded, esteem me less, that I have, in the present instance, overstepped the modesty (I will not say of nature, but) of custom. I am also well convinced, that, should I be doomed to the mortification of a refusal, you will consider me worthy of knowing your reasons, and capable of weighing them with temper and prudence; for I know you sufficiently to believe that you will not give a reason unworthy of yourself, or that can lessen you in my estimation. Whatever may be your deter-

mination, be assured, my dear sir, that I will calmly hear it. Some foolish poet, I have forgotten who, writes as follows :

‘ There is no fury like a woman scorned ;
Nor hell like love to hatred turned.’

Be not afraid of this ; I know that you never will scorn me. If I gain not your heart as a lover, I trust that I shall preserve it as a friend. And be assured, that you must cease to be what I have ever known you, before it become possible for me to hate you.

“ The only way that you can, at present, forfeit any part of my respect and esteem, would be, by leaving me here without our fully understanding each other ; I therefore expect to meet you to-morrow morning at breakfast. My putting this into your hands, proves how highly I estimate your honour. You may prevent me from adding a more endearing appellation, but shall never make me renounce that of—your most sincere friend,

E. BURTON.”

Here was a dilemma ! I had not a heart

for love. All that I had ever felt of that passion was buried beneath the turf that covered Maria B.'s dust ! But Miss Burton did not insist upon love, she believed herself possessed of my esteem, and gave me credit for good qualities, sufficient, in her opinion, to promote domestic happiness. I was poor, without the prospect of being richer ; she was in possession of independence, which she frankly offered to participate with me. Although she had not all that feminine softness of manner, and loveliness of external appearance, which is generally so fascinating, her stature was tall, her form and air graceful ; without any pretensions to beauty, her features were regular and agreeable ; and what was of infinitely more value, she had good sense, was affable, condescending, good-natured, candid and easy in her manner, and had exhibited many symptoms of benevolence and goodness of heart. With these qualities, the interest that she had taken in my affairs, seemed a reasonable security for my domestic felicity.

How was I to decide? What was the conduct which prudence and honour dictated in this delicate situation?

Feeling that I could not have the benefit of counsel in this matter, it cost me little trouble to form my resolution; but it was not till after several attempts, that I framed the following letter:

“MADAM,—After having laid me under many previous obligations, you have now rendered me your debtor, infinitely beyond what I can ever pay. The sincerity which you exhibit requires and merits equal candour from me; and my knowledge of your heart warrants me in believing that I shall not forfeit your esteem, by explicit obedience to your injunctions, and a humble endeavour to imitate your example. For the opinion that you entertain of me, so far beyond what I deserve, and for the honour you have done me, be assured, that I feel a gratitude which words are inadequate to express.

“Believe me, when I say, that of all your sex, you hold the first place in my es-

them. Most cheerfully would I lay down my life to promote your happiness ; and yet, alas ! I have not a heart to bestow.

“ When Maria B.’s spirit was disembodied, I felt that I never could love another ; still these feelings are unaltered. Politeness is an accomplishment, but sincerity is a virtue ; and even from you, madam, I would much rather bear the charge of rudeness, than stand self-convicted of having acted deceitfully. I know that you will laugh at my romantic notions, and perhaps say that imagination alone has raised up to you a rival in my heart. Be it so ; I should degrade myself, as well as injure and insult you, were I to pledge my hand, while my heart palpitates every time that memory restores *her* image, who is now no more.

“ In obedience to your commands, I shall meet you at breakfast ; but as my mind is unalterable, I beg that no allusion may be made to the subject.

“ Well persuaded that your virtues and amiable qualities are sufficient to make some

H

worthy man happy, my most earnest wish is, that they may meet the reward and protection which they so amply merit. Trusting that, by this candid declaration, I have not forfeited your friendship, I beg leave to assure you, that I shall always think of you with respect and grateful esteem; and am, madam, your much honoured, obliged, and sincere friend, W. CAMPBELL."

As soon as I knew that Miss Burton was astir, I sent up my letter, and took a walk in the fields to tranquillize my mind for a meeting which I would most gladly have avoided. Most fortunately, a chaise with company arrived before breakfast, and, as they appeared respectable, Miss Burton very prudently proposed that we should all breakfast together; she did the honours of the table, talked, and even laughed, with such apparent ease as surprised me. Will it be believed, that although this was exactly what I wished, yet it disappointed me; perhaps it would have pleased my pride better to have seen Miss Burton not quite so easy, even while my heart and rea-

son were anxious to promote her happiness. Those who have well studied their own hearts, will most readily credit this apparent paradox.

Before we left the breakfast table, I twice caught her eyes fixed on me, but some children at table gave me an opportunity of escaping embarrassment, by little attentions to them. After breakfast, I retired to my room, enclosed Miss Burton's letter to her, accompanied by the following note :

“MADAM,—The enclosed was safe enough in my hands, but, to prevent accidents, it has occurred to me that it is still safer in your own, and I esteem your honour too highly, to leave aught in the power of chance, calumny, or idle gossiping, when the mode of prevention is both easy and proper. I am, &c. W. C.”

After Miss Burton had received this note, we met by accident; she told me that she would set off in an hour, and requested that I would have the goodness to stop and see her depart. This I wished to have avoided; but there was no alternative short of down-

right rudeness; I therefore agreed. In about half an hour she came down, and seeing me in the garden, immediately joined me, and after some trifling observations, addressed me thus:

“ Dear Mr Campbell, you have disappointed, but not offended me; although I do think your feelings romantic, yet be assured I respect them. I have long esteemed you, and now do so more than ever, for you have shewn me what tenderness and attachment I should have enjoyed, could I have taken the place of Maria B. in your heart. You must write me the history of your first and only love, if it will not be too painful a task. Accept my thanks for your candour, and also for the peculiar delicacy exhibited in your last note. I wish you still to respect me, and to calculate on my lasting and sincere friendship.” Soon after, the carriage drove up to the door; I assisted her in; she pressed my hand, saying, in a soft voice, “ Adieu! and remember!” and immediately drove off.

For some minutes I stood rivetted to the

spot, lost in a strange abstraction of mind ; and, upon recovering, my confusion was increased by perceiving, that I was observed by the people of the house.

Upon retiring to my room, I gave myself up for some time to the tumult of my emotions ; my thoughts naturally turned, "in forward and reverted view," to my past vicissitudes, and future prospects ; and the crowd of recollections and anticipations, conjured up by memory and fancy, rendered my mind a chaos, in which all was undefined, but appalling gloom. To relieve it from this distracting confusion, I resolved to hurry home, and to endeavour to exclude every overpowering reflection, and to allow it to dwell upon indifferent objects, till it should, in some degree, recover its order and tranquillity.

CHAPTER XII.

Oh ! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shew and noise.

SHAKESPEARE.

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd.

HAMMOND.

As my journey could not be accomplished in one day, I stopped, towards sunset, at a small village alehouse, which offered the most eligible asylum I was likely to find for the evening.

A party of strolling players had been for some time performing there, and there was some difficulty in procuring lodgings ; however, the landlady said, that as I had the

appearance of a gentleman, she would probably get the manager to give up his bed to me, which she would furnish with clean linen; but they were just now in the bustle of preparation for playing, this being the last night, and she was afraid she would not get words of him till the play was over; but as there was no other inn on the road, and it was getting darkish, she thought I might stay upon chance. I resolved to take her advice, and as I had a long evening before me, I thought I might as well pass it off by seeing the performance.

The theatre was a pretty large barn, which, with considerable ingenuity, had been converted into a tolerably convenient receptacle for the rustic auditory, as it possessed the genteel divisions of pit and gallery, the latter being about three feet more elevated than the former.

The entertainments for the night were, "Hamlet," and "The Gentle Shepherd" as an after-piece. I took my seat between an excise-officer and the parish-midwife. The house filled even to crowding. The cause

I understood, was, that as the performers were just about to depart, and not overstocked with cash, the landlord of the inn, and some others to whom they were indebted, had been very active in the sale of tickets. With the exception of the manager and another, they were indeed wretched performers, and as miserably attired.

The tragedy would have been laughable, had it not been for an incidental episode. When the ghost appeared, I half started, from the momentary impression that it was some inhabitant of the neighbouring churchyard, for he seemed not to have had a meal for a month past.

When the grave was digging, I heard a secret but serious consultation behind me, about the farmer having human bones in his barn-floor. Some sage matrons insisted that it should be intimated to the minister, and the farmer obliged either to clear himself, or stand his trial for murder. At the appearance of the *skull*, a kind of involuntary shriek burst from the females in the assembly. I over-heard one of the farmer's maid servants

say to a strapping fellow, who held her half on his knee, "Oh Tammas, Tammas! I'll never meet you in this barn again! I wad be feard out o' my wits; L—d kens what's been done here, or how many ghaists gang about at e'en!" "Tut fool!" said he, "'tis a' glamour, never fash your head about them!" "Na, na, Tammas! I ken o'er weel! ye mith as weel deny the Bible—d'ye na see thae banes? Oh Tammas! d'ye mind yon night? I'm sure I'll never forget it—I saw my mither's ghaist as I gaed out at the back door—Ye ken yoursel'—I ken o'er weel! Oh—Oh!"—Her sobs now became audible over the house, and she was carried out in a hysteric fit. The company, in general, attributed the poor girl's disorder to being frightened at the performance, which, after a short interruption, went on to a "most lame and impotent conclusion."

If the tragedy was laughable, "The Gentle Shepherd" threatened to be tragical. After much mouthing and repetitions of all the tones, accents, and inflexions, between Cornwall and John o' Groat's House, which

produced a jargon, neither Scotch, English, nor wild Irish, the scene took place between Mause, Madge, and Bauldy; and, as it appeared from the result, that the representative of Bauldy had been so unfortunate as not only to incur the displeasure of the company, but also of the two viragos with whom he was now treading the boards, they took the opportunity of wreaking their revenge on him by a most severe castigation. He escaped from their clutches with his nose truly bleeding, and some parts of his dress in great disorder; when, turning upon Mause, he lifted his foot with vehemence, and brought it with such hearty good will on that part of the poor old tottering body, which was last in sight, as she left the stage, that he at last tripled the velocity of her motion. The audience had not been taught to hiss, but they expressed their indignation in forcible terms, and "brute," "beast," "monster," would have echoed from every quarter of the barn, had echo ever resided there.

The performers were now getting into confusion, and the audience had never been

quiet ; the manager therefore came forward, made a handsome apology for the rudeness of his understrappers, and said he would conclude the entertainment of the evening with a parting address. He had repeated two or three couplets, (which appeared neat if not elegant composition,) when one of the performers sprung from the stage, seized the midwife who sat next me by the arm, and dragged her across the stage : screams of direful accent were heard from the dressing room, and the curtain dropped.

The exciseman accompanied me to the alehouse, when, after sitting a little, he asked if I had any objections to joining him in a bit of supper. I expressed my consent, provided he would permit our histrionic manager to be of the party, as I believed I was to be under some obligation to him for my bed. The manager was sent for—he came in—and I thought looked as if he recognized me. The landlady mentioned her request ; he, with genuine politeness, replied, that he felt infinite pleasure in having it in his power to oblige me, and he only regretted that the favour was so trifling.

We had a tolerable supper, enlivened with good humour and excellent whiskey; the landlady having, at the gauger's request, produced her family bottle. The manager told us that before he left the theatre, Jenny, the maiden prude, had been delivered of a thumping boy in the green room; which he had wrapped in Ophelia's mantle, and delivered to Mause; while Roger, the bantling's father, had wrapped the mother in his plaid, and carried her to their lodgings at the other end of the village.

The manager appeared to be about nineteen or twenty years of age, and we found him a fellow of good sense, apparently aided by a liberal education, while, like the Yorick whom he that evening described, he was "a fellow of infinite jest and humour."

I expressed my surprize, that a man of his qualifications should devote himself to a trade which appeared to me both low and unprofitable.

"You are right sir," said he, "it is low enough to be the leader of such a crew;

and as to the profit, it too often sends us supperless to bed ; my *reasons* for thus degrading myself, were I to state them, you would perhaps think *unreasonable* : however, I believe I must renounce it, not exactly because I wish to do so, but from a more powerful cause,—it starves me both in back and belly. Not one of the troop but is indebted to me ; and I have a long score with our landlord, which must be rubbed out to-morrow : and there is that poor fellow, who was Roger to-night—his wife, Jenny, (as I already told you) was delivered of a boy since the curtain dropped, and to my certain knowledge he has not a shilling in his pocket.”

At this moment a voice was heard without our room door, speaking in a tone of entreaty ; the response was in a shrill angry key. “ There ! that’s he,” said the manager : “ Hist ! ” “ O do, my good landlady ! be not so hard-hearted ; you are a mother yourself ; think of my poor wife ! ” ‘ I must think of myself and my children ; what business has any ragamuffin like you

wi' a wife, wha canna maintain her?—I tell you I'm likely to lose enough by your trumpery pack already!" I took the opportunity of slipping to the door, and seeing the landlady with her arms akimbo, asked if she could let me have a bottle of good wine, 'Yes, an' please your honour, as good's in Scotland!' The poor disconsolate Roger turned his head, and I heard him heave a bitter sigh.

The landlady tripped off to her cellar; "My good fellow," said I, "I wish you joy; although the birth of your son may produce anxiety to your mind at present, I hope he will live to be your future comfort."—The landlady was bouncing into the room with the wine, which I seized, saying, "Here, carry this home to your wife, make her a little negus—but stop, you want sugar!" "Here it is," said the obsequious landlady, handing a pound from a cupboard in the passage. "Then, take this loaf too," said I, snatching one from the same receptacle, and slipping half a guinea into his hand. Prompt as players generally are in

language, the poor fellow could not articulate a word of thanks,—but he looked them infinitely more emphatically, and vanished with the rapidity of lightning.

Upon my entering the room, “Your good health, and thank you most kindly,” said the manager: “what you have done has saved me something, for although I might have been less liberal, I must have done what I could.”

The exciseman, who had hitherto spoken little, now began to criticise the performers, most ill-naturedly, although perhaps justly, and wondered how the d—l they could dare to represent characters, of which they seemed to have no adequate conception. The manager admitted that they were but indifferent performers; but urged, that they had an unanswerable plea for what they did; namely, necessity. “Hang them! can’t they work?” said the gauger. “Perhaps they have never been accustomed to labour,” said I: “So much the worse!” replied the exciseman. “Pray, my dear sir,” interrupted the manager, “what occupation

were you bred to, before entering into the excise?" "None, sir." "Well, and if the commissioners should take it into their heads to dismiss you, as I believe some very honest and good officers have been treated before now—could you work? what would you set about, for which you are well qualified?—answer me candidly!" "Upon my word, sir, I hardly can!" "Well then, my good sir, should you find no better resource than that of entering into my ragged regiment—are you certain that you would please the public better, than my poor strollers have satisfied you to night?" This terrible tax-gatherer, the pest of publicans, and bugbear of smugglers, bit his lips, and sate in solemn silence.

"Come, fill up another glass," cried the hero of the buskin, "all in good humour: although a young man, I know the world sufficiently, not to take offence at observations, which may sometimes controvert my own opinions;—I often take the same freedom with the public that it does with me; for although dependent on their opinion, I

cannot forget that I possess the faculty of thinking. To close the discussion that you and I were upon, I would just beg of you to reflect how few of the great mass of mankind have it in their power to do just what they wish to do, while the rest must do just what they can.—If this is awkwardly performed, still they are objects of pity, rather than of censure; for all have a right to live, and he who exercises the best means in his power to procure a livelihood, provided the means are honest, is surely blameless.” The gauger either was convinced, or pretended to be so, and being now a little elevated with toddy, shook the manager by the hand, told him he was a fine fellow, and to clench his assertion, flung half-a-crown upon the table, which he requested the manager to give to Jenny the first opportunity.

The exciseman departed, and we separated for the night. Having indulged myself with a glass more than I was accustomed to, I slept late, which brought the theatrical hero again into my company in the morning. Having discovered that

we were to travel the same road, he proposed, if I had no objections, we should go in company, to which common politeness commanded my assent. We parted, agreeing to start in half an hour: about that time, he sent me a note, wishing to see me in another room. There I found him and the landlord; the latter looking rather sulky. The player addressed me thus, "Sir, I have got into a small scrape here: my account with this host of mine has rather outrun my finances: I am three pounds *minus*, without a shilling to bear my expenses, or remove our baggage to the next town, where we are again to "hold the mirror up to nature!" I have solicited him to take my note, at a month's date, for five guineas, and give me two pounds; this he refuses, and threatens to arrest our wardrobe, scenery, &c.; this would really be taking a man's tools, and then ordering him to work to discharge his debt. I am by profession a strolling player—by law a vagabond. Now that I am leaving the village, I am aware that not one in it would credit me the tithe

of the sum that I want. I am ashamed to take such a freedom with a stranger ; but, ' my poverty and not my will consents,' when I now say, that by advancing me five guineas, upon my note, at one month, you will do me a singular favour ; and if I do not happen to be either hanged or banished, when it falls due, you shall receive payment.—If either of these events takes place, you will most probably lose your money. I can offer no other security ; will you take your risk ?" There was something so odd in the fellow's manner, that, without speaking, I put the money into his hand. He pressed mine with a fervour which indicated that I had relieved him from deep embarrassment. He was preparing to make out a note ; I told him it was unnecessary ; that I was, like himself, poor, but able to accommodate him at present, although I should ere long have occasion for the money ; and that I should rely upon his honour for payment as soon as convenient. He took my address for this purpose, and settled with his landlord, who, I observed, leered to his wife at my simplicity.

We set out on our journey, and, as he was genteely and cleanly dressed, I had no occasion to be ashamed of my companion. We had proceeded about a mile from the village, where our road, on both sides, was thickly sheltered with wood, when, from a hillock beneath a cluster of bushes, up started a young girl, of a rather interesting appearance; her age seemed to be about twenty; she seized my companion by the hand, while her eyes swam in tears, and I now recognised her as the daughter of the landlord whom we had just left. "What is the matter, Mary?" said my companion, apparently surprised. "Oh, 'sir, I canna part wi' you,—I'll follow you, gang whare you like!"

"No, Mary, that will not do at all; you are a good girl, and must not ruin yourself with me,—I am a stroller,—a vagabond,—and cannot provide for myself, much less for you."

"We winna starve, sir. See there's a hundred pounds; it's a' my ain—was left me by my uncle—an' I took it up last night; I kent ye was in debt to my father, an' would

have gien ye the siller, but coudna get word's o' ye ; but now I'll gang through the warld wi' ye ; I can dance, sing *purely*, an', as I am a scholar, will soon learn my lesson frae your play-books ; I cou'd read the Gentle Shepherd langsyne. You'll aye be Patie to me, an' I shall for ever be your kind an' faithfu' Peggy."

"Indeed, my dear girl, this cannot be ; you must not ruin yourself thus—I cannot marry you."

I now began anxiously to scan both their faces, whether I could discover any signs of previous guilt in either. In his, I could trace only dignity and manly concern for an infatuated girl ; and in hers, every feature indicated fondness and innocent simplicity. However, as I had been made an involuntary spectator of this strange scene, I now took the liberty of asking both parties, if this was their first clandestine meeting. He assured me, upon his honour, that it was ; that he never yet, by word or action, seduced innocence, and, he hoped, never would. The girl also declared that he had

never courted her; "but," said she, "I saw him ilka night, sae strappin' an' genteel, that I coudna sleep for thinking about him, and last night, when he appeared as Patie, I made up my mind."

"Come, come, Mary," said he, "we must part; you must go home to your parents; you know there is farmer Brown, whom I saw sit every night beside you in the pit; I am certain he wishes to marry you; he is a good lad, and will make a better husband than ever I could do; go, like a good girl; if you are missed at home, conjectures may be formed unfavourable to your reputation. When farmer Brown comes again into your company, give him every decent encouragement; get married, and I shall be always glad to see or hear of your happiness."

The girl now burst into tears, crying out, "Oh, sir, I see you despise me;—but dinna think me a light glaiket hussie;—I care about nae man but yoursel'; an' wi' you I cou'd beg my bread!"

Seeing that my companion was now in

earnest, I joined my remonstrances and entreaties to his, assuring her, that if she would not be persuaded to return, we would both go back, and deliver her up to her father; but as this would unavoidably expose her, we begged her to go back of her own accord. With a deep drawn sigh, she reluctantly agreed. My companion shook hands with her, and bade her farewell; and we contrived to keep her in view till she entered the village. The player appeared very much vexed at this adventure, and still affirmed, that upon no occasion had he even flirted with her, or had the slightest reason to expect the present rencontre. We had nearly twenty miles to walk together, during which he exhibited much acquired knowledge, and considerable intellectual powers. I observed that he occasionally became absent and abstracted during the conversation, and was persuaded that there was something mysterious about him, which I vainly endeavoured to develope.

When approaching to the market town

where he was to stop, he told me, that as he expected some of his people up after him, and had some orders to give them before entering into the town, he would stop here, and wait their arrival. I conjectured that this was delicacy to me, that we might not appear as travelling companions; and although I hardly know any just cause for it, yet I felt obliged by his prudence. "I owe you five guineas," said he at parting; "you have seen how I could have paid you, but conscience would not allow me. Perhaps you expected that, vulture like, I would have swooped upon the prey that spontaneously threw itself into my talons. No, sir! although a player, I trust that I have still some principle—I will yet discharge all my obligations, if life and health are left me,—but when or where!—ay, there's the rub.—Farewell!" I could not help feeling a sentiment of respect, mingled with pity, for talents so misapplied, and for principles so dignified, and at the same time, so degraded in their application. But when I reflected on his argument with the ex-

cise officer, on my own situation, and that of the Edinburgh swindler, I began to pity, where I had often been inclined to blame.

Being impatient to reach home, I took a slight refreshment, and setting out at a smart pace, arrived at my father's house about sunset. We had much to talk of; some time was happily spent in mutual congratulations on finding each other well; and, after a brief outline of my peregrinations, "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," hushed our cares in temporary oblivion.

Next morning I learned, with much concern, that the affairs of Smith, my brother-in-law, were still getting into greater confusion; that his ruin was now inevitable; and, what was still worse, that his conduct was become irregular in the extreme. Associating with low and even suspicious characters, he was now an habitual drunkard, seldom at home, and when there, always sulky and in bad humour. He had oftener than once had the brutality to beat his wife, because she would

not borrow more money from her father ; the consequence of which was, that she had become quite dispirited, had fallen into bad health, and was not expected to survive long. Her illness increased rapidly, and she died in a few weeks after my return, leaving two children, who were taken home by their grandfather. Such were the consequences of a match, founded neither upon love nor esteem, but patched up, from motives of expediency, to cover a deviation from the paths of prudence and virtue.

My brother-in-law now absconded, and the trifling property he had left was seized by his creditors. I had been taken up with his affairs, and had thought little about doing any thing for myself ; but now getting time to reflect, my prospects were sufficiently gloomy. My father was old and infirm, still bound for a very considerable sum on account of his reprobate son-in-law, and also burthened with his two children ; my mother scarcely able to leave her bed, and myself doing nothing.

For a considerable time past, a number

of circumstances, some of them of no very ordinary occurrence, had prevented me from the anticipation of future events: they had now ceased to operate, and I looked forward with despondent anxiety.

“ The wide, th’ unbounded prospect lay before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, *rested* on it.”

CHAPTER XIII.

Had my ambitious mind been led to rise
To highest flights, to crossier, or to pail,
Scarce could I mourn the missing of the prize,
For soaring wishes well deserve their fall.

PENROSE.

HITHERTO, although I had been unfortunate, my conduct had been such as to merit the approbation of my own conscience ; and I could say, with Portius,

“ Tis not in mortals to command success,
But I'll do more—deserve it !”

But, on reviewing my conduct impartially, I am compelled to acknowledge, that the time was now approaching, when I could no longer derive consolation from this high sense of honour. When I was licensed to

preach the Gospel, I believed, that zeal and sincerity in my profession, with strict propriety of behaviour, would ultimately procure me a settlement, where my services would be useful, and my life comfortable. Years had now passed away, and I saw myself apparently as far distant as ever from the goal ; nay, it seemed very probable, that, without altering the means, I should never attain the end to which I ardently aspired.

About the time that I began to be impressed with this opinion, I happened to meet an old college companion, who had received license to preach two sessions later than I. If my spirits were depressed, his were no less elevated ; and after relating the outlines of his history since we parted at the university, he concluded, by shewing me a presentation which he had recently obtained, telling me, at the same time, that he was thus far on his way to visit his intended residence and charge.

I inquired how the people, in so distant a quarter of the country, came to know any

thing of him. He smiled, and told me, that they knew as little of him as he did of them ; that the presentation was obtained by the kindness of a gentleman, whose good opinion he had taken some pains to cultivate. I congratulated him upon his success, and attempted to disguise my own feelings, by quoting Goldsmith's observation, that "one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle !" "Nay," said he, "Will, you are wrong: rather say,

" There is a tide in the affairs of men,
That, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

"Do you suppose, now, that if I had sat still and trusted to Providence, without making any exertion for myself, I should at this moment have been minister of ———, with a stipend of nearly £200 per annum, a snug manse, and a good glebe? No, my dear fellow, this would have been burying my talent in the earth, as you are doing: I have made some occasional inquiries after you, and find that you are either

too proud or too diffident; if you imagine that your merit entitles you to public notice and patronage, and that it will follow as a necessary consequence, I am afraid you will find yourself sadly mistaken. Not that I depreciate your abilities and qualifications; without a compliment, I believe and know them to be much superior to mine, but they are neither known nor cared for by the world. Do you not see, that procuring a living in the church, is like getting a seat at a place of public entertainment, where a crowd is assembled before the doors are opened? If there are more people than seats, a scramble will ensue; every one will seize a place as fast as possible, and if a man is so modest as to stand looking on in expectation that some one will ask him to a comfortable birth, I am afraid he may stand till he is wearied. You may think that I speak with levity, but the thing is true; I want to rouse you from your apathy: reflect upon what I have said; for, believe me, you want energy, and have by far too much of false delicacy."

I must confess, that what he had said left a considerable impression upon my mind, and I sighed to believe that it was too true: but still what could I do? Hitherto, I had accustomed myself to look with a kind of horror upon any sinister means that might be employed in obtaining a charge, aware that the incumbent, at his induction, must publicly declare, "that his sole motive for entering the church is, the glory of God, and the good of souls." But I now began to reflect upon St Paul's assertion, "that he who serves at the altar should live by the altar;" and, as I had spent my youth in qualifying myself for these duties, it appeared right and fit that the church, to which I had devoted my studies and services, should remunerate me for my labour and expenses:—but how or where should I apply to attain my purpose?

While I was brooding over these reflections, a clergyman, at some distance, sent a request that I would officiate for him on the day of the national fast. The principal heritor resided in the parish, and had a liv-

ing in his gift, the incumbent of which was an old man of about eighty years of age. Believing it probable that this heritor would be at church on the fast day, I determined to use every exertion to gain his good opinion; and, having sufficient time for study, composed a discourse in my best manner. My illustrations were clear, and my arguments addressed to the reasoning faculties. In my application, I studied effect, by addressing the passions; the language was chaste, but warm and energetic; and my periods were turned with much attention. I repeated my discourse again and again, and employed every means to fortify myself with the necessary confidence. The day approached; the great man appeared at church, and I entered upon the service. Shall I confess that his presence overawed me?—Since the first time that I had preached in public, never had I wanted moderate confidence till now. My anxiety to excel defeated its purpose—my voice faltered—and, for a few moments, I could not articulate distinctly. I saw him jog his lady's elbow,

and this increased my confusion. I made a momentary pause,—collected all my force of mind—and determined to persevere. The fit wore off; and I felt my confidence increase as I proceeded; the audience was attentive, and I observed the gentleman's eye fixed upon me during the service. Upon the dismissal of the congregation, he received me and the minister of the parish at the church door—shook hands—paid me some very handsome compliments on my discourse—and concluded by inviting us both to dinner. I was afraid lest the minister would refuse, but, to my satisfaction, he accepted the invitation.

In the course of the afternoon, our landlord entered into conversation with me about my studies; asked me how long I had been a preacher; and very politely expressed his wish, that I would publish the sermon which he had just then heard with so much pleasure.

This wish I was very willing to construe into a command; but not knowing exactly what reply I could with propriety make,

I bowed acquiescence, and resolved to comply with the request.

We departed from the splendid mansion, and on Monday I left the manse, impatient to reach home, that I might again revise and correct my sermon; hoping, that the time was now not far distant, when I should reap the fruit of my labours.

For two weeks my attention was solely devoted to this subject; I corrected and altered again and again: such was my caprice, or rather my weakness, that I wrote it over for the third time, before I could satisfy myself with a copy for the press.

Another day and sleepless night were employed in composing a dedication to the gentleman, at whose request this important work was to be ushered into the world. I felt myself much at a loss in this delicate task: I was a stranger to the gentleman's character, humours, and taste—ignorant upon what I could compliment him, without injuring either his character or my own. I was not yet hackneyed in the ways of the world; and

although willing to flatter a little, was a novice in the art, and therefore resolved that my dedication should be such as no gentleman would be ashamed to receive; and none in my situation have cause to blush for having offered.

I took little time to deliberate upon what, perhaps, ought to have been a primary consideration, namely, whether the sale of this discourse was likely to indemnify me for the expense. My former bookseller was employed, and by his advice I threw off only three hundred copies, a few of which were upon fine paper.

No time was lost in procuring a fine copy from the press, which I forwarded to my expected patron, stitched in mazarine blue paper, and gilded on the edges.—I received a very polite letter in return, acknowledging the receipt of my sermon, and enclosing five guineas. I was at a loss whether I should consider this as an earnest of his future friendship, or whether it might not be intended as payment in full for the honour I had done him

In about three months after this, the old clergyman, to whom my fancy had destined me as successor, died ; and I was indeed weak enough to imagine it probable that my patron would now remember me. My suspense was, however, not of long duration, for the vacancy was soon filled by a young man only a few months from college, whose sister was house-keeper to a certain lord, who, it was said, had a mortgage over certain lands belonging to the patron.

So ended my present hopes of patronage, but the consequences were yet to follow. My sermon, however it might have pleased in the pulpit, seemed to have no attractions for the public, and might be said to have dropped dead-born from the press ; for although one copy had produced five guineas, I was ultimately a loser by the publication. So keenly did I feel this mortification, that I could not bear the sight of a copy in my library ; and to this day, I wish never to recollect the text which formed the basis of the discourse.

Although now thrown out, I was not

yet inclined to give up the chase: not that my mind was perfectly reconciled to some of the plans that I now schemed; but I qualified them to myself, with the specious idea that I was not pursuing preferment and filthy lucre, but endeavouring to obtain an opportunity of being useful in the discharge of my duty.

I had occasionally amused myself with writing verses, some of which had been read by a few of my friends, one of whom suggested the probability of now turning this talent to advantage. The gentleman who had represented the county in parliament had died recently, and two rival candidates had started for his seat: they were both popular characters, and the contest was expected to be keen. One of the candidates was possessed of extensive property in the county, but still his success was far from certain. "Suppose now," said my friend, "that you were to compose a short, neat, and spirited, poetical address to the electors, in favour of Mr ****, and get it inserted in the county newspaper. I can have a very

fair opportunity of informing him to whom he is indebted, and you may, if you choose, keep your own secret."

It was not difficult to persuade me; and I was not very solicitous to inquire whether the undertaking was right, as it appeared expedient. The address was therefore written and published, to the satisfaction of the gentleman and his party. Before the day of election, I was waited upon by a freeholder, a friend of the candidate whose cause I had espoused. This gentleman, after complimenting me upon my verses, informed me that Mr ****'s election was now certain; and that a celebrated party of singers from London were to exert their powers, in enlivening the festivities in an election dinner; he had therefore to request, as a particular favour, that I would be so obliging as compose a song suitable to the occasion, which, I might be assured, would be received as a high compliment, and suitably remembered.

My hand was now in, and I believed that it would be egregious folly to mar

my chance of patronage by fastidious delicacy. The song was written, brought forward at the proper time, sung, encored with reiterated applause, and published in the county newspaper, along with the account of the election. It was read and generally talked of as mine. A few liberal minded persons who wished my success, congratulated me on the occasion. Mr **** was fond of popularity ; I had introduced some compliments justly applicable to him ; and my friends said, that, as he had the power, he would doubtless provide for me.

I had other pretended friends, officious, meddling characters, such as are always to be found in society, whispering every malicious sneer and idle observation. These took the opportunity of informing me, that my present attempt to obtain the patronage of Mr **** had given much offence to many pious Christians, who, till now, had been inclined to believe me to be a man under the influence of religious principles. They looked upon song-writing as a dis-

grace to a minister of the Gospel ; and my stooping to curry favour with a man who neither professed its doctrines, nor practised its precepts, was a melancholy proof that I wished to enter the church merely for the loaves and the fishes. These whisperings were far from being pleasant to me ; and perhaps I felt them the more keenly, that I had never been fully satisfied of the propriety of courting the patronage of Mr ****, who was a man of no very exemplary conduct.

There was still another class who had not been inattentive to my late procedure. At its head was a young man of considerable intellect, tolerable poetic powers, and an invincible propensity to satire. He first parodied my song, and then produced another poem, termed "The Steeple Hunter." The humour of this parody was broad and coarse ; but the satire was poignant. Luckily some passages were profane, and others indelicate ; of course it was never allowed to circulate freely ; and thus he over-shot his own mark ; for had the satire been more chaste, it would

have obtained a more extensive circulation, and been much longer remembered. An officious friend handed me a copy, and thereby promoted the irritation of a mind rankling under disappointment and self-accusation.

Amidst the interruptions of my peace, I still indulged a hope that Mr **** would do something for me; and then I was prepared to say, "Let them laugh that win." Time stole away, and I heard nothing of my patron. The period approached when he was to attend his duty in Parliament, and he had a party of his friends to dine with him in the next market town, previous to his departure. The freeholder, at whose request I had written the song, and who really wished to serve me, sent me a note, requesting me to be in town that day, and he would contrive to procure an interview between me and Mr ****. Although I had no suit to urge, nor any explicit favour to solicit, yet I vainly imagined that a personal interview might forward my interest, and give me a fairer pre-

tence for applying, should any occasion occur, when his influence could be exerted in my favour.

I was sent for in the evening, and introduced to the Member of Parliament, who thanked me for the honour I had done him; adding, that although no poet, he would try his pen to congratulate me, either when I should get a living, or be married; which ever of the two events might first happen. My friend was kind enough to reply for me, saying, that a place in the church was not like his honour's seat in Parliament; it did not depend on a certain number of votes, unless they were sanctioned by the *congé d'elire* of a patron. "Well, well," replied the M. P. "all in good time; I hope Mr Campbell will find one. In the mean time, let us have a bumper to his being moderator of the Church of Scotland!" I bowed my thanks, while the toast went round with loud and reiterated horse laughs. Perhaps it was unfortunate for me, that the wine had circulated so freely before my arrival: some of the company exhibited strong

symptoms of intoxication ; and boisterous mirth had, with them all, usurped the place of cheerful hilarity.

Mr _____. who appeared the coolest of the party, oftener than once endeavoured to enter into conversation with me, but was always interrupted by the buffoonery of his associates. I wished to retire, but was entreated and compelled to stay. Bumpers went round, and the effects became more and more conspicuous: profane ribaldry and obscene songs were vociferated, in which I was urged to join. Unwilling to offend, I sat silent and reserved, ashamed of my situation, and displeased with myself. I declined swallowing more wine, and had several times passed the bottle without filling my glass, when, being unhuckily observed, a vote of censure was moved, and it was proposed, that I should toss off a *magnum bonum*. My friend interfered in my behalf, saying, that being perhaps unaccustomed to drink freely, I should be excused. The M. P. joined in pleading my apology ; upon which a member proposed, as an alternative, that

I should swallow a bumper to a most profane and licentious toast: this was carried with unanimous acclamation, and peremptorily insisted on by the company. I gave a decided refusal, and retired immediately, in no gentle mood, amidst the reiterated shouts of the company. I do not know whether I ever felt more out of humour with the world; it is certain, that I never was so much displeased with myself. Here was not only disappointment, but humiliation; I had courted and expected a patron; instead of which, I was treated with contempt, the more galling, as I was conscious that I had in some degree merited it, by the prostitution of my talents, and the degradation of my character. I execrated my folly, and conceived myself irrecoverably sunk, not only in the estimation of the world, but in my own. I passed a sleepless night, and arose in the morning with an aching head and heart. Upon taking up my hat, I discovered an obscene sentiment written on the lining, with a correct-

ness, of which I could hardly have supposed any of the company capable ; this added to my irritation, as it evinced intended and deliberate insult. I walked out, and paced over the fields with hasty and irregular strides, at war with myself and the world.

I expected that some apology would be sent me ; but in this expectation I was again disappointed ; and had I not been conscious of being influenced by mercenary motives, I would have accused Mr **** of ingratitude. At last, I endeavoured to console myself with the resolution never again to expose myself to degradation by a mean or mercenary action.

Mr **** has doubtless forgotten me many years ago : even now it would add to my happiness could I forget him ; for, at this distance of time, there is no incident of my life that I would so gladly banish from my memory as this.

For some days after this humiliating scene, I was ashamed to appear in public, persuaded that every one who knew me

was indulging himself in mirth at my expense. Unhappily, my prospects, and the state of my father's affairs, had no tendency to sooth my mind; and I began to sink into settled despondency.

CHAPTER XIV.

Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne.

SCOTT.

Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be,
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine nor thee.

BURNS.

WHILE I was thus brooding over my wayward fortune, I received the following laconic epistle :

“DEAR SIR,—I am not yet hanged, but am indeed banished ; when the time of my transportation expires, you shall receive your five guineas with interest, and the sincere thanks of—

“HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*”

I now began seriously to reflect upon my rashness, in giving money to a stranger, when I was so soon to need it myself. But still, when I recollected his disinterestedness in refusing £100 with a pretty girl, I could not help admiring the fellow's honour, and respecting his principles; and I became persuaded not only that he had some prospect of emancipating himself from his present situation, but that I should yet know him in one much superior.

Soon after this, a clergyman at no great distance, who had been long infirm, became so ill as to be unable to preach, or perform the other duties of his office; proposals were made to me to officiate as his assistant, and I again took the charge of a congregation. The people now under my care were of more moderate opinions than my former flock, and we became mutually endeared to each other. A sufficient proof of their attachment was exhibited on the death of the incumbent, which happened about two years after I had entered on the charge; for they, on that occasion, almost unanimously joined

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in a petition to the heritors, requesting that I might have the presentation to the kirk ; at the same time entering into a subscription to pay me for preaching to them, till a legal settlement should take place. The heritors were numerous, and the right of presentation in the Crown ; hence my hopes of success were slender ; particularly, as few of the heritors were resident in the parish, which had prevented me from forming any acquaintance with them, or securing their interest on the occasion.

While the matter was depending, an incidental circumstance threw me completely into the back ground. Sir Peter Lightfoot had applied to a principal heritor for his interest in procuring the kirk, now vacant, for the young man who had succeeded me in his family. A contested election for the representation of the county, was just then going on: parties were nearly equal; but, when all their inclinations were known, it was discovered that Sir Peter (who had not yet declared himself,) had the casting vote.

The knight, ever true to his principle, did not on this occasion forget interest ; and, after duly weighing the court influence of both candidates, made choice of his man ; and telling him frankly, that one good turn deserved another, stipulated, that if the kirk of ——— could be secured for a worthy young man, for whom he was anxious to provide, his vote should repay the favour. The candidate, presuming upon his influence, bound himself to procure the living for the tutor at Bramble-brae. Sir Peter's vote was given ; the candidate succeeded ; and, in short, Sir Peter had the satisfaction of handing the presentation to the young man, who thanked the knight in due terms, and congratulated himself upon a happy deliverance from a charge, of which he was heartily tired.

Considerable opposition was made to the settlement by the parishioners, which had no good tendency either to them or me. My mother was violent on the occasion ; and maintained, that it was not only a shame, but a crying sin, for any man, what-

ever his rank or station, to force a minister upon a congregation: "they had a right to choose their own shepherd, and how could they listen to the voice of a stranger, one who came not in at the door, but over the wall as a thief an' a robber! Such men were not shepherds, but shearers of the flock; an' they had muckle to answer for, wha deprived a congregation o' gospel privileges; for it was surely nae privilege to attend a minister wha show'd that he cared na for the affections o' his people, provided he made sure o' the stipend." My mother's disappointment in this affair was, I believe, much greater than mine; and the only relief she now felt was, in thus venting her execrations among the gossips in the neighbourhood. These I was sometimes condemned to hear, as neither advice nor reproof could effectually silence her.

I had no occasion for this addition to my vexation. It was sufficient to be again without employment, unable to provide for myself, much less capable of assisting my

parents, whose situation was now become distressing to me. My father's lease was expired, and he was of too great an age to renew it. The lands were let to another ; and we had to remove from the farm in a few months : he was still security for a considerable sum, on account of my worthless brother-in-law, and little indulgence was to be expected from the creditor ; every day was adding to our despondency, as the consummation of our misfortunes was approaching. It is the quality of some minds to rise in proportion to their sufferings, and it is certainly a quality much to be desired ; but my father's was not of that temperament—nor was mine. I every day felt myself less prepared to meet what seemed inevitable ; however, it was necessary to resolve upon something.

It has been already mentioned, that my uncle was much displeased with the incidents that took place at my birth ; my mother's refusal to name me Charlie added to his irritation ; and the unfortunate appellation of William confirmed his displeasure

into a settled dislike to the whole family, and to me in particular. .

The defeat of Charles at Culloden, and the total ruin of a cause to which he had been a staunch well-wisher, although a timid ally, had tinged his mind with a certain degree of misanthropy; he associated with few, and those only of his own principles. With a very limited understanding and strong prejudices, he was entirely unacquainted with the human heart; and there was reason to believe, that he had, oftener than once, been the dupe of those who affected, like him, to deplore the misfortunes of his favourite adventurer. It is certain that his ruling passion was avarice, and this, with a prudent regard to personal safety, prevented him from joining the standard of rebellion; yet, strange as it may appear, he became zealous in the cause after it was lost, when the future success of his hero was nearly as hopeless, as the discovery of the perpetual motion. He had been upbraided for his lukewarm and temporizing conduct, at the period when his wealth

would have been useful; and perhaps he felt the justice of the accusation. Hence, like many others in life, he resolved upon a change of conduct, when it was too late to be of any utility.

Though ignorant, he was not without a certain degree of cunning; and, while he afforded liberal assistance to his favourites, who had suffered for exhibiting the courage that he wanted, he took special care not to render himself amenable to the laws. He had been tolerably successful in the world; and, although much had been extorted from him, by the duplicity of those more cunning than himself, still he was considered rich.

As he was now upwards of seventy years of age, a widower and childless, my mother (who was his only sister, and he had no other near relative,) still indulged the hope that, previous to his death, he would be reconciled to her; and that his property would yet become our own. Of this I entertained great doubts, and every day's experience tended to confirm them.

No friendly intercourse had subsisted between my uncle and our family within my recollection ; an occasional interchange of external civilities, was the only acknowledgment of our mutual relationship.

His residence being at a considerable distance from ours, neither party had seen each other for a period of three years from the time of which I am now writing.

Amidst the many deliberations held on the embarrassed state of our affairs, it was suggested by my mother, that my father and I should make a friendly visit to her brother, and in a cautious, but confidential manner, disclose our situation to him ; as he was perfectly able, and she was sure would never refuse all that was necessary for our relief. My father affirmed that she was mistaken ; and that, by such a visit, we should only expose ourselves to insult. " Na, na," said my mother, " blood's ay thicker than water ! he'll never see you, nor his sister's bairn, disgraced and ruined.—Wi' ae fut in the grave, he'll never think o' keep-

ing up ill will. Forget and forgie ! If ye were na as proud as he is, ye wadna ha'e sic a hanker about makin' the trial."

For my own part, I certainly felt great reluctance to make, what I considered a hopeless attempt ; besides, as my uncle had always shewn a dislike to me, my delicacy revolted from the measure now proposed. However, my mother's hopes became sanguine in proportion to our aversion ; but this was nothing unusual,—opposition to her plans generally having the effect of rendering her more tenacious ; as naturalists say, that some trees strike their roots deeper by being well shaken.

To get rid, therefore, of her importunities, more than from any hopes of success, we agreed to make the visit, provided my mother would accompany us ; and she having consented, we set out on this mercenary journey. When we came within sight of my uncle's habitation, my mother began to reckon the cattle pasturing in the glen, and the sheep that were nibbling on the hills ; requesting me to keep up my heart,

for they would all be mine some day ; and that day, she believed, not very distant, for her brother was surely very frail now.

We approached the house, which was rude both in materials and workmanship : the walls were formed entirely of sods, or feal, as they termed them ; a small glazed window, opening upon hinges in the best chamber, seemed to be a modern improvement. Upon approaching the door, such a volume of smoke was issuing from it, that we imagined the mansion was on fire. We knocked, and were answered by a bouncing wench, with a bronzed face covered with pimples and freckles, who desired us to come in. On peeping into the kitchen, we saw a quantity of furze, or *whins*, blazing at least three feet above the hearth, and illuminating the whole place.

We were conducted into the ben-house, which was so obscured with smoke, that we could not discover its dimensions, and no roof was visible to my smarting eyes. I had sat only a short time, when I was made feelingly sensible of its existence ; for something con-

tinued to drop at short intervals on my shoulders. Having shifted my position, I now felt that this unknown substance was settling on my head ; and putting up my fingers to discover what it was, I found that it was liquid soot. Upon the smoke clearing away a little, I saw that the inside of the roof was as black with it as a ship-carpenter's kettle ; and the weather being damp, this salt, assuming a new modification, was pouring in a liquid form from every rafter, and in every corner of this sable mansion.

My uncle, who was in the field when we arrived, having been sent for, soon made his appearance, both hale and hearty, and with a great flow of spirits and apparent cheerfulness of heart. My mother congratulated him upon his fresh and healthy looks ; saying that he was, like the eagles upon his neighbouring mountains, renewing his age ; although truth compels me to say, that she looked rather disappointed at his vigorous appearance. He told her, that he never en-

joyed better health in his life, nor was he ever so happy as he had been for these six months past; that he did indeed feel he was renewing his age; and he would now have the pleasure of introducing to us the cause of this happy change. This he did by calling out, "Jacobina!" when in bounced the woman who received us at the door, about whom I thought there were obvious signs of matronship.

"'There, sister," said he, "is the gudewife o' Drumsclarie, an' a gude wife indeed she is to me. I followed the example of King David with Abishag; an' find that they never do wrang wha tak the holy men o' Scripture for the pattern o' their conduct."

I saw my mother change colour, and was persuaded she was about to say something very unpleasant; but, being seated next to her, I trod upon her foot in order to suppress the ebullition, which I was afraid of bursting out.

My uncle, after talking of different subjects, at last asked me what kirk I had

got; how long it was since I was placed; and what was the worth of my stipend.

“Dinna mock poor fowk, brither,” replied my mother; “although the laddie has na been sae fortunate yet, I hope his time’s coming!” “Lord help us a’, Mary! is that possible? You’re surely jokin’, lassie; I thought your gryte friend, the Duke, had provided for William, his name-son, lang-syne!”

“Spare your taunts, brither; it’s no ilka day that we see ither; we didna come here to ca’ quarrels; an’ I’m for lettin’ byganes be byganes.”

“D—l thank ye! nae wonder though ye think shame o’ that mornin’s wark—I’ll ne’er forget it; an’ wad rather gi’en the best score o’ sheep that ever I ca’d to the hill, before ane that was a drap’s blude to me sud a been a bawbee behaddin to sic a ——”

“Whisht, whisht,” said my mother, clapping her hand to his mouth; “I’m tired an’ hungry—let’s get our supper, an’ a drap o’ your Ferintosh!”

I was agreeably surprised at my mother's forbearance : my father had kept a prudent silence ; and the supper passed with hospitable cheerfulness.

During the first circuit of the glass, which passed to each other's health, my mother pledged our landlady with much coldness and reserve. I saw it was noticed by my uncle, and was afraid of the consequences ; for both his language and manner shewed that he had all the uxoriousness which an old man generally possesses for a young wife.

He poured out a second glass, crying, " Jacobina, put round the bottle, and fill your glasses ; come now ! " Here's awa wi' the uncoss ! " " Amen," said Jacobina.

I was not ignorant of his meaning, and determined not to pledge him ; but, averse from a quarrel, I affected a sudden squeamishness and utter inability to taste more whisky.

" You're a cowardly tyke," cried my uncle ; " you dare not take my side, and want courage to defend your ain."

"You wrong me," cried I; "your political attachments, I may, at your age, excuse, but can never approve; although, while here, it is my wish that we should, if possible, not differ about opinions: however, that you may not suppose I have less firmness than yourself, "Here's for King George!" and I tossed off a glass of whisky. "Now," said he, "you are a man, although not to my liking."

My father's placid disposition rendered this scene exceedingly wearisome to him; and he proposed that we should retire for the night, telling my uncle, that we were to set out on our return home, next morning after breakfast. I endeavoured to give the conversation that cheerful turn, which might enable us all to part in good humour; but my uncle still found opportunity, from some association of ideas, to recur to his favourite topic, which it was obvious was more strongly impressed upon his mind by my presence, and the imaginary connexion that he supposed me to have with the house of Brunswick.

Next morning we all got up betimes, and went to view my uncle's fields and flocks. Seated on a hillock of fine blooming heath, he began to expatiate on his wealth and comforts in life ; which he said would have been perfect, could he have seen his friends in their own place. From this subject it was next to impossible to divert his attention.

My mother, impatient to introduce what was nearest her heart, now said : " I am very glad, brither, baith for your ain sake an' mine, that Providence has been sae kind to you. We have been very unfortunate, and are just now sair distressed indeed. My gudeman there has a bill comin' due, that he ought to hae had naething to do wi' ; but that canna be helped ; it was for her sake that's awa now, an' if we were able for our ain turn, it wadna matter ; that no being the case, we maun be obliged to somebody. Now, brither, as this is the first favour we ever sought of you, will you either lend us forty pound for a tow-

mont, or be caution for the bill that length o' time, till we see what turns about ?”

I observed the old man's eyes kindle ; but it was with malignant fire.

“ You say,” exclaimed he, “ ye never sought a favour frae me ; I wish I could tell ye the same tale—I sought but ane, an' ye denied me. I havena forgot it, an' never will, while my head's aboon the yird ! I sat by your bed-side wi' a sair heart, an' prigget wi' you to ca' that chap Charlie—an' tald ye that it wud be for his advantage ;—instead o' gi'eing me that satisfaction, ye gae him the very name that ye kent wad stick longest at my stomach. Ye mith as weel ca'd him, what, for his sake, I winna say ; an' now, to be plain wi' you, although I ken he has nae wyte o't, I neither like to see him, nor to hear o' his name. His name-father (L—d forgi'e me that I canna forget him !) left us o'er muckle cause to mind him. Had he ga'en hame frae Cullo-den, I wad hae allowed him the character of a soger ; but to gallop o'er a country wi' a

menzie of red coats, huntin down poor helpless bodies, an' burning their biggins about their lugs—gryte an' sma', the laird an' his cottars;—clans, that could hae counted kin to the yont side o' King Robert the Bruce, slaughtered, or driven frae their hames, without a hole to put their head in, danderin about, strangers an' beggars in an unco' land ! The grass is green aboon mony a hearth-stane, round which the bairns cowered that wad hae been fast friends to the house of Hanover—the howlit sits upo' the chimley tap, an' the tod glows o'er the black reekit wa's, that were anes the honour o' the north—the withered fern wags i' the ha', where our kilted clans sat wi' the best blood o' the country side i' their veins—mony a Highland heart lies cauld i' the yird, an' mony a fleet fallow was streekit amang the beather, wha never waggit a finger against your king. Was that like a gallant soger ? Was that the way to mak' friends ?—But I'm an auld fool, an canna help speakin' my mind."

“ Indeed, brither, you’re nae less,” replied my mother; “ if your hot-headed an’ rebellious clans hadna begun the brulzie, nane o’ that mischief wad hae happened; an’ ye ought to hae as muckle sense as ken; that, wherever the seat o’ war is, the sakeless ay suffer on baith sides; an’ let me tell you, you’re enough to keep up the spirit o’ rebellion in a country side, for naething else seems to rin i’ your noddle.”

“ Troth, Mary, there’s been little except ae subject in my head sin’ ye set your snout here. I count it little credit to be o’ your kin; and the name that ye’ve gi’en to that poor sakeless chiel upon the hillock beside ye, is a proof that ye gloried in your shame.”

“ Weel a weel, brither; ye’s never tell me sic a tale again amo’ the braes o’ Drum-scarlie, though we sud baith live to the age of Methusalem. In the meantime, I think the sooner we flit the better—gang awa gudeman, an’ draw furth our beasts; I’se no bide here to mak you unhappy.” “ Please

yourself, Mary, but I think ye may as weel bide an' get some parritch;—ye've a lang dreigh road afore ye."

So saying, the old man, with tolerable complacency, took hold of my father and me, and forced us towards the house. Breakfast over, which was crowned with a glass of aqua vitæ, we took leave of our landlady, who vainly tried to disguise her joy at our departure. When my uncle said that he would accompany us a few miles, as he had business that way, she tried different methods to prevent him. "Ay," said he, "that's aye the way, when I offer to gang frae hame—the poor thing's never happy when I'm out o' her sight. But ye ken, Jacobina, I havena anither sister in the world, an' we'll maybe never see ither again—stap into the house, I'll no stay ayont dinner time."

On the road my uncle drew me behind, and addressed me thus: "Now laddie, (excuse me, for I canna speak your name, God send I had never heard it!) if I've said ony

thing to gie you offence, either yestreen or this mornin', I'm sorry for't ; I've nae faut to find wi' you but your name, an' that's no your ain doin's. I'm wae for your father, and wad help him if it were in my power ; but your mither, sister as she's mine, deserves mair than I hope she'll meet wi'. There's twal punds (speaking very low, and pushing it into my hand), put it into your pouch, it will ay be some help, an', tak' my word, if I had haen ony mair, it shou'd a' been at your service ; but letna your mither ken it cam frae me ; for she deserves naething at my hand ; an' if I say ony mair to her afore we part, mind there's naething ettled either at your father or you."

I was about to reply, but he brushed up to my parents, giving me a significant nod. We stopped at a small alehouse on the road, where my uncle was to take leave of us. Here we had some whisky, and at parting, after shaking hands with us all, he wished me good health, and better *moyen* in the world than thae gryte friends of my mo-

thers choosing. Before rising, my mother said : " Weel brither, now that your blast's blawn, will you, or will you no, help us out o' our present hobble ?"

" 'Deed sister, although I had mair inclination, prudence wadna let me. An' ye had done as I bade ye, it mith a been a' your ain ; I wad hae taen hame Charlie, an' made him my pet ; mony lang year's rowed round sin' he wad hae been my companion, an', in that case, I wad never hae needed nor sought anither. But you took your way, an' I've ta'en mine. There's our laird, honest man, lost nearly his a' when the clans raise, an' it took mony good speakers, forby yellow gowd, to get the bit land keepit : I coudna but help *him*. Syne, there's Donald M'Whitie, my neist neighbour ayont the brae, he ca't ae laddie Jamie, an anither Charlie, an' a lass bairn (her that's at my fire-side now), Jacobina : I put a' the three to the school, an' gae them five hunder merks the piece, forby twa-three pet ewes an' twa queys ; an' the best thing I could think o' for the

lassie, was to mak' her my ain. Sae ye see I maun now draw in my hand, seeing I've changed my way o' life : she's a kind creature to me, and I'll maybe hae mae to provide for,—at least the lassie's been hinting as muckle ; an' ye mind the apostle says, ' he that provideth not for his own house, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.' Therefore, sister, I maun e'en look to mysel', just as ye did wi' the christening o' your laddie. But, dear woman, it's no possible that ye can be in a strait for sic a drizzle as forty pund. Send up word to Lon'on ; ye'll get help in a clatter amo' your gryte friends. Some mongrel, wi' the ae half o' his coat red and the other black, will come frae the court wi' a gowpin fu' o' gowd t'ye. I needna remind ye, that ye ken the benefit o' thae kind o' cattle lang syne !"

" Come, come," cried my father, unable to suppress his anger, " this is too much, and I will not have my wife insulted to gratify the malignant disposition of any man that ever lived, much less of you, who are an old

loating Jacobite, whose age only protects you from the punishment you deserve : but enough, I have endeavoured to avoid quarrelling, so let us part in peace."

My father had hitherto taken no part in these family wranglings, and the spirit of my uncle seemed cowed before him : he was about to reply, but my father stopt him short, by saying, that he wished no canting, he had heard enough. " Farewell, brither," said my mother, " gang awa hame an' mak' ready the cradle ; Jacobina will keep it gawn ; an' whan ye gang out at e'en, ye'll may be hear the gowk in the woods o' Drumscarlie, to delight your lugs in a simmer gloaming !" " Shame, shame, Mary !" cried my father. " Lift your mother on the horse, William !" I did so, and they rode off.

Before mounting, I drew my uncle aside, and pushed the money he had given me into his hand, saying, I would take no bribe to see my mother treated so rudely. He seemed affronted, and replied, that I was a hot-headed fool, and did not know the

world; that he was inclined to have been my friend, but I had prevented him.

During our journey homeward very little conversation took place. My father was vexed, and my mother ashamed, at the failure of a scheme devised by herself. Next day all parties seemed, as if by tacit but implied agreement, to make no reference to what was at best a very disagreeable subject.

L

CHAPTER XV.

Here mark what ills the scholar's life assail ;
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

JOHNSON.

As the removal of my father's family was to take place in a short time, it became necessary to dispose of the farm-stocking, &c. This being carried into effect, and the amount ascertained, it was found that, including the obligations incurred for Mr Smith, the property was not adequate to the debts. With the exception of the rent and the cautionary obligation above mentioned, my father's debts were very trifling, and there was no reason to apprehend harsh measures from any of his personal creditors. A negotiation was attempted with Smith's

creditor, in the progress of which, my father having disclosed the true state of his affairs, this person, who acted upon the principles of worldly wisdom, conceiving that in my father's present circumstances there was no hope of his affairs getting better, determined therefore to look after his own interest without any unnecessary delay, and accordingly took legal and summary measures against my father. The result of this was, that letters of horning and caption were issued, by virtue of which a *possé* of officers arrived, for the purpose of dragging my father to prison. Leaving some of the village neighbours to take care of my mother, and comfort her, I accompanied my father, with full determination to take his place rather than allow him to linger in confinement, from which I saw little prospect of release.

On our way to the county jail, which was some miles distant, we were met by several acquaintance, some of whom were in affluent circumstances; but, like the priest and the Levite in the gospel, they looked on

us and passed by ; while others of the poorer class shook us by the hand, and attempted to administer at least the consolation of hope, which was all they had to bestow. On approaching the door of the room where my father was to be immured, the jailer uttered an ejaculation of pity, accompanied even with tears, and earnestly exclaimed, " Oh that Miss Burton were here again !" It now flashed upon my mind, that it must have been to her that I was formerly indebted for my release from prison. I had never known my benefactor on that occasion ; but, recollecting the sly insinuations used by the jailer at that time, I had now no doubt upon the subject. The conviction of this, my feelings for a father in prison, and the dreary prospect that lay before us, magnified by my gloomy and despondent imagination, quite unmanned me ; and, had it not been for my father's presence, I would have blubbered like a child.

My heart was agitated, and my mind unsettled by the operation of opposite thoughts and feelings. Prudence seemed to accuse me

for the refusal of Miss Burton's hand; and gratitude whispered, that I had incurred so large a debt to that lady, that it could not be otherwise discharged—I looked at my father, and the settled melancholy of his countenance agonized my soul—I withdrew to a corner of the room, and clasping my hands, mentally exclaimed: “Why did I ever leave the plough? Oh, that I had been taught to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow! Why did I ever see and love Maria B.? had I not known her, I might have married Miss Burton, and saved my father from this misery.”

Strange as it may appear, no sooner had my mind rested on Maria B., whose sainted spirit seems, on this as on many other trying occasions, to have watched over me as a guardian angel, than its perturbation ceased, and with calm composure I set about arranging the cell for our nightly repose.

I began this work with a tranquillity of mind, to which I had for a considerable time past been a stranger; when the thought

of my mother's situation again disturbed the serenity of my soul.

The sun was nearly setting, and his parting beams, passing through our grated window, fell upon a parcel of straw in the opposite corner of the room ; the situation of which indicated that it had been the couch of the last tenant in this " house of care." It was only now that I reflected upon our wants and privations ; my previous ideas had been engrossed with a general view of confinement and disgrace ; but I now began to analyze the matter, and reduce our situation to its constituent horrors. The first and most obvious was the want of proper bedding. While I was meditating how this want could be supplied, or what substitute might be contrived, the keeper introduced one of our neighbours with a burden of bed-clothes and a mattress. To satisfy me about my mother, he mentioned that they had been made up and despatched by her ; that she was in as good spirits as could be expected ; that he and some others were

doing their best to console her; and, shaking my father's hand, he concluded by bidding him hope for the best, as there was little doubt but means would soon be contrived for his liberation. The tear trembled in my father's eye, and I beheld its brother in that of this friendly rustic, who departed casting a "lingering melancholy look behind." A few minutes had only elapsed, when the jailer handed me the following letter :

"Dear Sir,—My exile is finished ; I shall see you in half an hour. Do not leave your father till you introduce him to

"HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*"

Here were fresh materials for surprise; my brain turned round in a kind of giddy whirl; I hoped I knew not what: again my fears predominated, lest these baseless and visionary hopes might end in disappointment. I had long indulged the idea that my theatrical friend was not what he appeared, and still flattered myself that I should, at some period, know him in another and more respectable character. It required only a little romantic hope, after what.

had just happened, to conclude that the time was come ; but I felt my mind so agitated, that the half hour seemed to me more than tripled, and I believe a week of such suspense would have been insupportable.

Within the time specified, my friend came up, with a step light and swift as Mercury. He grasped my hand, and I thought wiped a tear from his eye. Then seizing my father's hand, he addressed him in a cheerful tone : " Come, my good old man," said he, " this is no place for one of your years ; I want your company a little ; let that youngster take your situation in the mean time." My father hesitated without replying, hardly understanding his meaning. " Well then," continued he, " as you seem so reluctant to separate, come along both of you ;" And, seizing an arm of each, cried, " Jailer, open the door."

All this was the work of an instant ; and before either of us could recover from our astonishment, we were on the High Street, linked in the player's arms. It was twilight, and the citizens were enjoying

their evening promenade; our egress had been observed, and we became objects of general notice. "Come," said the player, let us avoid greetings in the market-place;" and he led us across the street to the principal inn. After being seated, "I find you are surprised," said he; "be satisfied, my venerable friend, you are free!" "Who are you? What stranger would do so much for a poor old man?" cried my father. "This is no place for long explanations,—we must have a glass of wine and something to eat, as I presume you are anxious to be at your own fire-side."

The vicissitudes of the day had destroyed our appetite, and our minds were too much agitated for enjoying the pleasures of the table.

The player, observing my face of inquiring wonder at his metamorphosis, said, "My dear friend, I find you are rather at a loss what to make of me—I have often been at that pitch with myself; you have some acquaintance of me as a strolling player, but you know that 'man in his life

plays many parts;’—I have shifted the scene, and can now say, ‘Othello’s occupation’s gone!’ My history is too long to be detailed at this meeting, but you shall have it at some future period. Suffice it to say, that just now I am no longer Alexander the Great, or Hamlet Prince of Denmark, but reduced to plain Jack Belfield, — by the courtesy of the country, Squire Belfield of Hawthorn-lodge, where I expect soon to have the pleasure of seeing you. Meantime let us finish our repast, and—*excunt omnes.*”

After a few glasses of wine, he ordered a post-chaise, telling us that he meant to have the pleasure of accompanying us home, and to return in the chaise. We drove off, my father being so oppressed with his different feelings that he could scarcely speak.

During the journey, Mr Belfield told us he arrived in the forenoon on horse-back, attended by a servant; that he happened to see the crowd as we went into prison, but hearing that it was a man for debt, paid no further attention to the mat-

ter till late in the afternoon, when he overheard one say to another on the street, that if all he was worth could relieve the minister's father from prison, he should not lie there. Prompted by this exhibition of rustic benevolence, on a more particular inquiry he learned my name, and lost no time in procuring our liberation. He kindly added, that although he was sorry that my father's feelings and mine should have met with such a shock, yet he was heartily glad it had been in his power to prove his gratitude, by the discharge of a debt which he had never forgotten. Twilight was not yet gone, and the night was fine, so we drove on at a good rate, and soon reached home, followed by several people of the village. My mother came creeping out on hearing the chaise stop; but only seeing Mr Belkfield step out, was turning round with the bitterness of disappointed hope, when he handed out my father, and in a moment she had us both in her arms. My father was obliged to stand and receive the congratulations of his neighbours, which

even the presence of Mr Belfield could not suppress.

What passed after entering the house, may be more easily imagined than described. My father presented Mr Belfield as his deliverer, who bade my mother thank her son, as the whole was owing to him. Here the good old woman's ruling passion broke forth: "Ay, ay, I always thought that my Willie wad be an honour and a blessing to his parents!" Mr Belfield paid some compliments to my character, which produced a reply from her that I heard with much pain, and do not now choose to repeat. The horses had been ordered from the chaise, as Mr Belfield said he would stay and chat a little, for although he went late to bed, he was sure to sleep soundly. He then said that he had no wish to inquire into family affairs from idle curiosity; but, as the circumstances which had given him the pleasure of this interview too plainly indicated that we were under embarrassments, perhaps he might be of some use to us, by advice, or any other

way within his power, "which," said he kindly, "I am afraid may not be equal to my inclination." We laid the full state before him; and on examining the debts, he remarked that one, to which he pointed, was paid. "No," said my father, "you are only become my creditor instead of another." "Very well, be it so; as you are an obstinate old fellow, I shall draw out a bill for you to sign immediately." "Have you got a stamp?" said my father. "Pshaw!" replied Mr Belfield, "stamps will be unknown when this bill falls due. Let me have my own way; and recollect, Sir, (addressing me,) you have already known me a prince, what if I should yet be an emperor?" He wrote as under:

"£500 Sterling.

"September 24th, 17—.

"Nine hundred and ninety-nine years after date, pay to me, or order, five hundred pounds Sterling, value in account with

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

He handed this to my father for acceptance, and, with much gravity of countenance, insisted upon having his signature; then, putting the bill in his pocket, bade him settle with his other creditors, for which he thought the funds were sufficient; but, added he, you have as yet only your freedom, for a proof that the debt is cancelled with the original creditor. In fact, I am yet only your bail; as I was in too great a hurry to get you out of the house with the grated windows, to stop for the adjustment of things in form; however, the vouchers shall be forwarded to you. I must now think of returning. As I go to-morrow, perhaps to a considerable distance, I shall probably return this way in about ten days hence, when I hope to have the pleasure of your company (addressing me), at least for one day, at the inn we left. Keep at home about that time, and expect notice of my arrival. By the bye," said he, "I had almost forgot my own debt to you; here are your five guineas with thanks." When I declined taking them; "Come,

come, no fooling," said he ; " I see your reasons, which are nugatory ; I have advanced a trifle for your father, 'tis true, but I find him a good worthy man, and have taken his bill for the payment ; take your money, or renounce my friendship,—just which you please." " Your friendship, Sir, I hope ever to preserve." " Well, well then, take your own ;" he dropt it into my hand, which he shook heartily, and performing the same act of valedictory kindness to my father, cried " Farewell !" vaulted into the chaise, and drove off.

Although none of us were inclined to sleep, yet the fatigues of the day prompted us to retire to rest. Next morning we were up betimes, and a considerable portion of it was wasted in talking over the mysterious incidents of the preceding day. I had to satisfy the curiosity of my parents concerning my acquaintance with a character so unlike any thing they had ever witnessed in their species ; for sometimes they took him for an angel, and at other times were apt to imagine him a madman. I ex-

plained these apparent inconsistencies, as far as I was able, by a brief outline of my short acquaintance with Mr Belfield; and expressed my belief, that, as a country gentleman, he would be a benefit and ornament to society.

My father lost no time in arranging his affairs; the bill for which he had been imprisoned was sent to him next day under cover; and as his other creditors found that the funds were now amply sufficient for their claims, they had no hesitation in agreeing to wait till the bills for the sale of his farmstocking became due. We had now a residence to provide, but having still some months to remain, we were in no great haste, as, to use a phrase of my mother's, I thought something might turn out.

Mr Belfield came at the time he proposed, and sent his servant with a horse to convey me to him: duty as well as inclination prompted the visit, and I met him with sincere pleasure.

In the course of our conversation, he observed that I was doubtless anxious to

know more of a character, which must have appeared to me so very inconsistent. "The present, said he, seems a fit opportunity to afford you the necessary information; therefore, take the following sketch, which I drew up since I saw you; and whatever may be its defects, I assure you, it has the merit of being a faithful and unvarnished narrative. I have some little business, which will engage me in another quarter of the town till you have finished the perusal. He then left me, and I hastened to read the following narrative.

CHAPTER XVI.

I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw :
————— ghastly looks
Are at my service like enforced smiles ;
And both are ready in their offices
At any time, to grace my stratagems.

SHAKESPEARE.

My father was proprietor of the small estate which I now occupy. I was his only child ; my mother expired in giving me birth ; an old maiden sister of my father's took the charge of his household ; a nurse was taken in for little Jack, who, in spite of pampering and every species of mistaken kindness, got on amazingly. By the time that I was three years of age, I could curse

the servants, ride upon the house-dog, pull my father's wig, and toss my aunt's family receipt-book into the fire.

My father had been bred a true country squire : his gun, dog, and a few jolly companions over a bottle after dinner, constituted his amusements ; but during the deep storms in winter, when intercourse with his neighbours was less frequent, he became the prey of *ennui*, which degenerated into discontent. No associate was then to be had, except the clergyman of the parish, and few congenial traits existed in their characters. The parson was fond of the belles lettres, and my father hated reading of every kind except a newspaper. The minister dined with him at least once a week, and in complaisance would sometimes take a hit at backgammon ; but, having no great relish for the game, he played badly, and would sometimes so far forget himself as to quote Horace when he should have been rattling the dice-box. When he was gammoned, which was pretty often the case, a quotation from Shakspeare was

his consolation and apology ; my father would then lay aside the board, and insist upon a fresh application to the bottle. To evade this, the parson sometimes endeavoured to fix my father's attention to some of that sublime bard's most animated pieces ; but he generally fell asleep at the end of the second act, or, at latest, during the third.

Wearisome as reading was to him, he had penetration enough to discover, that it was a never failing resource to those who could relish it : he therefore determined that I should be a scholar ; were it for nothing else, he said, than to keep me from drunken companions, or dying of mere listlessness, as he was in danger of doing for some months every year. In the important affair of making me a scholar, the clergyman was my father's chief counsellor and adviser. He recommended a famous teacher in the nearest market town, who took boarders ; and thither I was sent in my sixth year, having just learned my letters.

This teacher merited the character he had acquired. I staid with him till turned

of fourteen; at which period I was a good English and Latin scholar, wrote a fair hand, and had a competent knowledge of numbers. Considerable pains had also been taken to improve my heart. The immutable laws of justice and humanity were inculcated by precept, and illustrated by example. Our teacher also applied himself, with great assiduity, to eradicate the prejudices which his pupils had acquired in the nursery; and there was not a boy at school who feared either ghost or hobgoblin.

I was now reported fit for the university; but as for many years past my father had seen me only during the vacations, he wished me to spend some time with him at home. He was delighted with my scholarship, and gave me a fine young hunter to ride during my stay. This was a very agreeable present to me; and at the expense of several falls, none of which seriously injured me, I became an accomplished equestrian, and could leap a fence, or clear a five-barred gate, with any fox-hunter in the county. So far all was well;

but my father committed one great error during my residence at home. I sat at table with him and his Bacchanalian companions, an auditor of conversations which ought to have been banished from polite company, and were, at any rate, exceedingly improper for a boy of my years.

I went to college, where I continued three years, studying logic, mathematics, natural and moral philosophy, and the other branches which constitute a liberal education. By this time I had become an adept in the art and practice of spending money ; my drafts upon my father were so frequent, and for such sums, that he began seriously to remonstrate, and ultimately became angry with me. The session was nearly closed, but I had yet debts to a considerable amount, which I was now afraid to acknowledge to my father ; and the thought of seeing him was agony.

Displeased with myself, and convinced that I had played the part of the prodigal son, I formed rather a strange resolution. On the very day that the session ended, I sat down, and wrote a penitential letter to my father,

acknowledging my errors, and declaring my resolutions of amendment: I enclosed a list of all my debts, including a draft for twenty pounds which I had cashed that day; begged of him, for his own honour and mine, to pay the whole; and, thanking him for all his goodness, added, that I was to set out upon my travels; that the above twenty pounds was all my stock of cash; that I should earn what I wanted; requesting him not to expect to see me till I had cancelled my debts, calculating at my annual rate of allowance; and concluding, by assuring him that I should do nothing dishonest or dishonourable, bade him farewell!

The stage appeared my first resource; I had perhaps too frequently attended the theatre; was an idolater of Shakspeare, and could spout tolerably. I changed my name—posted to a distant part of the country—joined a strolling company—procured an engagement—and got on just as strollers usually do; sometimes lived well, and pretty frequently half starved.

The company to which I belonged

broke up at Dover, and a whim struck me that I would see France. I spoke the language with some fluency, and believed that in a land of levity and frivolity, I could be in no danger of starving. Afraid of being known at Calais by some of my countrymen, I pushed for the interior, and engaged myself as clown to a troop of equestrian performers.—I was agile and full of humour; my efforts always commanded a laugh; our success was beyond our most sanguine expectations, and the master raised my salary in proportion, so that I now began to save money. Our master was less economical, got into debt, and ultimately into jail; hence the troop was dissolved.

A young fellow belonging to this broken-up corps, being, like myself, out of employment, proposed that we should set up as mountebanks. He was to be the Doctor, and I was to perform Scaramouch, or Merry Andrew. This did not succeed quite so well: I was not sufficiently acquainted with the provincial idiom and local phrases of the language, and my efforts often failed

in producing the necessary degree of good humour, which is indicated by the broad grins of the rabble. We shifted quarters, and exchanged situations.—It was then that we performed wonders, not one of the least of which was, that, unlike most of my countrymen who visit France, I returned to England, richer by fifty louis than when I left the white cliffs of Dover.

How degrading soever the appearance I had now assumed, my habits of life were rigorously virtuous, in so far as the government of the passions was concerned: I was abstemious in eating and drinking; and as to other indulgencies, I knew them only by recollection, and now heard them talked of as seldom as possible. Finding this rambling way of life more agreeable than I had expected, I began to be afraid that the habit might not be so easily shaken off when prudence rendered it expedient; and therefore, that my attachment to home might not be altogether destroyed, I formed the design of visiting my father *incognito*. For this purpose I disguised myself like an Ita-

M

lian, and purchased a few prints, pocket-telescopes, and barometers, with which I travelled through England. When within about twenty miles of my paternal home, I happened to meet a Savoyard, who had a raree show, an ape, and some dancing dogs. I soon made an agreement with him for his ape and dogs; and, after staying a day or two in his company, that he might teach me how to manage them, set out for my father's with my retinue, and an old violin under my coat.

I contrived to reach Hawthorn-lodge before the usual hour of dinner, and took my station at the gate, just as he was approaching with a few of his old companions. His hale appearance afforded me great pleasure; and, to hide my feelings, I began to address the company in a strange lingo of French and broken English, concerning the wonderful powers of my ape, which, I said, knew all secrets, past, present, and to come. I was sent to the kitchen till dinner was over, when they said my brutes should have the honour of exhibiting. Had not my metamorphosis been complete,

I would have been afraid of discovery here ; but after having amused the servants with my dogs and ape, I took some refreshment, and kept their attention fixed on my domestics rather than myself, till I was ordered into the dining-room.

There it required some little exertion to command my feelings ; but my auditors, or spectators (for they were both), were not possessed of very refined sentiments, and my confusion escaped observation. After my dogs had performed some reels, cotillons, &c., during which I amused the company with much outlandish jargon, they wished some specimens of the boasted powers of my monkey. Knowing them all, and many little anecdotes concerning them, it was quite easy to excite their wonder and fix their credulity.

One boisterous fellow came up and pinched pug's ear, upon which it chattered in my face. "What says your imp?" cried he.

"Vy sare, mine ape do say, dat vous kiss de girl vid de rouge hair—dat vous play de carte on Saturday nuit, and sleep a de

shorsh on Sunday. He do say dat vous make de girl vid de rouge hair drink du vin—dat she do box votre tete, and dat dere be mush brulement a de matin." These were facts notorious to the company, and the roar of laughter went round at his expense.

In the same manner, I told every one of them some trait of their character, tickling their favourite hobbies, and exciting every one's laugh at the foibles of his neighbour, till they pronounced that either my monkey or myself was the devil. At last my father asked what I could say to him. Solicitous to know whether he had renounced all paternal feeling, I bade him ask my friend, the ape, any question that he was anxious to have answered, and then judge of its powers.

The following colloquy then took place :

"What family have I?"

"Von son."

"What age?"

"About dix neuf."

"What do you say? I do not understand you."

"About nineteen."

"Is he at home just now?"

"Non."

"Where is he?"

"He be seeing de world."

I drew him aside, and whispered, "Me could tell a vous about votre son, but vould no like the compagne to understand." The good old man led me into another room. "Speak now," cried he impatiently.

"Votre son did play de prodigal—he be now doing de penance—far—far a distance—he be in bon health, but much poor, sans monies!"

"Can you tell me when I shall see him?"

"Let me see—it vill yet be two vinter, dat he come back un sober vel behave gentilhomme."

"Can you tell me where I may write to him?"

I pinched pug, which, chattering in my ear, I answered, "Non."

"Are you sure I shall again see him?"

"Oui, oui! Jack vill come back, and

shake de hands vid you dus ;" and I shook my father's hand, till my nerves tingled. We now joined the company, and I was offered lodgings for the night, which, for obvious reasons, I declined. Being about to depart, proposals were made to purchase my ape, which I appeared very reluctant to sell, saying : " He be my life, mine appui !" " What would I take for him ?" " Fifty guinea." " We will give you a guinea each." (There were ten in company,) I shook my head, " Non, non." " Come," said my father, " I will make mine five, for his intelligence ; let us have him." I seemed to hesitate, and at last said : " Vous be tous bons gentilhommes, me vill oblige vous !" The money was paid down ; I made the bow of a French friseur, saying : " Je vous remercie, Messieurs ; Je suis votre tres humble serviteur !" and off I came.

Tracing back my steps, I found the Savoyard, resold my dogs to him, changed my dress, and set out for another quarter of the kingdom. I here joined a company of strollers, and performed a short time with success,

when the manager made a sudden exit from the stage of life, leaving a widow and four children, with no other property than the theatrical apparatus. Partly in frolic, and partly from pity, I purchased the whole, which absorbed nearly all my little capital.

I had now undertaken an arduous task, and exertion was necessary. Whoever imagines that the manager of a theatrical company (whether licensed or strolling), has an easy and idle life, is grossly mistaken. I remodelled my company, discharging some and enlisting others, and had performed only about three months, when I met you at — : the particulars of which it is unnecessary to relate. You were not then aware that I had seen you before, and was very anxious to get acquainted with you; the *when*, *where*, and *why*, you shall have at another time. I presume you have not forgotten my adventure with the innkeeper's daughter; I felt really uneasy for the girl, particularly as I was the innocent cause of her deviation from female prudence. After parting with you in the vi-

cinity of ———, while I sat by the side of the wood where you left me, a thought occurred, which I next day carried into execution. Dressing myself like a female beggar, with a false beard, I assumed the appearance of a poor old woman of eighty ; returned to the village of ———; stopped at the inn-keeper's ; got some whisky to secure my reception in the kitchen, and began to tell fortunes. My late residence there made me acquainted with circumstances sufficient to establish my credit ; and, while busy in unfolding the decrees of fate, I observed that Mary was listening in a thoughtful attitude. As she had been kind enough to give me a little broth, I offered to read her fortune for nothing. I then whispered to her that she was beloved by a farmer, whose name began with a B. ; that she once loved him, but had changed her mind, and would have run away with a vagabond who had too many wives already ; that none knew this as yet, except another and myself ; but should the farmer hear of it, she would lose him for ever ; that I saw so far into futurity,

as to know that if he were encouraged at their next interview, he would marry her immediately, and they would have six children; but if that opportunity were lost, it was decreed that she should die an old maid. It required only a little address to get introduced to the farmer, and by pointing plainly to him where his affections were placed—raising up an imaginary rival to him, and pressing despatch, I completely succeeded; and the parties were married a few weeks after.

Want of success obliged us to leave —— about the time I should have paid you the five guineas, and I resolved upon a trip to Ireland. We performed there, in different places, for about a year, and, upon the whole, with more advantage to our finances than we had hitherto experienced. The Irish, where they have no particular cause of dislike or resentment, are benevolent and good-natured, willing to be pleased, and ready to oblige. I could have travelled from one end of the island to the other, and keeping clear of the large towns, where trade had

produced independence and selfishness, it would not have cost me a farthing. provided I could have been satisfied with their simple fare, and rustic accommodation.

Being now almost tired of a trade, the novelty of which was past, and hoping that my father would be easily reconciled to me, I prevailed upon one of the company to purchase the stock in trade, and set up for himself.—When the bargain was closed, and the money paid, I treated the corps dramatique with a supper, presented each of the performers with half-a-guinea; and to Roger, as a favourite, I left a more valuable mark of my esteem.—We kept it up till “witching time of night,” when I bade farewell to the stage, and to the green hills of Erin.

Having now a presentiment, for which I could not account, that something was wrong with my father, I wrote to my friend the clergyman, expressing my intention of coming home soon; but, in the meantime, stating my strange uneasiness to hear of my father, begging him to write me in course,

and requesting that his knowledge of me might be kept secret till I chose to appear.

I ought to have mentioned, that my aunt had died before I left the university, and that my father's house-keeper was now an old maid about forty, who had previously been in the service of some of his brother sportsmen.

The clergyman was regular in his reply, saying, that my father was well; but adding the alarming intelligence, that there was great reason to believe he intended to marry his house-keeper, a woman who was no better than she should be; that it was notorious to every body but my father, that she had her young paramours, and wished to marry him only for the sake of a good settlement. He assured me that my secret should be kept; but begged me to return home, and, if possible, prevent so preposterous a match.

This was indeed an impending storm, and threatened serious consequences to me without the prospect of any real comfort to my father. Had I been convinced that the union was to add to his hap-

piness, it should have met with no opposition on my part ; but, from the character of the lady, I determined to prevent it by every means in my power.

Although at a loss how to act, I set out for home, trusting that I should be able to form a plan on my journey ; and after much cogitation, my fancy hit upon a scheme which appeared plausible. I knew my father to be very superstitious, and consequently credulous ; if his house-keeper were nearly as much so, there was a fair chance of success ; at any rate, with my knowledge of circumstances, aided by what I might yet collect, my hopes were sanguine.

Upon my arrival at the nearest market-town to Hawthorn-lodge, I dressed myself in a foreign and antique habit, which I had brought along with me ; clapped on a false white beard ; and wrapping myself in a long black cloak, I travelled all night, and reached the manse just as the minister was going out for his morning walk. He soon recognized me, and, after a sincere welcome, confirmed his former communica-

tion; adding, that my father had obliquely hinted his intentions to him; that it was now become a subject of public talk; and that every body pitied my father, who, it was too evident, was the dupe of a base designing strumpet. She had been kept by more than one in her youthful bloom, and it was believed that, at present, she had an intrigue with a young man, the *grieve*, or superintendent of my father's farm. I trembled with agony at seeing my father on the verge of ruin—to be made ridiculous as a man, and his property plundered by miscreants; for I had no doubt that they were to participate in the spoil. I learned her paramour's name, and even the time and place where they had been very lately, but privately, seen together.

I then told my friendly clergyman that I had a scheme which seemed to have a fair chance of success, but I did not wish to make him a party, although I had no doubt that he would approve of it after its execution.

Perhaps he formed a reasonable conjecture concerning my plan, for he instantly said, I should lose no time in carrying it into effect; and requested to see me immediately after, that I might communicate my success. I left the manse; and, by keeping secret paths in the woods, reached the immediate vicinity of the Lodge without observation, concealing myself in a copse till the proper time for appearing. I saw my father walk out, and immediately proceeded to the kitchen, where, by a little dexterity, I soon convinced the maids that I knew every thing. Pretending to be taken ill, the house-keeper was brought, and I, while supposed to be in a swoon, heard the maids give a most exaggerated account of my necromantic powers.

When I recovered, I took care to address madam in such a way as would awaken her curiosity. Pretending much humanity for me, she conducted me to her own room; where, after treating me with a glass of wine, she began to speak most contemptuously about my foreknowledge, and even

to accuse me of impiety for the pretension. Seeing that this was all affectation, and that she was quite anxious to consult me concerning the decrees of fate, I addressed her thus: "Madam, you may scoff at my powers, but if you had consulted me fifteen years ago, I could have made you a Captain's lady, and ten years ago, madam, had you met me, you would have been Mrs H." She changed colour; said I was a strange man; and, she feared, was not in my right senses. "Some people," said I, "who think themselves very wise, seem to have taken leave of their senses without knowing it." "Who or what are you?" said she. I replied, "Madam, if you will meet me among the birches, at the back of the garden, as you did the grieve of this estate, on Sunday night last at ten o'clock, I will then tell you who I am, and much more that it is of importance for you to know." I now had her completely in my power: she fell into an ague fit; said I was a most extraordinary being; and begged of me to keep her secret;

for she must confess that her character was in my hands. With a contemptuous grin, I told her that more than character, her life was in my keeping. She uttered a shriek, and exclaimed, "will you murder me?" "No," said I, "far be it from me to hurt you ; but it depends upon me, whether you shall live nine months, or forty years." In a faltering voice, she begged me to explain. "Well," said I, "you propose marrying a man whom you do not love ; and you have a most sincere affection for a man, to whom you have given the strongest pledge of your love, and yet you do not intend to marry him. Is it not so?" "Proceed," was the only reply. "Well then, if you match according to your present intentions, you shall die in labour of your first child, in less than nine months : If you marry the man you love, he will get rich in his place ; you shall have seven children to him ; and then marry another, not more than half your own age, and as rich as the Captain, who deserted you for an East India fortune."

During this prophecy, she turned red and

white alternately, and, I saw, gave implicit credence to my predictions. Blushing and curtsyng, she thanked me ; urged me to another glass of wine and some biscuit ; hoped I would not speak of her to the servants or neighbours ; and insisted upon seeing me out of the gate, under pretence that the house-dog might attack me from my outlandish dress. " Dog !" said I contemptuously ; " the hungry wolf, the roaring lion, and nameless monsters of the foaming deep, crawl round my feet, and kiss my hands." This gasconade clenched the whole, and I strode away with a majestic air.

My next object was to see my father. I therefore walked on to that quarter of the wood, where I expected to find him. In a short time I saw him at a distance, and took care to meet him in a deep glen, where the shrubbery might screen us from observation. My dress and figure might have startled wiser heads than his happened to be. I started from the thicket ; stood before him ; and, with a hollow sonorous voice and most solemn accent, said :

“The departed spirit of your beloved Isabella, who, twenty years ago, gave you a son, and, just as the clock struck the hour of midnight, died in your arms, now sends you her blessing.” My appearance, and the solemnity of this address, startled him, and he exclaimed: “In the name of God, who or what are you?” “That is known to myself, and those who sent me.” “What do you want with me?” “I have no wants—no earthly feelings.—When your great-grandfather was born, I was then such as I now am; I turned aside the sword that smote his left cheek in Germany; I quenched the fire that had begun to devour the residence you now inhabit; I rode upon the thunder that rolled over your head, and startled your horse, when you sallied forth to join the Pretender’s standard;—by breaking your limb, I saved your head from the scaffold; I scattered the thick cloud that darkened the chapel, when you were to be married; and I lighted up the sunbeam that shone so mildly, as you

put the ring on the finger of your Isabella. I watched your prodigal son at the university, and have continued unseen to hover around his steps; I have witnessed the privations he has endured, and the hardships he has encountered; and I have triumphed in his sincere penitence."

"O speak of him," cried my father. "Where is he? when shall I see him?" "It depends upon yourself whether you shall ever see him in this world, or meet him, for the first time, in those mansions where his mother resides."

"Explain—what do you mean?"

"Behold this ring—Do you know it?"

"It was my Isabella's."

"To whom did you give it?"

"To my son—where and how came it into your hands?"

"I snatched it from his bosom, while he dreamed of his mother and you. Here, take it!—put it on the finger of her you are about to marry: let it be the pledge of an union of hands, but not of hearts! Yes, thou

art to marry—thy days shall be without joy ; and thy sorrows shall end only with thy life ! —She who has lured thee to her arms has already deceived many, and is now deceiving you ! She will bring forth children, but not thine ; and yet thou must permit them to call thee “father.” That lovely mansion, these lofty trees, and fruitful lands, shall become the inheritance of her unhallowed bastards ; for the day that thou marriest Rachel, thy son John departs for an unknown country, to return no more—Such are the decrees of fate !”

I had turned to leave him ; he seized me by the black flowing mantle, and exclaimed : “Mysterious Being ! restore me my son, and I will die contented in his arms. Carry back the ring to him ; never shall the pledge of my first love encircle the finger of—a stranger —Will you not speak comfort to a father ?” “ I have already said—every thing else depends upon yourself. You are a free agent. Fate does not determine your actions, although it fixes their consequences. 'arewell, and remember John !’

I now suddenly darted into another path, and concealing myself in a thicket, watched his steps, and saw him proceed slowly, and apparently very thoughtfully, homeward. Lurking here till dark, I put off my disguise, returned to the market-town, wrote to the parson, appointing a meeting at a still greater distance from home; but requesting him to see my father in the interval. All this was effected; my father hinted to the clergyman, that something uncommon had taken possession of his mind, and that he was persuaded I was either dead or would return soon.

A letter was then prepared by me, addressed to the minister, as if from a distance, inquiring most kindly after my father, and saying that I had dreamed of his marriage; in which case I was to banish myself forever, rather than be a witness of the disgrace that my dream had represented him as bringing upon himself. My good friend smiled, and said this was indeed a pious fraud; but he would reconcile his conscience to it, because the intention was good. The letter

was shewn to my father; he read it with a kind of horror; begged the clergyman to write, pressing my immediate return, and with this assurance, that he had no design of marrying.

In due time a letter was forwarded to my father, announcing my intended return; and, some days after, I arrived in *propria persona*.

My reception was all that I could wish, and we were promising ourselves years of mutual happiness, when my father rode out to the chase, of which he was still fond; but in leaping a drain, the horse, by some accident, came down, rolled over his unfortunate rider, and bruised him so severely that he died in a few days. I was within a week of being of age when this melancholy event happened, and my father had intended giving a feast upon the occasion; so short is the passage from the chambers of mirth to the house of mourning.

The last duties paid to my father, I arranged my establishment; dismissing the house-keeper, and giving the grieve warning to leave my service. During the short time

that intervened, between my return and the death of my father, I had been inquiring after you, and the result was, a determination to see you. I was on a journey to a small estate at a distance, when the circumstance happened that brought us together.

Such, my dear Sir, is the outline of a life, which may have in some degree excited your curiosity. If my company can be as agreeable to you, as yours has been to me during our short interviews, I hope we shall become intimate friends.

I know there is some eccentricity in my character, but neither malignity nor guile in my heart. Most sincerely wishing to be of use to you, I am afraid too little is in my power. Possessed of a competency, I have firmly resolved never to solicit a favour from any one above my own station, and never, directly or indirectly, to have any thing to do with politics. Although I knew that my application to a patron could procure you a kirk, I would allow you one hundred pounds a year from my own income, rather

than bow, and bring myself under obligations to any great man for the favour. This is perhaps pride—call it what you please, you must take me as I am—a strange fellow, but a sincere friend.

CHAPTER XVII.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As benefits forgot.

A thing of shreds and patches.

SHAKESPEARE.

SOON after I had finished the perusal of his narrative, Mr Belfield returned. In the course of our conversation, after expressing himself much interested about my situation, he said, that as we were to leave our present residence, we might come over to his estate, where there was a snug cottage empty ; and, if my father wished it, he would add a few acres of land, where we might be very comfortable, while he would be gratified with the company of an agreeable friend. I thanked him for his goodness, and said, that I would consult my father, and

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take the proposal into consideration. We spent the day with much calm and rational pleasure; and Mr Belfield made me promise, at parting next morning, to pay a visit of some length at Hawthorn-lodge, as soon as I should find it convenient. He urged me with great earnestness to make my visit a little before Christmas, and to bring my father's determination along with me.

My mother, who was in bad health, expressed a kind of horror at leaving that part of the country where she had spent her life, and urged my father to procure a cottage in the neighbourhood, in which she might linger out the few days of her appointed time. My father, who had often given way to her more unreasonable demands, promised to comply with her wishes; and, if practicable, to look out for a suitable situation without delay.

At the time appointed, I set out on my visit to Hawthorn-lodge. Though the journey could not be accomplished in one day, yet, as the weather was a clear frost, and apparent-

ly settled, I resolved to walk. Having slept a night on the road, I expected to reach my destination by the evening of next day ; but a heavy fall of snow coming on in the afternoon, I was obliged to stop at a market-town, about ten miles short of Hawthorn-lodge. It was a fair day in the place, and the inn was crowded ; however, as I was always pleased with seeing varieties of human nature, I expected the scene might afford me some amusement. In this expectation, however, I was somewhat disappointed. Driving hard bargains, different degrees of intoxication, accompanied by oaths, ribaldry, and nonsense, among a constant succession of guests, with some rustic courtships, were all that occurred for my entertainment. When most of the company had departed, a considerable body of men entered the house in the dusk, who seemed to attract no small degree of attention from the landlord. One or two of those who remained in the room where I was, informed me that it was a party of smugglers, who, having a quantity of goods at some distance, had

chosen this stormy night to transport them, there being less chance of detection. We heard the party very jolly in another room: they affected to have been at the fair; and, from motives of policy, it was proposed by the landlord, that, as supper was ready, all the company in the house should sup together. Although this did not meet with my approbation, yet as no objections were started, and, as I did not wish to appear fastidious, I gave a tacit consent; and about sixteen, including one or two who had just come in, sat down at table. The smugglers were half tipsy; and, at the other end of the table, there were two or three very noisy voices, one of which seemed familiar to my ear. After some time, I got a view of the speaker's face; but my feelings may be conceived when I discovered him to be Smith, my degraded brother-in-law. I pretended fatigue, and wished to retire; but he who seemed to have an authority, said, that as he was to treat the company, no one should retire till the bowls now on the table were emptied. I entreated,

but in vain ; and was ultimately reseated by manual force. Rather than get into a squabble, I resolved upon submission and keeping quiet ; trusting that Smith would not recognize me. But in this I was unhappily mistaken ; for he almost immediately addressed me, in a style well calculated to irritate my feelings. I was silent ; though he upbraided me with my poverty ; and used many epithets which I was indignant to hear, and have no inclination to repeat. Continuing this torrent of abuse, he asked if the stingy dog, my father, was still alive ; adding, that he was an old miserly rascal, and had refused him the loan of five pounds. My blood now began to boil with indignation, and I certainly never felt, in my life, so much inclined to come to blows. I still endeavoured, however, to suppress my anger ; but the fellow would not allow matters to stop here. Pulling out a handful of gold, he chinked it across the table in my face (for he had now moved opposite to me) : " There," said he, " tell the old lubberly scrub that I have got plenty,

and that he and his dirt may be d——d !” Half choked with rage, and scarcely capable of articulation, I replied : “ You are unworthy of my notice ; otherwise, I would break every bone in your skin, for this brutal attack upon a father, who has been in jail for your debts, and is, at this moment, the only parent to your helpless and deserted children !” With a fiend-like laugh of scorn, the scoundrel replied : “ My children ! that I deny ; if you knew not your sister’s tricks—I did !” I started to my feet—when Smith, darting across the table, struck at, but missed me. What I was about to do, or what might have been done, I will not pretend to say ; for in an instant my brutal antagonist was knocked down, by a man on his own side of the table.

When he got up, the same man challenged him to the floor, and said he would fight him fairly, although he did not deserve it, “ If I should lose my life in the cause,” said he, “ I will yield it with pleasure in defence of those, whom you have now trampled and insulted ; I know both them and

you ; and tell you, Sir, you are a scoundrel ! This gentleman, I must say, although in his presence, is too good, too worthy, to be mentioned in your hearing : he is a man, and to him all men are brothers ; and has been a benefactor to me and mine in the hour of distress—Will you fight, you dirty blackguard,—you low, contemptible villain ?” No reply was given to this ; for the wretch sat silent, and pale as ashes. The astonishment of the whole company had been excited ; and my rage having calmed down into contempt, I gazed upon my unknown defender : I had some recollection of his features, but nothing farther, till he mentioned the name of Roger, and his wife’s delivery of a son at the theatre, as already related. The poor fellow now related that occurrence with precision and modesty ; magnifying his obligations to me ; giving at the same time an abstract of my connexion with the despicable Smith, and the misfortunes which he had been the cause of to my family ; and concluded by apologizing for the freedom which he had taken, as he deemed it necessary for my

complete vindication from this most brutal attack.

A buzz of approbation went round the company ; every individual of which pressed forward and shook hands with me and my heroic defender. They complimented me upon the forbearance I had exhibited ; begged of me to forget the insults I had received, which reflected disgrace upon him only who had so far degraded himself as to offer them ; and, with the unanimous consent of all present, he was now kicked out of the room, with positive assurance that he should be served in the same manner, if he dared again to intrude himself upon the company. Although several individuals among them, as I have mentioned, had exhibited symptoms of intoxication, all *such* symptoms had now vanished, and the manners of the most boisterous appeared much improved.

When the party broke up, my champion asked, if I was not thus far on a visit to Mr Belfield : upon replying in the affirmative, he inquired if I had a horse—I told him I had not : he then, with a low bow,

which I returned by a hearty shake of the hand, bade me good-night.

I went to bed, but sleep had deserted my pillow; my indignation was aroused at the insults I had received, and I felt a conscious shame at being involved in such a scene in a promiscuous crowd. I had never before been in a situation for which I had so great reason to blush (except at the Edinburgh theatre, when I had been duped by the swindler, and at the tavern with Mr ****, my expected patron); and my mortification was severe. However, after several hours tossing and tumbling, nature became exhausted; I dropt asleep, and did not awake till late in the morning.

When just about to depart, I was waited on by my heroic friend, Roger, ushered in by the landlord, who told me that my horse was ready. I looked surprised: "Why sir, Mr Belfield sent me with his horse to meet you." "Are you in Mr Belfield's service?" "Yes, please your honour, I have been so before now; indeed I have

so good and kind a master, I could not think of leaving him ; but he is impatient for your arrival, and, if you please, we shall proceed. We soon reached the vicinity of Hawthorn-lodge ; and, although it was now the depth of winter, I saw that the situation was delightful, and that many improvements were going forward. My reception was such, as the generous disposition of my entertainer might have led me to expect ; and two weeks slid away almost imperceptibly.

Mr Belfield shewed me what he had termed a cottage, being a plain but commodious house : this, he said, was the lodging he had prepared for my parents and me ; and if I had no better prospects, there were several respectable families in the neighbourhood, at a distance from any school : I might have the cottage, a garden, and a cow ; he would build a school-room for me, and thus at once serve his tenants, and be of some use to me ; while he would receive the chief benefit himself, by securing an agreeable companion, and, he trusted, a sincere friend.

acknowledging my obligation to Mr

Belfield, I did not fail to represent to him how agreeable the scheme would be to me; but regretted that there was an insuperable objection, my mother having expressed so great reluctance to leave her native spot, that I had been induced to provide a residence for my father and her in their present neighbourhood; that proposals had been made to me by the landlord, and others in the vicinity, for adding a school to it, which would enable me to render assistance to my parents, whom I could not think of deserting in their present situation.

Mr Belfield was pleased to say, that no good man would endeavour to oppose a plan dictated by filial duty: "but remember," said he, "should any alteration take place, you still have a friend; and I have the first claim when you are inclined to change your situation."

I left my friend, having promised to spend the vacation annually with him, provided I took up school. Upon my arrival at home, the arrangements for the school were soon completed. A dozen of families agreed to

give me thirty pounds per annum, a house and garden, with a cow to be kept on a contiguous farm. As soon as the season permitted, the school-house was erected; we removed to our new dwelling, and I immediately entered upon my charge. The number of the pupils was limited to forty, and my constituents were at liberty to send children, of other families, if deficient of their proportion. This was but a poor result for all my mother's golden dreams of clerical dignity; but, compared with my situation for some time past, it was independence, and I felt my mind expand accordingly.

My mother had long been very infirm—her removal from the fire-side, where she had spent her happiest days and reared her family, together with the penurious situation to which we were now doomed, operated strongly on her mind, and she became visibly worse. During the summer the small-pox broke out in the village. My two little nephews had never been inoculated, partly through the carelessness of their father, and perhaps owing to the religious prejudices of

their grandmother ; for she was tenacious of her opinions, and affirmed that inoculation was a direct tempting of Providence. I had oftener than once attempted to reason her out of this, and some other equally absurd opinions ; but, highly as she thought of my qualifications (and I am fully persuaded that she estimated them more highly than any one else), I could not convince her : indeed I have found it, in general, a far easier task to cure ignorance than to remove prejudice.

I had entreated my brother-in-law to get the children inoculated, and to say nothing about the matter till it was over: he promised ; but that, like many more of his promises, was never fulfilled. They were now both seized with the small-pox of the confluent kind.—I procured a medical gentleman to attend them ; but the disease proved fatal, and the helpless victims were buried on the same day, in one grave, by the side of their mother. In the fervour of my feelings, I had unguardedly charged my mother with preventing their inoculation ; her concern

for the loss of both her grandchildren was extreme, and perhaps a degree of self-accusation tended to aggravate her distress.

I had now commenced my first attempt at public teaching, and short experience convinced me that I was a very inadequate judge of the drudgery, before making the trial. I was prepared for meeting an idler, or a dunce, occasionally ; but the pride, ignorance, and self-conceit of my constituents, I had not calculated upon : I may add also, their different, and even diametrically opposite opinions, concerning my mode of teaching, and government of the school. I was no advocate for corporal punishment, except in flagrant cases ; emulation I believed a more useful incitement, for I conceived it very possible to beat a dull boy into stupidity ; and while I deemed it practicable, and perhaps the best method to correct idleness and mischievous pranks, I did not perceive how intellect could be communicated by a strap or a rod. Some of my constituents, however, went much farther than this : they would not allow their children to be

corrected upon any account ; the children knew this, and the consequences may easily be anticipated. One family insisted upon their children occupying the head of the forms, when seated, and the top of the class during the lessons ; another, that the Old and New Testaments should be the only English books read in the school ; while a third said, they ought to be discontinued altogether. The mother would insist, that her children should get by heart the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, with the Scripture Proofs, and Willison's Mother's Catechism ; while the father would have no Catechism taught at all. In short, I was teased almost to distraction, not only by the contrary opinions of different families, but by the contending sentiments of the two parents.

I was one evening invited to tea by one of my constituents ; when, in the middle of some conversation between the landlord and me, the mistress of the house asked me, if it was true that I had said to her Davie, that the sun stood still, and that it was the earth that

turned round. I admitted that I said so. The good woman shrunk from me with a kind of horror, saying, she knew little more that an atheist could do; for I denied the Scriptures, which say, that the foundations of the earth are laid by the Lord, upon the great waters; and that the sun, like a bridegroom, rejoiceth to run his race. After what I had admitted, she could now believe all that she had heard; that I pretended to foretel 'clipses of the sun and moon; if so, it was downright black art, and she wondered how I could dare to set my foot in a pulpit after that. "Will you pretend," cried the good woman, warming with the subject, "to guide the sun, and direct the moon in her course? It is the Lord alone who doth according to his will in the armies of heaven; his chosen servant Joshua, did indeed, by his express command, say to the sun, *stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon*; and I know that the shadow went backwards ten degrees on the dial of A but whose hand was it that

was not a philosopher or a 'stronomer, as they call themselves! na, na! Waes me! if that be what they learn at colleges, they are better at hame; *pretending to be wise, they become fools!* Learn my bairns to read the Scriptures an' say their questions—I've nae objections to writing an' counting; they are baith usefu' an' lawfu'; but nane o' your 'stronomy an' ither outlandish things, to confuse their heads an' poison their minds! I'm tald you have great pressfu's of books; and indeed I'm feared that it may be applied to you, as we read in the New Testament, *much learning hath made thee mad.* An' now that I am begun, I maun tell you mair: you speak profanely in your school: you bade my lassie, Susie, read with *grace*, when her lesson was a parcel of stuff out of some play-book. What grace could there be there? You maunna be angry; but indeed I have muckle dread, that there's little grace or yet goodness to be expected frae either the writers or readers of play-books. I believe you a weel-meaning lad, an' wad like to see you in the right road; but ye'll

never find it, till, like them of old, you tak' what you now think your rare and curious books, an' burn them : you'll then be in the way of grace for yoursel', an' may have some face to speak about it to your scholars."

"Hout, hout," said her husband, "you are like the minister o' Rescobie's mare, you have a good memory, but nae judgment ; haud your tongue, an' dinna expose yoursel' ; zeal without knowledge has blawn you fu' o' spiritual pride."

From the above specimens, the reader will believe that my situation had no great charms for me. The progress of my pupils, and the satisfaction that I was earning the bread I ate, were the only circumstances that reconciled me to a fatiguing and irksome task. My intercourse with the world was now more limited than ever : always at home, I saw no member of society beyond the bounds of the village, except on Sunday, when those from the extremities of the parish met in the church-yard. An occasional interview with the clergyman, or spending an evening with some of my con-

stituents, was the only social intercourse I had; and except a letter occasionally from Mr Belfield, I had no literary correspondence.

While I was thus plodding on, in a kind of mill horse track,

“The world forgetting, by the world forgot,”

the two following letters were one morning put into my hands:

“SIR,—I have to inform you, that, according to instructions received, I have purchased £800 stock, 3 per cent. consols, which is vested in your name; the receipt for same I have herewith inclosed. I shall be glad to be favoured with your commands concerning this, or any thing else in my way. And am, Sir, your most obedient servant, JONATHAN REYNOLDS.”
Change Alley, London, June 30th 17—.

I read this letter twice over without being able to comprehend it. I turned it up, and looked at the address, which applied correctly to me. At last it occurred, that the other letter might elucidate the

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more suitable to that delicacy of mind which is peculiar to you, and so incompatible with the times in which we live ; but not finding this practicable, I have only to beg, that you will neither offend me, nor injure yourself, by refusing this trifling proof of my gratitude and esteem. I expect to be on the Continent next week, and the time of my return is uncertain. Being heartily tired of the name of Burton, it is probable that to-morrow I shall change it to that of Maitland.

“ On my return to Britain, my residence will be Maitland Park, by Cardigan, Wales ; where Colonel Maitland will always be glad to see or hear from one who has so highly merited the esteem and friendship of
ELIZA BURTON.”

I had begun to know the world ; and the eccentric benevolence of Miss Burton (now, I presumed, Mrs Maitland), had made me well acquainted with her : I therefore thought, that to refuse her donation would be, as she termed it, false delicacy and ridiculous folly. I consequently felt grateful

for her friendship ; was glad to hear of her marriage ; and most sincerely wished her uninterrupted felicity.

My mother had now become paralytic ; I therefore procured a nurse to be in the house with her, and resolved to make her remaining days as comfortable, as her situation and my finances would admit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ilk ane's wiser than anither,
" Things are no gaun right," quo' Tam :
" Let us aftener meet thegither,
Twice an owk's no worth a d—n."

MACNIELL.

AT the period of which I am now writing, the French revolution had made considerable progress, and the people of Britain were beginning to be of very different opinions concerning its probable consequences.

Many in all ranks, generally the young and inexperienced, with sanguine tempers and warm imaginations, had hailed it as the dawn of a glorious era, pregnant with happiness to the human race.—While those, who were perfectly satisfied with the present order of things, or from longer experience, were able to calculate upon the un-

governable tempers and passions of men, when loose from legal restraint, viewed the revolution with horror ; and, as if anticipating the consequences that ultimately followed, became suspicious of every one who could not regard it in the same light with themselves. The veil was not yet drawn aside, and the demon of discord had not pulled off his mask. Political discussion became frequent in every village and hamlet in the kingdom ; and pamphlets, of stimulating and inflammatory tendency, were industriously circulated. Among these, the productions of Paine, a discontented demagogue, under the fascinating title of "The Rights of Man," held a conspicuous place. Among my constituents in the school, there were three or four with some pretensions to literary knowledge, and possessed of just that share of political information, which tended, at that time, to heat their imaginations, without enabling them to judge or reflect with prudence. They read the newspapers regularly, and commented on their contents : "The Rights of Man" inflamed their minds.

Deceived by the bold assertions of the author, and unable to detect the sophistry of his reasoning, they persuaded themselves that the glorious fabric of the British constitution, like an aged oak enveloped in ivy, was so beset with corruption, that its ruin was inevitable. They considered France as about to commence a millenium of felicity, and became enthusiasts in the cause of liberty. They notably verified the observation of the poet :

“ A little learning is a dangerous thing.”

They became fond of declamation, and finding none, in that circle in which they moved, capable of confuting their specious arguments, they sometimes cheated themselves into the belief that they were unanswerable. Their enthusiasm increased ; they disseminated their opinions with the zeal of apostles and, by the united strength of argument and whisky, obtained a number of proselytes. There was an alehouse in the village, where these discussions were often held. The landlord, who was a quiet, modest man,

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was often half compelled to keep them company; and he declared that their arguments became stronger, and their convictions more decisive, in proportion as they became heated with the inspiration of John Barleycorn.

Of all my constituents only two stood aloof. I was often invited to spend the afternoon in one or other of their houses, and majority of the party were generally present when the conversation always turned upon politics, for they could now talk of nothing else. I had been a kind of favourite among them; for, although we had differed in opinion about other matters, they respected my abilities, and became exceedingly anxious to secure me as an auxiliary in their important cause. I had hitherto been moderate in delivering my opinions, and they were without hope that I might be gained over.

It was now the month of November, 1792, and as the long winter evenings had set in, they proposed to meet weekly, or oftener, if found agreeable, for the purpose of reading the newspapers and political pamphlets. The school-room was deemed a central and

venient situation for their club-room: the plan was digested, matters were arranged accordingly, and a communication was made to me, requesting my attendance as a favour. I now began seriously to apprehend, that they were over-stepping the boundaries of prudence, and that their measures were calculated neither to promote their individual interests, nor those of society.

In an earnest and friendly manner, therefore, I begged of them to pause and reflect, before they allowed their better judgments to be perverted by violent and designing men, or hot-headed, inexperienced enthusiasts. I told them, that I was well persuaded of the purity of their intentions, but was very doubtful what such measures might ultimately produce; that I had resolved to take no side in the party wranglings of the day, and would seriously advise every one, who wished to lead a quiet and peaceable life, to adopt the same resolution. I reminded them, that the school-room, although their property, was considered as mine, while occupied by me; that I was responsible

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They told me plainly, that I was an enemy to the best interests of man; a supporter of the combined systems of tyranny and priestcraft; and that nothing better could be expected from one, whose sole chance of promotion, under the present system of things, was by becoming the advocate of corruption and oppression, under the mask of loyalty and religion. They pitied my infatuation, in neither feeling for others, nor knowing my own interest:—but my error would be seen when it was too late.

A few days after this conversation, I received a letter from the committee of management for the school, intimating, that they had no farther occasion for my services as a teacher; and ordering us to remove at Whitsunday first from the house we now possessed. Here was freedom and the rights of man, with a vengeance. This intimation I received on a Saturday, and on Monday only seven scholars attended the school. There are always officious friends in every place,

for the purposes to which it might be applied ; and therefore did not consider myself at liberty to let it become the weekly resort of a party, who met avowedly for political discussion ; and that, in my opinion, it would be much wiser in them to think less on these subjects. I concluded my address by saying, that, when at college, I had attended a course of Lectures on Natural History, of which I had taken notes ; that during my leisure hours, since that time, I had occasionally amused myself with similar pursuits ; and if they were at a loss for amusement during the long winter evenings, I would most cheerfully give them one lecture, or even two, weekly, on subjects that could not fail to interest them ; such as the nature of soils, grasses, trees, and animals ; the qualities of different kinds of manure, and other topics connected with rural affairs ; that I would be happy to correct and improve my theories by their experience, and humbly hoped, by this plan, we might mutually instruct and entertain each other.

My proposal was rejected with indignant

scorn. They told me plainly, that I was an enemy to the best interests of man ; a supporter of the combined systems of tyranny and priestcraft ; and that nothing better could be expected from one, whose sole chance of promotion, under the present system of things, was by becoming the advocate of corruption and oppression, under the mask of loyalty and religion. They pitied my infatuation, in neither feeling for others, nor knowing my own interest :—but my error would be seen when it was too late.

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from the palace to the village hamlet. Some of these busy intermeddlers, under the pretence of condoling with my mother, told her the story, or at least the consequences. She did not understand it; but imagined that the taking away of the children from school was disgraceful to the character of her darling and only son, now her sole reliance. She took the matter to heart—it agitated the flame which was just alive—and the vital spark expired!

Having paid the last duty to her remains, I took legal advice respecting my procedure in regard to the school; the consequence of which was, that I attended daily as usual, and when my quarter's salary became due, sent a written order for it by the servant. To this I received no answer; but, determined no longer tamely to submit to my constituents, I wrote to them, that unless my salary was immediately paid, and security lodged for what was due at Whitsunday next, I would commence an action at law against them, and state all the reasons and causes of our rupture.

Some, I understood, were for setting me at absolute defiance; but others, a little more prudent, advised that I should be paid, and treated with the contempt I so amply deserved. The money was paid accordingly.

Politics and party spirit still continued to run higher in the country. There was a private school in a neighbouring parish, where the teacher and his constituents had differed, upon the very opposite side of politics to that in which I had been placed. He was a youngman of good enough intentions, but little experience; had at an early period joined the general acclaim, with which the French Revolution was hailed in Britain; and never once dreamed, that it would be productive of that anarchy, and those enormities, which afterwards ensued. A warm and sincere friend to the House of Brunswick and the constitution of 1688, he saw, or imagined he saw, corruptions that had taken place, and which engendered others. Political discussion being at that period like an epidemical disease, it required more caution than youth is generally pos-

sessed of, to avoid the infection. He had expressed himself rather freely; and the leading people of the parish, being staunch loyalists, who would admit of no principle in opposition to their own, which was to approve of those in power, and all the measures adopted by them, accused the poor man of disaffection to the state, and dismissed him from his office.

The heritors had heard of my deposition, and the place was offered to me. I had a strong inclination to fix my residence with my friend Mr Belfield, where I believed the storm of politics would never reach; but my father had expressed a wish, to lay his dust among that of his ancestors. In due compliance with his feelings, therefore, I accepted the offer made to me, and took charge of the school.

My former constituents, hearing of this, conceived that the person who had been displaced to make room for me, was just such a one as they wanted. He was sent for, received in a full meeting, and invited to the honours of the sitting. Their griev-

ances against me were laid before him, and proposals were made for his taking the charge, with a full statement of what they expected from him ; when, to their great surprise, he declined the situation. He told them, that he was sorry they had mistaken his character ; for, although he was certainly an advocate for freedom of opinion, he would never resign that freedom to be the tool of any party, or the trumpeter of speculative principles, which, even should he as an individual entertain them, he was doubtful of the propriety of disseminating ; that it was obvious from their present interview, they held opinions to which he could not assent, and wished to adopt practices which he would never countenance ; that he certainly would never allow any house under his charge, to become the periodical haunt of mistaken men, met for purposes of which he could not approve. Both parties, finding that their opinions were so dissimilar, separated with mutual chagrin.

My new constituents had also experienced disappointment : they expected that I was

to become the advocate of an exterminating war against all innovators, both at home and abroad ; that my pen was to be taken up in defence of Ministers, and my ear always upon the watch for the whispers of sedition and the grumblings of discontent, all of which I was to report to my superiors as opportunity might occur. And, finally, that I should preach occasionally, inculcating those opinions in the temple, and in the name of him, who came into this world to preach "peace on earth, and good will towards men."

All this was never dictatorially laid down to me, but I was made to understand that it was wished and expected. However, I took my own way, without opposing them, and although some did venture to suspect my loyalty, insinuating that I was a spy in the camp, yet, I believe, the greater part set me down as a cautious, quiet man, whose zeal could not be made *égal* to their own ; but who, if I could not be made an active friend, was not likely to become an enemy.

My income was at least equal to my former salary ; I gave satisfaction as a teacher ; and things went on “ not so badly.”

Although not so directly connected with my own story, I may here relate some circumstances that occurred in my former situation, after my departure. Disappointed in their expectations from the young man already mentioned, they wrote to the secretary of the Friends of the People in Edinburgh, requesting him to find them a teacher of proper abilities and independent principles. That request met prompt attention ; and a spruce young man came down from the metropolis, warmly recommended,—entered upon the charge, and gave great satisfaction.

About nine months had elapsed since his settlement had taken place, when, on a Sunday morning, I was surprised by a visit from Janet, the wife of the proprietor of the house and school from which I had been dismissed, and who was at the head of the reforming party in that quarter. From the terms upon which I had

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that we are ga'en on now! an' what'll be the upshot, the bairn's no born that can tell!

Whan ye was our dominie, a' the childer ga'ed to the kirk wi' you;—and their questions as clair as A, B, C; an' wad hae scriffit aff a psalm or a paraphrase ilka Sunday night, an' had some kind o' hawin thro' the owk. Now, there's never ane o' them looks in at the kirk door, but gallops about the hale Sunday, seekin' nests, takin' trouts, or brakin' the laird's tummer; an' if their poor heart-broken mither only speak to them, we get the warst word in their wame. This is ill enough, but I've mair to tell you—the poor things wad nae gather mair sense as they grew up, if they had either precept or example. But, wil-lawins, Sir! I think our new dominie's an atheist, an' will soon poison the hale parish; he ga's my flesh a' creep to hear him; an' the want o't is, that the hale town rin at his tail! My godeman wina be i' the kirk anes in sax owks, an' whan he gae's, I think it's for nae good; for a son's

parted with my *quondam* friends, I had no reason to expect this visit; and perhaps my surprise was exhibited in my countenance; for the good woman, after her first salutation, addressed me thus :

“ I see, Sir, you are wondering what’s brought me here; an’ nae ferlie ! but I want to speak wi’ you, to get your advice; although I’m fley’d it will sair little gude end; yet ye was aye sae cautious, spak’ sae friendly an’ sensibly, that I coudna saddle till I saw you.”

“ I am much obliged, Mrs R., by your good opinion, and shall be glad indeed, if my advice can be of any service to you or your family. What is the matter ?”

“ Matter ! O Sir, we’re a’ ga’en wrang thegither ! ye ken weel what whigmaleries an’ nonsense had gotten into the gudeman’s noddle afore you left us—it was a wae wa-ga’en to mae nor me at the time; altho’, ab-lins, we didna think that ony ane o’ us wad ha’e rued it sae sairly as maist feck o’ us ha’e done sinsyne. Oh Sir ! my very heart’s like to brak whan I think upo’ the way

that we are ga'en on now ! an' what'll be the upshot, the bairn's no born that can tell !

Whan ye was our dominie, a' the childer ga'ed to the kirk wi' you ;—said their questions as clair as A, B, C ; an' wad ha'e scriftit aff a psalm or a paraphrase ilka Sunday night, an' had some kind o' havins thro' the owk. Now, there's never ane o' them looks in at the kirk door, but gallops about the hale Sunday, seekin' nests, takin' trouts, or brakin' the laird's timmer ; an' if their poor heart-broken mithers only speak to them, we get the warst word in their wame. This is ill eneugh, but I've waur to tell you—the poor things wad maybe gather mair sense as they grew up, if they had either precept or example. But, wil-lawins, Sir ! I think our new dominie's an atheist, an' will soon poison the hale parish ; he gars my flesh a' creep to hear him ; an' the warst o't is, that the hale town rins at his tail ! My gudeman winna be i' the kirk anes in sax owks, an' whan he gangs, troth I think it's for nae good ; for as soon's

he's out at the door he's finding fau't wi' the minister baith in's prayers an's preachin'. He says that the preachin's a' buff, an' his prayers are an abomination. He never apens a buik at hame, an' it bena the Rights o' Man, or some new fangled nonsense that I dinna understand. The gudeman says that buik explains a' the rights o' society, an' the duties that ilka ane awes to anither, an' that the author sud get a *statute* ereckit to him.

No kenin thae kittle words, I ventured ae day to speer the meanin' o' the word *society*, which I thought meant a' body round about, gryte an' sma'; he bade me no fash my head wi' things aboon my *com-purhension*, but gang and mind the kirk. But, Sir, I'm sure the word *society* has some other meanin' to our gudeman, for he says that a' the members o' *society* are free alike; now, there's no ane about the house *free* but himsel'; fient ane, auld nor young, can turn their fit to his satisfaction, nor venture a single cheep against a' that blae-flummery that's makin' sic a haliballoo in

the world. There's no ane o' a' our cottar-fowk that can wurk a darg to his mind; he's seenil at hame, an', atweesh you an' me, he's slouthin' the farm—that kaewitted bodie o' a dominie's turned his harns a' thegither. He was ill aneugh afore, but things ha'e come to sic a height now, that I'm really eerie about what'll happen i' the lang run!

Wae fell the widdy fou! that ever he set his snout here, for he's driven a' our clachan daft, an' tynin our bairns forby. There daresna be a Bible nor a Testament seen i' the school; and fient ane o' them's ha'en a pair o' carriches i' their hand, sin that unchancy day that ye left it. Ye'll maybe, nae doubt, think a' this is ill enough, but I've mair to say yet, an' speer your advice about:—I'm some fleyed too, that ye think it no Sunday's cracks; but, Sir, I hope you'll consider it's the only time that I could win awa, or, at any rate, venture to see you; for I'm wae to say, that you're no i' the gudeman's buiks yet. And, to tell you the truth, I wadna gotten aff this mornin',

gif that smatchet of a dominie an' him had-na been awa stravagin', naebody kens whare ; there winna be a styme o' them seen again atweesh this and twal hours at e'en, whan they'll be baith hame glowrin' fu' ; for the dominie's a juttlin elf, an' atweesh you and me, I'm wae to say, our ain gudeman's begun to like a drappie ; his temper's sair changed now, for he's capernoity at the best ; an', whan he's blinket, he wad fight wi' the wind."

I bade the good woman come to the subject, and I would judge of the propriety of its discussion.

"Aweel, Sir, ye ken Robbie the farmer o' Knowhead, a decent thrifty chield, has a weel stockit farm, an' a canty snod biggin ; an' mair nor a' that, 's as stately a strappin' lad, as ever stappit in nowt's leather. It's, let me see, mair nor three tow-mants sin' he begude to had a fyke wi' our Eppie ; an', tho' she was only se'enteen year auld, I was weel pleased to see't. About that time our gudeman an' him were as thrang's the deil an' Tam Peter, aye

trottin back an' fore to ither, crackin about their drainin', fallowin', stots, an' stirkies, an' a' sic like. The gudeman and me said, tho' it was time aneugh for the lassie to marry, yet if they baith keepit in ae mind for twa or three years, she mith be cothiely set down.

“But wae's my craws! our gudeman gat's head fu' o' nonsense.—Robbie came o'erby ae gloamin' an' begude a crackin'; I saw Eppie stealin' a teet at him, an' tryin' to hod the blink that bruindet in her e'e, whan he coost a look till her o'er the ingle. Aweel, her father gat on upo' *policies*, for he cudna had aff them sleepin' nor waukin'—got a roosin the fowk o' France, an' descryvin' a' our ain government; he speered at Robbie, what he thought about it. Robbie wasna very rash, an' wanted to waive the subject; but the gudeman wadna let it rest. I winket to the lad; for I had an ill dridder o' what mith happen atweesh them; how an' a' be, the gudeman bullyragged him sae sair, that he begude to tell his mind; an' crowsly did he

speak whan he lous'd his pock, altho' cautiously an' very sickly. I didna understand the ha'f o' the gudeman's arguments; indeed Robbie 'ludged that he didna see his ain drift. I thought there was muckle gude sense in what the lad said; an' wad fain ha'en our gudeman layin't to heart; but he fudged in his chair, an', at the lang run, his een begude a bruindin like elf-candle. Whan Robbie had done, the gudeman ga'e a rap upo' the table that gart it a' rair, cryin: "Sir, you're a *rasty-cat*, gang hame, an' let me never see you in o'er my door again!" Robbie wanted to pacify him; but he wad neither hear rhyme nor reason,—tald the lad that he had a saul fit for nane but a slave, an' sware a gryte aith, that he wad never wissle words wi' him till he changed his mind. Robbie coost a stown glance at Eppie, an' slippet out at the door. The poor lassie didna sleep a wink a' night; an' neist mornin', whan she came to her parritch, her een were like scored collops. Her father saw them, an' guessed the reason;—the passion wasna

aff him, an' he debarred her frae ever speakin' to the poor fallow either at kirk or market; an', as far as I ken, they've never washin' words wi' ither sinsyne. But what wad ye think now? About three months syne, her father fetcht in that worthless vaig of a dominie to board into our house, that he mith get mair o' his company; L—d ken's he's gotten o'er muckle o't ere this time! Or ever he'd been twa owks there, he begude an' chattered awa to Eppie, an' made twenty bonnie things o' her; cuitled at her elbow e'enin an' mornin', that the lassie coudna get her very wark wrought. He has sic a gift o' gab, an' sae fu' o' flattery, that I'm far frae easy about it; an' nae wonder, if ye kent it a'; her father now tells me, that the dominie wants to marry, an' that he'll gar her tak' him; for he's a clever boddie, an' whan things come round as they maun do soon, he'll be a gryte man! Laith, laith, wad I be, that my bairn sud ever gang sic a gate; for by an' atour a' the fauts I've tauld ye o' him, he's a filthy, laidly elf; an' there's liars, if he

has na been o'er sib wi' mae nor ane o' the lasses i' the clachan already. Now, Sir, ye ken young women are floughtress creatures, an' my lassie's no fish mair nor anither; mair nor that, she's haddin' an' dung, daresna speak to them that I'm sure she anes liket—that wandought ne'er-do-weel o' a dominie, blawin' in her lug, an' winna had his filthy fingers aff her; an' her father dingin' upon her to tak' him; I'm really fleyed the lassie fling hersel' awa upo' the ettercap,—or wha kens? maybe lat him do the thing she'll rue as braid's baith her looves! an' I'm sure, afore that were to happen, I'd rather see her in her windin'-sheet!

“Now, Sir, will ye tell me what I sall do to prevent a' this? or what plan I sall fa' upon, to put the weirdless elf frae the house? If a' be true that I've heard, he'll no be lang o' kythin in his ain colours; but I'm in a swither lest mair mischief happen afore that time.”

I was at a loss how to advise the poor woman, especially as the character I had

heard of the schoolmaster strongly corroborated what she had told me. I proposed to her, if practicable, to send Eppie out of the way for some time, as there was indeed a probability of events happening that might render her husband less sanguine about the match; but how to obtain his consent in the meantime, was a business of importance. However, advising her to this, if possible, and recommending her to keep a strict eye upon her daughter for the present, I dismissed her, heartily sorry for the situation in which she was placed.

The result proved that this fond mother's fears were far from groundless; and the crisis of the schoolmaster's fate being nearer than she had anticipated, in all probability saved Eppie from falling his victim.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

CAMPBELL;

OR, THE

SCOTTISH PROBATIONER.

CAMPBELL;

OR, THE

SCOTTISH PROBATIONER.

A NOVEL.

Hard is the Scholar's lot, condemned to sail,
Unpatronised, o'er life's tempestuous wave :
Clouds blind his sight ; nor blows a friendly gale,
To waft him to one port—except the grave.

PENROSE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sweet scenes of youth, to faithful memory dear,
Still fondly cherished with the sacred tear ;
I lose amidst your winding dells the past,
Ah ! must I think this lingering look the last !

LEYDEN.

THE schoolmaster had avowed his principles, which were dangerous to the country ; and government kept a watchful eye upon suspected characters. He saw the storm gathering, and conscious of possessing some secrets connected with the blessings of *liberty and equality*, which, he was well aware, if disclosed, would render his present situation no longer tenable, he made, what is termed, a moon-light *flitting* : but not

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before he had had his constituents under suspicion for very considerable sums, under pretence of being engaged in some smuggling transactions, in the profits of which they were to participate.

Eppie's father had advanced £80, and several others smaller sums, all unknown to each other: as a compensation to two of them, he left a memorial with their daughters, and was under promise of marriage to other two, exclusive of Eppie.

Had Tom Paine turned Christian, and been created first lord of the treasury; or had the Duke of Brunswick battered down Paris, and hanged the members of the National Convention *a la lanterne*, greater consternation could not have pervaded the village of — than was produced by the elopement of the patriotic schoolmaster.

He had taken effectual means to prevent being apprehended, by procuring leave of absence, under pretence of being engaged on the smuggling expedition; and it was not till they compared notes, that his flight could gain credit.

Sanguine as the inhabitants of the village had been in their schemes of liberty, they were completely disgusted with the specimen which had been given by one of its eloquent advocates. Eppie now told her mother, that the fellow had made many attempts to seduce her, and that perhaps her safety was partly owing to Robbie, who having learned the character of this libertine, had entreated her not to be deceived by his insidious promises.

I felt for the distress that pervaded the families of some of my former employers; but important consequences resulted from this: republicanism, infidelity, and the rights of man, were entirely abjured—Farmer Robbie married Eppie, and things went on in the old way.

There are certain minds so constituted, that they can rest only at extreme points. Such were those I have been describing. We have seen how violent abettors they were of the doctrines of the new school:—disappointed, and deceived by one of their own apostles, they ascribed the faults of an

individual to the principles which he professed, and now became the persecutors of reformers of every description.

The intemperate spirit of the times continued ; and as I had resolved upon remaining neutral, I had to encounter many vexations, and endure many privations. In every company, there was always one or more who would talk of nothing but politics ; a subject of which I was heartily sick : but still worse ; he who was supposed capable of thinking and talking, if he kept silent, was suspected and accused by both parties ; and in the course of the evening, I have been marked as an Aristocrate and a Democrate, not for what I said, but because I declined speaking on either side.

That agreeable intercourse which subsisted between neighbours, was not only interrupted, but nearly destroyed. Political animosity (with a rancour and virulence which will scarcely be credited by him who did not live in these times) had poisoned the sources of social happiness ; old friends

quarrelled, and cold suspicion and gloomy reserve pervaded every circle.

I still continued to teach the school, but I possessed few of those enjoyments that render life pleasant. Little society was to be obtained, in which I could receive and communicate pleasure. My leisure hours were therefore chiefly devoted to reading, and endeavours to amuse my father, who was now in a very poor state of health. His illness increased; and in a few weeks I laid his head where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." His situation had prevented my annual visit to my friend, Mr Belfield; but our correspondence had been frequent, and his exhortations and example had confirmed my aversion to political discussion. I now saw myself truly an isolated being, having no congenial mind around me;

"None to bless me—none that I could bless!"

Disappointed in my early hopes of a respectable competence in life—the tenderest

and dearest of my affections blighted in their spring, withered with the grass that covered the grave of Maria B.—I felt myself in danger of degenerating into a misanthrope; but the recollection of Mr Belfield, and of her whom I now considered Mrs Maitland, in some degree reconciled me to the world.

I wrote to Hawthorn-lodge, informing Mr Belfield of my father's death, not doubting but he would immediately insist upon my acceptance of his former proposals; and indeed I only waited his invitation, for I was completely tired of being alone. A month, a lingering month, passed away—and I began to wonder if it were possible, that the romantic, the friendly Belfield, was as selfish and as changeable as the greater part of those with whom I had been connected. While my mind was in this state, a *fracas* happened in the school. Two boys, one of them the clergyman's son, and the other the son of a farmer, had been guilty of gross indecency in the school; the fault was notorious, and there was a necessity for the punishment

being exemplary: the culprits were therefore publicly chastised. Being the biggest boys, and also conceiving themselves superior to the greater number of my pupils, this exercise of my authority was strongly resented; the lads left the school immediately. In the course of the afternoon, I received a very intemperate letter from the clergyman; and, as a still greater mortification, the farmer came bouncing in, and, after much passionate abuse, shook his fist in my face before all my pupils. This incident had little tendency to reconcile me to a situation to which I had already conceived a very strong dislike. After passing a very unpleasant night, during which I often exclaimed with my favourite Cowper,

“ Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness !”

I determined upon resigning my charge immediately, and burying myself in some remote corner of the world where I was totally unknown, and to live as I could, upon the produce of Mrs Maitland's donation.

Just before breakfast, I was walking with unequal and hurried steps in my little garden, lamenting my own sensibility—execrating the folly and selfishness of my species, and half hesitating whether I should not include Mr Belfield in the execration, when a gentleman in a landau stopped at my door; and in half a minute the grasp of Mr Belfield's friendly hand was thrilling through my nerves. "My dear friend," said he, "excuse my apparent neglect—I have been in England—your letter was forwarded, but, owing to some of my eccentricities, missed me on the road; and after having made nearly the tour of the island, arrived at Hawthorn-lodge one day after me. I have lost no time in seeing you; and trust I shall not have again to come such a distance for that pleasure. We are two isolated beings, and why should we live separately? you must either go with me, or I will stay with you. But as you seem to be rather more limited in accommodation, and, I suspect, are only tenant at will, I think you had better go to Haw-

thorn-lodge. Let us have breakfast, and we shall arrange matters in a twinkling."

I now related to my friend, without disguise, the state of my feelings, including the incident that had recently occurred; and expressed my fears, that my temper was so far soured with the world, as to prevent me from being ever again a pleasant or agreeable companion.

"Psha!" said he, "take away the cause, and the effect will cease. You do not yet know the world, and respect it too much. Care less for other people, and more for yourself: I do not mean that you ought to cherish a kind of morbid sensibility, calculated only to make you miserable: on the contrary, rub off that fine edge from your feelings, which render them too keen for common use. Regard the opinions of other people as little as they do yours. If you follow the dictates of your own unbiassed good sense, you will not often do wrong; but if you begin to weigh every action against the opinion of the world, with all the *pros* and *cons* that others may urge in

the matter, you will seldom do right. But enough of this! I did not come here to read you a lecture; and I trust, by the time you have rambled a month among the woods and hills of ——shire, you will wonder how you should ever have had occasion for them. —Come, when shall we start?” “Much as I wish it, you know it is impossible to go off so abruptly. What would my constituents say?” “There again! still thinking about other people’s opinion!—however, some little arrangement may be necessary; give them warning, and off. Except your clothes, library, and any other little trifles, do not trouble yourself with furniture; sell it for what it will bring. You shall be made comfortable.”

A day was fixed for my final removal; and Mr Belfield left me relieved from a heavy burden. I was still indeed making myself dependent—but had I ever been otherwise? and of all men I had yet known, Mr Belfield was he to whom I believed I could most easily be under an obligation. Besides, our minds are sometimes

in such a morbid state, that like a person sick, we imagine that the very change of position will afford us relief: such was exactly my present situation. From an accumulation of little circumstances, I believed that I should be happier any where else than in that quarter in which I now resided, where a constant succession of ideas compelled me to brood over the misfortunes of my family and my own melancholy prospects. My resignation, I have reason to believe, was unexpected, and received with some disappointment; but my resolutions were taken.

My scanty stock of furniture was sold off, and all my accounts settled. I had paid a few parting visits, and the morning of my departure arrived.

My chest, and my library packed in boxes, were forwarded to the nearest town. I had slept with an acquaintance in the village; and, after breakfast, Mr Belfield's servant, Roger, arrived with a gig, informing me, that he had left his horse at the nearest inn.

I was now about to leave a scene, which, although it had afforded me little pleasure,

had produced events calculated to make a strong impression upon my feelings. Compared with the distance to which I was now removing, it might be termed my native soil. And although I had formed few intimacies or endearing associations, yet I became melancholy when I looked upon the objects around me, and thought it was probably for the last time. On the previous evening I had taken farewell of my friends; but, as there were some whom I looked upon as the reverse, I could not, without painful emotions, reflect upon leaving them in a state, from which we might mutually continue to think ill of each other. I had just taken a turn in my garden, which, from its situation, in some degree overlooked the village and adjacent neighbourhood; the varied scene and its inhabitants crowded upon my imagination; I had taken my last look, and was audibly repeating the pathetic adieu of Burns;

“Farewell my friends—farewell my foes,
My peace with these, my love with those!”

when I received a friendly tap on the shoulder, and, turning round, the minister of the parish was standing with outstretched hand to receive mine. "I come most opportunely," said he, "so far to realize your valedictory couplet, for I have heard and applauded it. Is it true, my dear Sir, that you leave us just now?" "Yes, Sir." "I did not expect your departure so suddenly. I have thought often of the little misunderstanding that took place between us; and I am, indeed, both for your sake and my own, sorry to find I was in the wrong. Pray forgive what I have done to hurt your feelings. I know that I am hasty, perhaps passionate, but I do not plead this as my excuse; suffice it to say, that in a father's feelings I forgot a father's duty. I thank you, my dear Sir, for doing yours, and beg that you will reckon me in the number of your friends." After a short interview, and a few friendly inquiries, we shook hands and parted, I trust with mutual good wishes.

I got into the vehicle, and in about an

hour after setting out, found myself in the humble, but happy valley, where I first saw the light. I pulled my horse by the reins, and as my feelings now overpowered me, I determined to indulge them. I passed through fields that my father and his progenitors had cultivated; I reached the spot where stood his happy dwelling—it had been razed to the foundation; a modern farm-house and offices now occupied its place. All that remained, as I had known and loved it, were a few broad planes, now waving at a distance from the house, and whose branches shaded our windows from the summer's meridian sun. The spring, that bubbled up and meandered across our garden, was now covered over; a leaden pump, pouring its crystal element into a cistern, polluted by birds and beasts, clean and unclean. In any other case, perhaps, I would have admitted that these were improvements, but here my heart condemned them.

The stone wall that fenced the garden appeared unsightly in my eyes, compared

with the hedge of broom which formerly clad the sloping ditch, and shed its golden blossoms on my head, as I reclined upon the bank in a summer morning. The rock, or rather the gray stone, that occupied the centre of the green, from which I used to mount my father's dapple mare, being too heavy for removal, had been blown to pieces with gunpowder; I saw the fragments ranged as a kind of fence to the corner of the adjoining field:—the unfeeling may laugh, but I was disposed to cry! A little further on I crossed the rivulet, where I had paddled barefooted, pursuing minnows, or floated my mimic ship. I passed the mill-dam, where I had narrowly escaped drowning from the upsetting of a shoal of ice; and, about a quarter of a mile further, entered the wood where I had wandered bird-nesting, and in the close of summer clambered for nuts, or crawled for blackberries. All these I had, within these few years, seen an hundred times without emotion; but now that I was to bid them adieu, perhaps for ever, I conceived myself

as parting with so many friends. Often before, when stung with vexation, or fretted with disappointment, I thought I could leave them without a sigh ; but now I felt very differently. Although this was the scene of my father's misfortunes, and of my blighted hopes, yet there was not a grassy hillock, spreading tree, or scented hedge-row, that I saw around me, but had some association which endeared it to my heart ; my vexations and disappointments were forgotten, and still I lingered reluctant to quit the scene.

I now approached the church-yard, where slept the dust of my honoured parents and their progenitors for several generations. I descended from my vehicle, and, in solemn silence, entered this mansion of mortality. The morning sun shone brightly on the tomb-stones around me ; but his vivifying heat animated not the clay that slumbered underneath ! The grass was yet scarcely green on my father's grave ; while that of my mother, shaded by a sombre yew, was covered with a verdant carpet, intermingled

with flowers from which the pearly dews of morning were not yet evaporated. My sister and her little infants were laid at a small distance. A feeling of awe overpowered me. I beheld the resting-place of my ancestors,—those who had given me birth ;—those who had long been my consoling friends and cheerful companions ;—the little prattlers who had clambered on my knees :—those who had come before, and those who had followed after me, in the journey of life, had here finished their course and slept in peace ;—their cares, their sorrows, and all the little strife of men, forgotten for ever ! My heart swelled, and I began to wonder what detained me a wanderer on earth, when all my race had reached a place of rest.

I forgot the immense difference of our situations—the immeasurable distance that lay between us—and believed that the authors of my being were not only present, but spectators of my appearance, and sympathized with my feelings. The world and all its concerns were forgotten ; I fan-

ced myself an inhabitant of another and a purer region, while the forms of my father and mother, and my adored Maria B., blessed my vision. A noise at the gate interrupted my reverie; the illusion vanished: I felt that I was still an inhabitant of earth, but that a few years at most would close the scene: "And why not now?" said I mentally; "my life is of value to none. I have lived neglected and unknown to the world. Let me die in peace, and be forgotten!"

Some children of the village now entered the church-yard; I withdrew, and drove on with considerable speed, glad to escape from all whom I was afraid of meeting, knowing well that there could be little in their minds in unison with my present feelings, which, although of a melancholy nature, I still wished to indulge.

When at a distance from all on which imagination had so fondly dwelt, I again turned to take a last look: the roofs of the houses were hid, but I still saw the green shady trees, and the blue smoke curling

above them. I heard a dog bark in the hamlet, and thought it was the last farewell of a friend. Then it was that I realized the truth of Goldsmith, the bard of Nature's observation :

" Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear the hill that lifts him to the storms !"

On arriving at the first stage I had not recovered from my melancholy, and hastened to hide myself from the crowd that was bustling around me. .

It being necessary to let my horse rest a little, I retired to a room, where I wrote the following stanzas :—

MY NATIVE VALE.

My dear, my native vale, a long farewell !

Perhaps I'll tread your flowery turf no more ;
You nursed the hope that bade my bosom swell,
But ah ! I feel the fairy dream is o'er.

When first I wandered on your woodlands green,
Or met the morning on the dewy dale,
My breast was calm, all nature smiled serene,
And sweet Contentment blessed my Native Vale.

Alas ! too soon the golden moments flew ;
Ambition fired my inexperienced mind ;
I proudly bade my village joys adieu,
And, chasing phantoms, left each bliss behind.
Because the morning breeze was soft and fair,
I vainly hoped to find a favouring gale ;
Though distant darkness hovered in the air,
The beams of hope illumed my Native Vale.

With devious steps I sought a verdant grove,
And there 'twas mine to find a spotless flower :
No fairer ever graced the court of love,
No sweeter bud e'er bloomed in Eden's bower !
Ah me ! the soul's delight, the garden's pride,
One cruel stroke laid lifeless, cold, and pale ;
My heart's best hopes with dear Maria died,
And left me mourning in my Native Vale.

Thick gathering fogs obscure life's waning day,
Last of my race, I leave my native land ;
The friendly torch that guides my evening way,
Is lighted by a gentle stranger's hand.
Yes ! I have strayed these once-loved haunts among ;
A wanderer lorn I've poured my plaintive tale,
Where only Echo answered to my song ;
Where none said, " Welcome to your Native Vale !"

Yet till life's purple tide shall cease to flow,
Where'er my feet, by fate compelled, may roam ;
In all my weary pilgrimage below,
I'll ask for blessings on my early home :

May rosy Health lead on her joyous train,
Nor Beauty sigh, nor modest Virtue wail ;
May Labour's children lightly tread the plain,
And smiling Plenty crown my Native Vale.

Mild twilight come—my aching eyelids close ;
Soon will the fleeting dream of life be o'er,
And wearied nature sink in long repose,
To wake renewed on some far happier shore.
Arrayed in robes too fine for mortal sight,
Maria's seraph form my flight shall hail,
And guide to regions of celestial light,
A weary wanderer from his Native Vale.

CHAPTER XX.

Happy they ! the happiest of their kind !
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate,
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

THOMSON.

UPON coming out of the inn, I met Robbie, the farmer of Knowhead, supporting his father-in-law, who was so intoxicated as to be incapable of walking steadily. I wished to avoid them, but it was impracticable. I was recognised, and saluted with " Hilloa, Dominie, well met ! (slapping me on the shoulder, and seizing me by the arm)—come, I want to speak wi' you ;" and he turned again to walk in. Seeing that I was shy : " Ay, ay," said he, " although you preach forgiveness, you cannot practise it. I own that you have cause to be offended with me, but will you not

forgive me?" "Most freely, Sir," said I, holding out my hand. "Well then, come, let us have a glass together." We were observed, and, to escape from notice, I consented, and was led into a room.

He began to stammer out apologies, interlarded with oaths and execrations against the late teacher and all the reforming *squad*, as he termed them. I endeavoured to convince him that it was wrong to judge of any class of men, from the character or conduct of an individual; but his resentment was warm; his pride too was hurt at being duped, and when to this is added the effect of stimulating liquors, it may be conceived, that to reason with him was a hopeless task. He paid me many compliments, and cursed his own folly fifty times over. I saw, with much concern, that his dissipated habits were confirmed; for, in spite of my remonstrances and entreaties, he vociferated for liquor, striking the table with great violence.—Such were the pernicious effects of associating with bad company. An honest and industrious man had acquired habits which

rendered him in a manner lost to himself, to his family, and to the world. Robbie was much grieved at his conduct, saw my uneasiness, and promised to try every possible means of weaning his friend from so degrading an indulgence.

I reached Hawthorn-lodge without any incident worthy of being related. My good friend had been busy in preparing for my reception, but the cottage was not yet quite finished: I therefore resided for the present at the lodge.

Some time was spent very agreeably in walking over the grounds, and viewing the improvements going forward. Mr Belfield's taste for elegance and simplicity was here very apparent.

One morning when Mr Belfield and I were chatting together, "My dear friend," said he, "I congratulate myself that I have now prevailed upon you to come and reside here; you have long been tantalised with hopes, and fretted with disappointments. I have succeeded in gaining your confidence, and you should be certain that I

deserve it. You are now of an age which ought to find a shelter in some quiet creek from the storms of life, instead of being buffeted by the billows of adverse fortune. We have talked of your opening a school here ; to that I have no objection ; indeed, so long as you can teach without fatiguing yourself, I rather approve of the scheme. But you have experienced the caprice of the public, and must not be dependent upon that school for subsistence. With my present feelings towards you there is no hazard ; but I am liable to frailties like other men : whim or caprice may seize either of us. I am a young man, but the period of human life is uncertain ; besides, I want not only a sensible, but a manly and independent companion ; now this could never be, if you lived only by my sufferance, and were liable to be turned out on legal warning. My estate is entailed ; hence I am unable to give you a perpetual right to any residence on it ; however, to promote my own wishes, and to do you justice, I have prepared a lease for the longest period I

have power to grant: there it is (putting it into my hands,) you can peruse it at leisure. I am just going out, and shall be home to dinner. Good morning."

I proceeded to the perusal of the paper, which I found was a lease for nineteen years, legally executed, of that house called the Cottage, situate in the Washing-green of Hawthorn-lodge, with all the furniture therein contained; the school-house adjoining, and garden as presently laid out, with the land of Washing-green Park, containing about ten acres; the land to be tilled and sown, and the garden to be dressed, by the servants of Hawthorn-lodge: And this for the consideration of a certain premium paid down, and the yearly rent of £10 Sterling. A note accompanied the deed, stating, that the rent was stipulated to make the transaction legal, but would never be claimed by Mr Belfield. This kindness was really oppressive, and I scarcely knew how to meet my benefactor when he returned.

Upon my attempting to thank him,

“ Stop, stop,” said he, “ if you felt less, you would speak better ; I must find somebody else to receive your thanks, for I will not hear a word more on the subject. Your little farm is stocked for the present with a cow and a riding pony ; respecting their management, that also is arranged. I believe you are aware, that my theatrical friend, Roger, is in my service. He is a steady man, and would, I believe, die to serve me. You will find him also zealously attached to you ; and whatever little services you may want, he will either perform, or get done for you. His Jenny, as we still term her, will act as your dairy-maid, and is, in the mean time, solicitous to offer her heartfelt thanks and best services to you as her kind benefactor. For the present season I believe you must content yourself with your garden as it is ; afterwards manage it as you please ; my gardener has instructions to supply you with seeds, and obey your orders ; and when you find it necessary or convenient to extend your household establishment, we shall

all be glad to assist you in any way practicable.

It would be tedious to relate all that was done by my kind friend to make my situation pleasant. The Cottage was fitted up in a style of simple elegance; nothing wanting, and nothing superfluous. The school-house, which was building when I arrived, was finished with neatness and expedition. It was situate in a corner of the park, near the public road, with about one-fourth of an acre railled in as play-ground for the scholars; their entrance to both being by a gate from the road. A neat gravel walk led from my house to the school.

When this little seminary was ready for opening, Mr Belfield told me, that, while it was his sincere desire that I should be useful as a teacher, he would by no means advise, or even consent, that I should come under any engagement with those who might choose to employ me: that as it was not a parish school, I should not be under the control of any ecclesiastical court, farther

than in qualifying to government: that I should limit the number of my pupils and my hours of attendance, so as to make my duty a pleasure rather than a task; and as those who were likely to employ me, could well afford to pay, my charge for fees should be such as to render me respectable: that such as might be dissatisfied, either with the rate of fees, discipline, or mode of teaching, should have full liberty to withdraw their children at the end of every quarter. He added, that he should perhaps claim the privilege of putting the children of one or more paupers under my charge, if any such came in his way.

The number of my pupils was to be limited to thirty, and I was to teach four hours a-day for five days in the week, with liberty to absent myself when I found it necessary.

The school was to be opened the following week, and, before that period, so many applications were made, that I was obliged to refuse several pupils, being determined to adhere most rigidly to the plan I had laid down.

Sole ruler in my little domain, without any power whatever to interfere with my authority or mode of management, I succeeded to admiration. Roger's boy, who entered this world through a green-room, *alias* barn, as already related, seemed a kind of prodigy for quickness of apprehension, and soon formed a most sincere attachment to me.

Every thing now went on pleasantly, and my misanthropy had in a great measure subsided. I began to consider myself as the parent of my pupils, and felt such pleasure in the discharge of my duty, that my hours of attendance were very often extended to five, not from necessity but inclination. Mr Belfield had insisted upon my still continuing his inmate; and, indeed, I was almost constantly with him when out of school: I slept, however, in my own house, and spent a few hours in the morning either in my garden or library, as the weather or inclination prompted.

For some time, Mr Belfield had been furnishing anew the principal apartments of

his house, and many little, but elegant, improvements were going forward, which led me to imagine, that I should soon be superseded in his attentions by a more gentle and agreeable companion. More than a year had glided away, almost imperceptibly; for, indeed, of all its events in which I had been concerned, not one had left an unpleasant sensation on my mind; when, one afternoon, after the cloth was removed, Mr Belfield thus addressed me, in a tone of unusual earnestness: "My dear Sir, I have a very particular favour to request of you. You have seen me quite a domestic man; my associates have been few, yet our parties have been pleasant, and, I hope, not deficient in 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul!' I have contrived to manage my little affairs without the assistance of a factor; but I am now to set out for England, and shall probably be away about three months, and you must be supreme governor during my absence; for there is no one in whom I can so willingly confide. That you stand high in my esteem, and

have a strong hold of my affections, I hope it is not necessary to tell you ; yet, shall I confess to you, my dear Sir, there is one still more dear to me ;

‘ Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart !’

The history of our courtship you may yet hear ; in the meantime, suffice it to say, that I go to fetch her home, sole mistress of my heart, and lady of this humble mansion. You are the sole depositary of my secret in this quarter, and to your care I must confide the completion of the arrangements for her accommodation ; who, if my judgment does not far deceive me, will in wedlock be as exemplary as she has hitherto been lovely.

“ But enough : all my servants are instructed to consider you as their master, and to obey you implicitly. I shall leave you legal powers to act for me in whatever may occur, with copious written directions for your regulation in all that I wish executed before my return. I once thought of taking you with me, and it would have

given me great pleasure ; but I found that your services here could not easily be dispensed with. You will pardon, I trust, this talk of selfishness, for the occasion calls it forth. I set out on Monday next, and you shall hear from me occasionally." Upon hearing Mr Belfield's narrative, in spite of my own reason, I became silent and abstracted. I had most cheerfully, and from my heart, promised the most unremitting attention to his interest, and compliance with all his wishes ; in all this I was sincere, yet still I felt some painful and indescribable forebodings. They were undoubtedly selfish ; for although I wished Mr Belfield all earthly happiness, of which I held connubial love to be the chief ingredient, yet I considered this consummation of his wishes as opposing a rival to me in his heart, by whom I was likely to be entirely supplanted.

Upon retiring, my thoughts became gloomy, and I was afraid of relapsing into my former melancholy ; but I endea-

voured to reason myself into a better humour, and in some degree succeeded. I felt both the folly and injustice of that selfish and capricious sensibility, which it was so difficult to shake off; but, convinced that it would be cruel and ungrateful to exhibit any symptoms of it before my friend, I exerted all my philosophy; and, perhaps, to his penetrating eye, that exertion only rendered the state of my mind more obvious.

I had received my instructions, with a credit upon his banker; and on his departure, I accompanied him, at his request, the first stage on the road. At parting, "Take courage," said he; "I shall fetch you a friend, who will esteem you as much as I do!" After he was gone I applied myself seriously to my respective duties. As his return was to be expected when the season was in all its gayety, I endeavoured to have the pleasure grounds and garden in the best style of rural elegance. My various orders met with the most prompt

and cheerful obedience; and the multiplicity of my duties relieved me from every tendency to despondence.

When the period of Mr Belfield's return approached, I received a letter informing me of his marriage, and stating the time he expected to arrive at Hawthorn-lodge; which he kindly said he would postpone, by lengthening his tour, provided every thing was not arranged according to his wishes and my own. I informed him, in reply, that all was ready, and that I anxiously waited for his arrival. He wrote again, fixing the day of his return, and instructing me to have a rural fête for his tenantry, by whom he was exceedingly beloved.

As he had left the arrangement of the fête entirely to me, I resolved not to do it in a parsimonious manner. The auspicious morning dawned, with all the splendour that a summer sun and cloudless sky could impart. Tables were erected on the lawn fronting the house, sufficient for the accommodation of all the tenantry. Roast beef, mutton, poultry, and strong ale,

were amply provided for their entertainment. A corps of volunteers, belonging to the parish, appeared in their uniform, and under arms. The farmers and their wives came dressed in their holiday suits; the unmarried girls in white.

My pupils were also neatly attired, and had two stands of colours prepared for the occasion, with suitable emblematical devices and appropriate mottos. Over the gate that opened to the lawn, and at regular distances between that and the house, triumphal arches were erected, ornamented with shrubs, and festooned with flowers. The musicians of the volunteer corps were joined by a band of music from a regular company in the next town; and gayety, good humour, and joyful expectation, lighted up every countenance.

The parson of the parish had kindly associated himself with me, as joint master of the ceremonies; and I felt myself much encouraged and relieved, by his advice and support.

Our sentinel gave notice when the ca-

valcade was approaching. At the park gate it was met by the young girls, who walked before, strewing flowers in the path. The volunteers and boys, with their colours, stood in files on each side of the road, and the band of music played appropriate tunes. The company passed between the files of the volunteers, whose arms glittered in the western sun; while a gentle breeze waved the banners dedicated to love and domestic felicity. My coadjutor and I stood one on each side of the principal stair of the house. As soon as they entered Hawthorn-lodge, the volunteers fired a *feu de joie*; and loud huzzas from the crowd waked all the woodland echoes around.

I will not attempt to express my surprise, upon discovering that the new lady of the mansion was the amiable Miss Johnson, whom I had saved from such eminent danger in the Isle of Wight, in company with Miss Burton. She curtsied and smiled to the delighted spectators; but seized my hand with the kindness of a

friend, and the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

All who had joined in this joyous welcome, were now regaled in a suitable manner; gloves and ribands were given to the girls, and money distributed to the boys, to be laid out in books. The volunteers and band were also rewarded; and dancing and rural mirth concluded the festivities of the day.

Next day, the clergyman and I dined at the Lodge with the newly-married couple and the friends who had accompanied them.

Mrs Belfield received and introduced me to the company, not only as an intimate friend, but as the preserver of her life; very politely and kindly adding, that although she hoped Hawthorn-lodge would never be without its endearments while Mr Belfield was there, yet she should still consider my company and friendship as an important acquisition. Mr Belfield rallied me upon the confusion exhibited in my face, on Mrs B's first appearance; and told me, that they had mutually agreed to keep the secret, that they

might enjoy the pleasure of my surprise at our first interview.

After the bustle of visitors was over at Hawthorn-lodge, and the worthy inmates began to enjoy the calm scenes of domestic life, Mr Belfield told me, that he and Mrs Belfield would drink tea in my cottage the first afternoon that I found it convenient. The following afternoon was appointed: they came at an early hour, and spent some time in surveying my garden, house, and offices, as Mrs Belfield laughingly said, that she wished to see the accommodation of an old bachelor. After tea, we got into familiar conversation, when Mr Belfield said: "I promised to tell you the history of my courtship, and the present seems a favourable opportunity. The first glance I ever had of these fascinating eyes, that now beam so benignly on both of us, was while spouting in a malt loft in the Isle of Wight. Our theatre was small, and she had placed herself, with all her witchery of smiles and charms, in front of the stage. To see, admire, and love, was the work of a few minutes; and I became not

only absent in my part, but confused and stupid. To prevent my comrades from discovering my feelings and their cause (for I never doubted that all of them, as well as myself, thought her an angel,) I retired from the stage, and an apology was made for my abrupt disappearance.

“ By no small exertion and perseverance, I at length discovered her address and rank in life, by which my hopes were at once kindled, and my fears alarmed. I trusted, that could I appear in my own character, a hearing might be obtained; but as that could not be for a considerable time, I was in despair, lest another might step forward and carry off the prize, before I could dare to whisper the tender tale. At last, like a despairing gamester, I resolved upon a desperate throw, and addressed a letter to her, without whom I felt that life had no value, calling to her recollection the stroller who blundered his part some evenings before on the stage, and was obliged to retire—stated the cause, and said, that in my present degraded situation, I would not dare to ap-

proach such loveliness; but that my birth and real rank in life warranted me in declaring my feelings; and that I hoped the time was at no great distance, when I should be at liberty to appear openly: till then, I only solicited that she would not dispose of a heart, without which I felt I should be forever miserable.

“ Love, they say, is blind: if so, he that night made a good random shot; for, although prudence and modesty obliged my lady to fight shy, she has since acknowledged, that it required no inconsiderable exertion on her part, to preserve her seat in the theatre after I had retired. The state of her own heart compelled her to answer my letter, merely, she pretended, that no one might accuse her of injustice; but she peremptorily told me, that till I could appear before her with that name and character, which she could report to her friends without discredit to herself, and for which I would dread no scrutiny, she would receive no letters from me; nor, either directly or indirectly, keep up farther correspondence.

Here was hope ! she had allowed me again to address her, when I could do it with propriety ; but what should I do till then ? Roger was my confident, and by his assiduity in my service, he procured me information of her motions. One day, having learned that she and a friend were to take an airing into the country in a phaeton, I disguised myself like a clown, and took the same road, merely for the pleasure of seeing her. I watched their return, and gazed upon her with inexpressible delight as she passed. They had driven to a considerable distance, when the horse took fright, and—you know the rest. I was the rustic who took the phaeton to town and returned with the chaise. Although sorry for the fright she had received, yet I blessed the accident that gave me an opportunity of pressing the cushion on which she had leaned ; and, I believe, had the vehicle been drawn by fiery dragons, I would not have renounced that pleasure. I took particular notice of you as the deliverer of my angel, and set you in my heart as a friend. The few

minutes that I had to look at your features, imprinted them on my mind, never to be erased.

“ I learned your name and address before you left the island, and resolved upon obtaining your acquaintance, when I should resume my proper character. Our accidental meeting, at the village of ———, gave me a new pleasure. I rejoiced to see you again; and, farther, I determined upon making trial of your disposition: although you had saved my adorable, yet, said I to myself, ‘ that might be the impulse of the moment, which few in human shape could resist; but I will try his heart, when he has time to reason, and to consult with prudence upon the propriety of the action.’

“ The exhibition of your feelings for Roger, and your delicate interference, proved all that I wished: still I adhered to my plan, as the best probable means of giving me a claim to your further acquaintance; for, although my finances were low, yet I could have managed without borrowing the

five guineas from you, had it not been to promote my scheme.

“ Upon resuming my proper character, and being admitted to the presence of my Anna, we talked of the alarming accident, and consequently of you : I saw with pleasure the gratitude that throbbed in her bosom, and her solicitude to reward you ; which still further confirmed the value of that heart, which I was so happy in having gained. In short, except the slight service that I was enabled to render to your father, and which was entirely the effect of a lucky accident, all that has been done further to promote your comfort, was prompted by that little smiling angel, who, I hope, will long contribute to the happiness of all around her. You will perhaps recollect, that, when you were overwhelming me with thanks, I told you that I must find somebody else to receive them.”

At the conclusion of this narrative, I hardly know how I looked ;—silly enough, I believe ; at any rate, I could not find the

use of my tongue. "My dear Sir," said the amiable Mrs Belfield, taking my hand, "let us think no more of the matter. Man is, or ought to be, a social creature; all of us here are under mutual obligations to each other: mine are the greatest, for to you I owe my life: no matter; I hope we shall all live long together, reciprocally obliging and obliged; for I should feel very unhappy indeed, if you ever exhibit any one trait of conduct, indicating a sense of dependence: let us live and meet as mutual friends, whom a kind destiny has brought together, and in no other relative situation whatever; therefore, after this moment, not another word of obligation or thanks. Pray, when did you hear from or of Mrs Maitland?"

A slight blush again warmed my cheek, as I replied, "not since she assumed that name." "Well, you will perhaps see her soon: we expect the Colonel and her on a visit here in a short time. She is a good creature—a little romantic at times perhaps—but we are all so—that player fellow there,

for instance. I too have had my flights ; and I know that you are not exempted—I have learned more of your history than you imagine ; but of that hereafter. In the meantime, I wished to apprise you of Colonel and Mrs Maitland's appearance ; and have further to inform you, that such are Mrs Maitland's ideas of candour and honour, that previous to her marriage, the Colonel was fully informed of all that had passed between her and you. Do not start—the correspondence passed through my hands, and was by me put into those of the Colonel. After perusal, he said, "This is no ordinary man, and must not be lost sight of ; he deserves protection ; and the woman who will so candidly communicate her eccentricities, has also a noble and upright mind : I am a soldier, and prefer sincerity and honour to the mawkish affectations of whining sensibility. It was some of Miss Burton's singularities that first attached me to her, and I now admire her more than ever. To offer her hand to such a man, was no degradation ; it was a proof of her discernment."

I could sit no longer to hear all this. "I see," said Mrs B., "that your modesty is again distressing you: it is evident that Mrs Maitland made a fair estimate of your character in that respect; but we shall drop the subject. When Colonel Maitland arrives, be assured you will meet a gentleman and a friend."

Situate as I now was, will it be conceived that I could possibly be unhappy? Alas! I felt myself more so every day! The tenderness, the amiable and delicate attentions, which Mrs Belfield displayed on all occasions; her unremitted assiduity to promote her husband's happiness; her constant endeavours to anticipate his wishes, and the unsophisticated domestic felicity that reigned at Hawthorn-lodge; all these added every day to my melancholy.

It will not be imagined that I envied the felicity of my friends: Oh no! if any effort of mine could have increased it, how cheerfully would it have been exerted. But I saw here, what refinement of bliss our natures are capable of enjoying: I saw

the cup of felicity filled to the brim, pure and unmixed, of which I was doomed never to taste. "Such," said I to myself, "might have been my portion with Maria—but, fate forbade the consummation of such happiness! I have friends, it is true; but what are the returns of gratitude to the overflowings of the heart—the esteem and confidence that continue to emanate from mutual love? Alas! I feel that I am alone in the world! No one looks to me as a stay and support amidst the storms of life; and there is no heart that can throb responsive to my every feeling! Sainted shade of my Maria! forget not him who has never ceased to remember thee! Unseen by the world, visit his pillow—let thy visionary presence sooth his lingering hours, till our disembodied spirits meet to part no more!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Universal soldiership, has stabbed
The heart of merit, in the meaner class :
Arms, through the variety and brainless rage
Of those that bear them, in whatever cause,
Seems most at variance with all moral good ;
And incompatible with serious thought.

COWPER.

SUCH were my feelings, and although conscious that they were improper, I was unable to suppress them. When I allowed myself calmly to deliberate upon my situation, I found that it was far superior to what I had hitherto enjoyed ; that my privations were ideal ; and that there were many about me solicitous to promote my happiness. Exclusive of Mrs and Mr Belfield, there were Roger and Jenny, who had more than common attachment to me ; and I had often been at a loss to conceive, how so trivial

an attention as mine to them, should have produced such gratitude in return.

One day, during Mr Belfield's absence in England, I had occasion to walk over several fields with Roger, inspecting some improvements that were going on. In the course of our walk, I was much struck with the style of his language, and several pertinent observations, which exhibited more knowledge of the world than I expected from him. I just hinted my surprise, indicating a wish (if agreeable to himself) to know the outline of his life; as I presumed he had experienced several vicissitudes previous to his present settlement. I observed, that he heaved a sigh, as he said, that if there were any thing in his story worthy of my attention, it might perhaps be of some service to himself if I would indulge him with a hearing; as he wished to consult me about something connected with his little history. Upon my requesting him to proceed, he began thus :

“ My father was a farmer in a distant part of the country, a plain, honest, sensible

man. I had one elder brother and three sisters. My brother and I, when about fifteen years of age, were sent to an academy, to finish what my father thought would be a good and useful education; and indeed it might have been so, had we improved the opportunity; but youth is giddy. Alas! I am now sensible we were worse than giddy; we became wicked.

“At the academy were many youths with their pockets full of money; we felt a pride in associating with them, and were soon initiated into all the fashionable follies and vices of the day. Our father was astonished and grieved at our debts; not so much, he said, on account of their amount, as for the habits which we must have acquired in contracting them.

“Alas! he was correct in his judgment! we now looked with contempt upon those formerly our equals. With the brawny ploughman whistling along the furrow, I would now have disdained to associate: and although I, indeed, beheld with delight the rosy-cheeked dairy maid, my looks were

only those of unhallowed passion ; for I conceived the seduction of rural innocence a dashing achievement, or, at most, a venial transgression. My father insisted, that we should now choose the professions that we intended to follow. To my brother, as eldest, he proposed a proportion of the profits arising from the farm, which, by legal right, would probably one day be his entirely : I had formed, what I then conceived to be, friendships at the academy with some youths of family, on whose interest I relied. One of them had offered to procure me an ensigncy in the army, upon very easy terms, assuring me of further and speedy promotion. I persuaded my father to advance the money, and became a soldier of fortune."

At this period of Roger's narrative, I felt an indescribable emotion, being convinced that I was now listening to the adventures of the brother of him whose story has been already related, and whose fate had produced such anxiety to me ; however, I endeavoured to hide my feelings, and Roger proceeded :

“ I had contrived to procure from my father about an hundred pounds more than paid for my commission ; the balance of this sum, after equipping myself, was soon spent among my new acquaintances, in whose society I promised myself much happiness. When reduced wholly to my pay, I found my necessities increase every day, while my appetite for pleasure was growing stronger : I had also to experience, what I could very ill brook, the contempt of some who had formerly courted my acquaintance, and whom I considered my inferiors in every thing, except the weight of their purse, or rather their facilities in procuring supplies. I had now, for about a year, endured many privations ; but, in that period, I had learned to reflect ; my friend, on whom I relied for promotion, gave himself no trouble about my concerns, and ultimately declined replying to my letters. Ever since I entered the regiment, we had been in quarters ; and that time was passed in a ceaseless round of idleness, or dissipation. It was, perhaps, the want of means to pursue illicit

pleasures, that set me to moralizing ; I began to reflect upon my own conduct, and saw, with horror, the course I had too long pursued. The consequence was, that I became rigidly virtuous, at least in the general sense of the word. You will easily believe, that I was now assaulted with all the raillery that licentious wit could inspire, and that, of course, my situation was far from agreeable. My former pride had in a great measure forsaken me ; I had, nevertheless, naturally an irritable temper ; and the disappointment I had met with, the scorn of men, whose intellectual endowments were as contemptible as their practices were immoral, still operated as provocatives to my latent, but not extinguished irascibility. Perhaps, being displeased with myself, also assisted in promoting irritation against those, who had been either leaders, or powerful auxiliaries, in my too successful endeavours to degrade myself. My situation daily became more unpleasant, and a circumstance soon occurred which brought my affairs to a crisis.

“ As there were no barracks in the town where we were then quartered, the officers took lodgings : another ensign and I lodged with a widow, whose principal means of subsistence arose from letting out part of her house to such respectable lodgers as offered, and the industry of her daughter, an only child, about nineteen years of age, who wrought as a milliner. By these means, they contrived to keep up a respectable appearance, with characters that envy or scandal had never dared to asperse.

“ The girl had a good countenance, genteel manners, and was artless and innocent. She rendered to my brother officer and me the necessary domestic services with modesty, and without prudery ; always cheerful and obliging, she did not exhibit a single trait of levity in her behaviour. My companion had often passed jokes with her, in order to sound her disposition ; but such was her prudence, that he was unable to discover what impression they made. Perfectly aware of his total want of principle, I saw his insidious attempts with much concern ; but

hoped that her indifference would induce him to desist; or, should that not be the case, I determined to watch his conduct, and, if possible, save the artless and unsuspecting object of his snares from destruction. Believing himself irresistible, both in love and war, although his prowess in the one had chiefly been exhibited, either with silly credulous girls or mercenary wretches, and in the other, by a couple of challenges to shopkeeper's apprentices; and, perhaps, piqued that this *chit*, as he termed her, should see him with indifference, he therefore set himself steadily, but secretly, to study the most likely plan for her seduction.

“ I suspected his purpose, and remonstrated with him; but he told me to mind my own affairs, and concluded by threatenings, which only served to fix my previous resolutions.

“ Not to tire you, he laid a plan of inviting her to the theatre, and from thence to conduct her to a house, where his success was almost certain. This scheme I discov-

ered from an accomplice (for there is no friendship among the wicked), and took sure means to prevent it, by accompanying them to the theatre, and insisting upon the girl's returning home at the conclusion of the entertainment. He was half intoxicated—we quarrelled—he avowed his purpose, and struck me. I conducted the girl home, and felt it my duty to warn both her and her mother of the danger she had narrowly escaped—the consequence of which was, that he was ordered by the mother to leave the house. Thus his hopes were blighted, and what was probably more galling, the triumph of his pride was disappointed—I was the sole cause, and his vengeance must be satiated. He took care to get our quarrel at the theatre represented at the mess, in the point of view that best suited his purpose—the blow that he had given me was not forgotten. Among men of honour, this was a stain that could only be wiped off by a challenge. The hint was given me; but I have already said, that my principles had changed in this school, and I pro-

nounced him too contemptible for my further notice.

“ This was a mode of procedure utterly incompatible with all the laws of modern chivalry, and I was sent to Coventry ; in other words, expelled the mess, and all association with my brother officers denied. Too proud to stoop to daily indignity for the privilege of half starving, and sick of the society in which I was placed, I resolved to sell out, and accordingly waited upon the Colonel, to communicate my intentions. He received me rather coldly ; but I succeeded in gaining his attention. He was pleased to say, that he was perfectly satisfied that I had acted upon rational and sound moral principles, and earnestly wished that all his officers would think as I did ; but, unfortunately, - that not being the case, *etiquette* required a procedure by the *code* of honour, which might render my situation disagreeable.

“ He regretted that I should think of leaving the service, and would with pleasure (he said) get me exchanged into ano-

ther regiment; but if I was determined to lay down the sword, he would most heartily assist me in the disposal of my commission. After expressing my warmest thanks, I told him, in confidence, that my retiring was both a matter of choice and necessity. That previous to a reformation of my conduct, having been led into expenses by drinking and gambling, the debts I had incurred were not yet liquidated—that I had no friend able to assist me, and the sale of my commission was now the only resource to save me from jail. He certainly pitied me; for, I think, by a hasty motion of his hand, he brushed a tear from his eye, and bade me call upon him next morning at the same hour. I kept my appointment, when he very kindly told me, that the disposal of my commission must be gone about in the usual way; but as that would take some time, and as my situation was so disagreeable, he would give me leave of absence, with some letters, which might be useful to me afterwards. He then rung the bell, and the Major appeared. ‘Major,’ said

the Colonel, 'this is the young man whose story I told you last night.' I received some very rational and friendly advice from both. They then shook hands with me; gave me ten guineas each, which, they said, would enable me to discharge any little debts I might have contracted before I left head-quarters, and, wishing me success, bade me farewell.

"I succeeded in disposing of my commission, and, reversing the process of the lobster boiled, changed my hue from red to black, paid my debts, and with the remainder of my cash (nearly an £100) took the road for Wales.

"Now a determined economist, I performed the journey on foot, until within less than a day's walk of the place where I intended to fix my residence, when, being rather tired, and the road very bad, I agreed with a return post-chaise to carry me to the next stage. The day was far advanced when we arrived; but being fortunate enough to find another chaise there, drove on. This was a long stage, we were

now in Wales, the roads were getting worse, and it began to rain hard, accompanied with a strong gale of wind. It became exceedingly dark; the cattle crept slowly; and the driver expressed his fears of the road, which, in some places, lay along the brink of rocky precipices. He had just proposed dismounting to grope his way, when the horses, impatient from the storm, stept forward; but they had not gone ten yards, when both driver, horses, and vehicle, were overturned, and rolled to the bottom of a declivity, of at least an hundred feet. When I recovered a little, I got out, with no other injury than a considerable wound on the cheek, and two of my fingers lacerated by the glass of the carriage. The driver, seeing me on my legs, begged me, for God's sake, to assist him in raising his horses, that were still down, and entangled with the harness. One was easily got up; but the other cost more trouble. However, we succeeded in raising him, only to fall again, and, unfortunately, he laid me beneath him. By

the time that he was removed, it was discovered that we were brethren in misfortune, having a broken leg each. The driver ran to a twinkling cottage light, at some distance, and brought the cottager and his daughter to assist us. Pain and exhaustion had rendered me insensible; and the first thing I saw or felt, was myself stretched upon a coarse, but very clean, bed; an old woman holding a rush-light, and a rosy-looking girl cutting the clotted hair from my cheek and temples, with a look so benignant and expressive, and such a melting softness in her eye, that, had the blush of health been less blooming on her cheek, she might have been mistaken for the goddess Pity, descended from the celestial regions.

“ Her father, for she was the cottager’s daughter, had gone off for the surgeon, who fortunately resided at a short distance. On his arrival, my kind attendants were endeavouring to keep my leg as easy as possible. The broken bone, which had pierced the skin, was peeping out, and the tender-

hearted girl was literally bathing it with her tears. The surgeon, after telling me it was a compound fracture, set my leg, and bound it up; examined the wounds on my head, and applied some dressings; then recommended rest and quietness; and promised to see me again in the morning. I soon fell asleep, and passed a tolerable night, quite free from fever. The surgeon, next morning, complimented me on my state of health. He was a sensible and humane man; and, entering into conversation, told me, that if I kept my mind easy, I would soon be well.

“ He assured me, that I was in a house, where, if I could submit to some privations of comfort or convenience, to which I had perhaps been accustomed (looking at my dress), I would be most carefully attended, and that at half the expense I could be in the town where he resided; and far more quiet, which was of material advantage to me at present. He was also candid enough to say, that he had a patient within an hundred yards of the cottage

where I was, who required his attendance every day for some time, so that the distance would make no difference in his charge. I mention this to the honour of a worthy man; for such I really found him.

“ He gave instructions for my regimen and treatment, which were most punctually attended to. My landlord was digging a ditch quite at hand, and when his assistance was wanted in lifting me, he was always ready. His wife was weak and infirm, but her benevolent daughter was better than twenty mercenary nurses. All that the surgeon ordered was procured, and they never asked whether I had a shilling in my pocket. The father and mother had put me in their sleeping-room, at considerable inconvenience to themselves; and the two females trod unshod, and on tiptoe, that I might not be disturbed. I had a slight attack of fever; the surgeon was afraid of delirium, and therefore ordered me to be watched, lest I should injure my leg. This task was performed during

the night by the landlord, and in the day by the daughter or her mother. Often I pretended to be asleep, that I might hear the sweet little angel whisper her apprehensions concerning me. It was summer, and she would fan the flies from my face so gently, and hold the water and toast to my mouth so kindly, that at length nothing seemed to me well done, unless performed by her. She would vary the position of the window-curtain, to produce the necessary degree of light and shade. She would fetch me a rose from the garden, and recommend the strawberries with so winning an accent, that I believe, although I had seen her pull them from the belladonna, I could not have refused to taste them. But I am afraid, Sir, that I weary you ; but having still a pleasure in these recollections, I forgot that they cannot interest you." I assured him that I felt much interested, and requested him to proceed. " Well," said he, " time passed on ; my constitution was good, my surgeon attentive, and I recovered rapidly. They got

me a pair of crutches ; I was soon able to walk across the room, and then to repose in the old family chair, with my leg on a pillow laid across a stool, and that pillow shaken and smoothed by my amiable nurse ! O, Sir ! when she assisted in placing my crazy limb in an easy posture, the touch of her finger shot electric fire through my frame.

“ At length I was able to hobble to the garden, in which was placed a rustic seat, richly shaded with woodbine, jessamine, and roses. The rural goddess of the mansion would not be persuaded to seat herself beside me, but sat on the green, at a respectful distance, plying her needle, and, I believe, most unconsciously darting the arrows of love from her eyes.

“ To be brief, I recovered my strength, but lost my heart ; and although I could now walk without crutches, I was in no hurry to leave this hospitable cottage.

“ I was still ignorant, whether this innocent creature had any greater affection for me than for another ; and whether she

would not have exercised the same benevolence to any fellow mortal in similar circumstances.

“ I believed that she had not the most distant suspicion of my attachment. I felt, however, that I could not live without her, or that life would, at best, be a blank and dreary wilderness. On the other hand, I was a wanderer, without a home or any fixed object in view, and not possessed of the means of procuring a comfortable subsistence, even were I so happy as to obtain her consent to unite her fate with mine.

“ To win her affections under these circumstances, and acquire the title of husband, without ability to discharge the various duties which the sacred rites of marriage enjoin, I conceived to be nothing better than legal seduction. The operation of those internal struggles were soon apparent in my visage ; I lost my appetite, and became melancholy and dejected. My kind host and hostess were deeply interested for me, and joined the surgeon in recommending exercise, the keen mountain

air, and goat whey. This beverage was prepared for me by the lovely disturber of my peace: Ah! artless and unsuspecting maid! little did she know, that the innocent and sweet simplicity with which she presented the draught, added strength and subtlety to the potion, and increased the fever in my veins. I felt that matters could not continue as they were, and I neither knew how nor what change to make.

“ One Sunday afternoon, we were all seated in the rustic bower, chatting with that familiarity to which I had with difficulty got them accustomed. I sat between the two old people, and Susan (for that was the name of my adorable) was alternately culling flowers and gooseberries, when the old man, after apologising for the freedom, said, that if I did not get better before winter, he apprehended that the keen air of their climate might be disagreeable, and that it would, perhaps, be prudent to seek a more genial spot. ‘ Do you wish me to leave you?’ said I. ‘ Oh! no,’ replied

all the trio ; ‘ never, if you were well and happy ;’ and I thought that I discovered a blush on Susan’s cheek. During the night I resolved and re-resolved. I had some time ago paid my surgeon, whose charge was very moderate indeed, and I determined upon settling with my landlord next morning.

“ They appeared hurt at my proposal, and attributed it to what had been said last night. I set them to rights on that head, and, after great difficulty, prevailed upon them to take nearly double what they demanded ; but still far under what I expected to be charged. Susan certainly appeared dejected, and, with her face half averted, asked if I was going away. ‘ Yes,’ said I, ‘ to the hill where we go every day. Will you go ?’ She thanked me, but said she wanted leisure that day.

“ I walked out ; sat on the ditch side with her father ; told him the state of my heart, and also of my purse. I then asked his candid advice ; and assured him, that I had studied as much as possible not to steal his

daughter's affections, until I should have his approbation; and that, if it was his wish, I would leave the cottage to-morrow, although all the best feelings of my heart must remain there.

“ The worthy old man paused; and then told me, that he had for some time suspected, either that I was in love with Susan, or had worse intentions; that from some observations, he was persuaded her heart was already mine; and, if I meant honestly, I should have his daughter, and his blessing with her. But I feel that I am tedious, and will hasten to a conclusion.

“ I next day invited Susan to the hill with the goats, and there whispered my tender tale. She blushed consent; I kissed her hand for the first time; and the cottagers saw the feast of harvest-home, and their daughter's wedding, celebrated on the same evening. By the advice of my friend, the surgeon, I opened a little shop in the neighbouring town, and expected to do well. The ensuing winter deprived Susan of her mother, who had been long infirm.

“ In the course of the summer I was the happy father of a lovely girl, but she was carried to an untimely grave by the hooping cough. Another year passed away, and my business was as successful as I could have expected; when, one fatal night in December, my little shop took fire, and was totally consumed. My father-in-law happened to be in town, and by his exertions to extinguish the fire, and the agitation of his spirits, he was seized with a fever which carried him off. My property was uninsured; my few creditors discharged me from my debts; but we had lost all, and were reduced to beggary.

“ With the prospect of obtaining employment, we travelled farther into Wales; but our hopes were disappointed, and we were literally starving. Mr Belfield was performing there with his company; we presented ourselves, and I believe that he took us into his employment through compassion. He was so kind and good, that we could not think of leaving him, and, indeed, we knew not what else to do. We

followed his fortunes, while he kept on the stage ; and, at his exit, he left us a parting gift. He had got possession of our unimportant, though eventful history, and promised not to forget us. You see he has kept his word, and here we are, his and your grateful servants—contented and happy.”

After thanking Roger for his communication, and expressing my hopes that his future journey through life would be more pleasant, I hinted a wish to learn something of the brother whom he left on the farm with his father. At this request I observed the colour change in the poor fellow's face ; he heaved a sigh, and, in a tone of deep concern, replied : “ Alas ! Sir, you have touched a painful chord in my heart ; yet I thank you ; for I wished to talk to you about that brother, but wanted courage to introduce the subject.

“ Oh, Sir ! compared with his fate mine has been almost unclouded happiness. My feelings will not enable me to go into the particulars of his history ; for it is a painful recollection to me. In the exercise of se-

veral laudable endeavours he was unfortunate. Embarrassed circumstances, and, ultimately, a quarrel with a country gentleman, for attempting to seduce my sister, obliged him to leave his native home.

“ My father was thrown into prison for my brother’s debts. We knew not whither that unhappy brother had gone, or what he was doing; but in a very short time, he remitted money to relieve his father, which, I fear, was procured dishonourably. To be plain, Sir, although we never had any certain accounts of him, yet, on comparing circumstances, it is too probable, that he was concerned in issuing forged notes, for which he was apprehended, and lodged in Edinburgh gaol; but escaped previous to his trial. This was several years ago, and neither I, nor any of his relations, have heard a syllable of him since. Although the truth of this was never fully ascertained, yet there is too much reason for believing it.

“ My father, although liberated from prison, took the matter so much to heart, that he died in a short time after. Now, Sir, I

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know you to be my friend, and humbly solicit your advice ; for I cannot assume sufficient courage to speak to Mr Belfield on the subject. I have reason to believe, that the person through whose hands the money came to my father, knows more about my brother than he chooses to communicate. I can furnish his address, if either you or Mr Belfield would endeavour to make some discovery of my poor brother's fate ; for the mystery in which it is involved, is the only interruption that I now feel to my happiness." I promised to take the matter into consideration, and we parted ; for I was incapable any longer of supporting the conversation, without betraying my knowledge of that unhappy man.

Mr Belfield, soon after his marriage, made several alterations in his establishment, and, among others, Roger was placed as grieve, or superintendent, over the land he farmed. During the time he had already passed in a subordinate capacity, he had so closely studied agricultural af-

fairs, and shewn such knowledge and application, that Mr Belfield had full confidence, both in his skill and fidelity. This promotion placed him and his family in a situation equally comfortable and respectable.

CHAPTER XXII.

Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose me ;
Where I may dose out what I've left of life,
Forget myself, and this day's guilt.
Cruel remembrance, how shall I appease thee !

OTWAY.

ONE evening, upon coming in, after having spent the afternoon in the fields with Mr Belfield, I was surprised to find my room furnished with several articles of luxury and elegance, which did not formerly belong to it. My house-keeper, observing my surprise, told me, that Mrs Belfield had accompanied them, and that they were arranged by the orders of that lady. I found many of them useful, and some highly ornamental. At my next interview with Mrs Belfield, when she saw that I was about to express my thanks, she said : " My dear Sir, I can anticipate all that you would say ; spare your-

self and me the trouble. In a few days I expect Colonel and Mrs Maitland here; they are your friends, and I am sure would wish to see you comfortable. Can you suppose that your friends here have not an equal interest in your happiness? On my late visit to you, I observed several trifling deficiencies in your domestic establishment, which you would not perhaps think of. These I have taken the liberty to supply, that your residence may appear to all your friends, in the style which I hope and expect it will always exhibit."

Early next week the expected visitors arrived; and as Mr Belfield had always insisted on considering me as a friend and neighbour, I was invited to breakfast next morning. Although I knew not how to meet Mrs Maitland, there was no alternative: I had only my own feelings to manage, for I was perfectly aware that she would be quite at ease. The moment I entered the breakfast parlour, Mrs Maitland approached me with the easy frankness of an old acquaintance, expressed her pleasure at see-

ing me, and introduced me to the Colonel, as an old friend of whom they had often talked. My reception from him was easy, for his manners were affable without apparent condescension, and dignified without ostentation; so that by the time breakfast was half finished, I had scarcely an uneasy feeling. Before parting, Mrs Maitland said she had a young friend whom she wished to introduce to me; and the nurse was ordered in, with a lovely boy just beginning to walk. She placed him in my arms: a mass of confused ideas crowded upon my mind, and I hardly knew what I felt: however, I kissed the boy, and prayed for blessings on his head, while my thoughts, in spite of my will, were ranging to an illimitable space in the regions of fancy, with my dear Maria.

The Colonel, who now came forward, took his boy from my arms, and after delivering him to his mother, took my hand and said: "Permit me, my dear Sir, on my own account, to thank you for the services rendered to Mrs Maitland. You have, next to Providence,

been the means of preserving for me an agreeable companion, a sensible and faithful friend, a tender mother, and an affectionate wife. You and I are no longer strangers; and I beg that, henceforward, we may be considered intimate friends. Our stay here will be for some weeks, and I trust we shall continue to meet without ceremony."

Some days after this, as Mr Belfield, Colonel Maitland, and I, were walking over the farm, viewing some improvements (for the Colonel was a farmer also), Roger was sent for to explain the nature of some improvement, or to receive some directions. The moment he came up, and saw the Colonel, he mechanically put his hand to his hat, after the manner of a military salute, and instantly changed colour. The Colonel, too, fixed his eyes on Roger, and the poor fellow looked quite confused. "I am certain, Sir," said the Colonel, "that I have seen your face before, and it strikes me forcibly that we have met, but I cannot just now recollect when or

where." Roger, blushing, replied: " I shall never forget your honour; I am an old soldier, and was sent from the headquarters of your honour's regiment to mess at Coventry;" and the poor fellow cast down his eyes.

" What !" said the Colonel, " my old conscientious Ensign, who would not fight with a ruffian ! Come, shake hands ; I am glad to find you have got a better situation. I often thought of you, and wished much to learn what had become of you ; but I must hear your story some day soon. Is he a good servant, Mr Bel-field ?" " I hope death only will part us," said his master. " Amen," rejoined Roger.

" By-the-bye," said the Colonel, " your fiery antagonist, who was the cause of your unhappiness in the regiment, left it a few months after you : he was cashiered for intoxication, and some other offences still more unmanly and unofficer-like." " Sir," said Roger, " although I was stigmatised as a *coward*, I feel that I still possess some of the principles of a *hero* ; for I cannot tri-

umph over a fallen enemy, and shall be glad to hear of his amendment." "Bravo!" echoed the company. Roger made his military salute at parting, and strode across the field measuring his steps, and with a more erect gait, while the Colonel and Mr Belfield both united in praising him, according to their different opportunities of appreciating his merit.

Next morning, the Colonel and Mrs Maitland came over to see my residence. We spent a good part of the forenoon in the garden, talking over old stories; and among others, that of the "poor unfortunate," as we generally termed him. Finding that the Colonel knew his story, I told him that Roger, his quondam Ensign, was the brother of this unhappy man. This increased the Colonel's sympathy, and Mrs Maitland said that she would wish to be introduced to him. While yet talking on this subject, the post-boy delivered letters to all of us. The day being fine, and several seats in the garden, we retired thither to read our letters. I found my letter

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of my mind. I have done all that I
except publicly declaring my guilt, or
setting myself up a victim to offended
collective justice. And knowing all
that I had injured persons in my
I have, through the medium of
made them restitution. Yet re-
this object, I lived like a miser:
pent I had realised a sufficient
keenly carried into effect. My ex-
pected her are certainly crowned with the
continued providence; for I have succeed-
perfectly every reasonable expectation.
ficient to small mark of my gratitude
world; and which I beg your acceptance.
merchant it as a reward for your kind-
constant friend beyond all price, and, I am
no cause I could never have procured
through I am deeply wounded, but I
to you, yet though the death of my
upon me, the by my errors, lies
even to you to my own ap-
indeed I for the esteem of a
of whom Miss
elf, is my first

had come by sea, addressed to me at my former residence, and the hand, I was persuaded, I had seen before. After musing a moment, I anxiously tore it open, and soon recognised the hand-writing of the "poor unfortunate;" but my hands shook as I attempted to unfold it. When I had succeeded, a slip of paper dropt from it, which I took up, and found to be a draft upon a house in London for £100 Sterling, payable to my order. The tenor of the letter was as follows:—

"New York, 23d April, 17—

"DEAR SIR,—I must beg your pardon for the freedom of this appellation, although my heart must ever recognise you in one still more dear.

"Should you not recollect my hand-writing, the name at the bottom will not add any thing to your information; but when I inform you, that you once received a letter from me, signed 'A Penitent Fellow Mortal,' you will be at no loss to discover who it is, that now has the honour of

addressing you. Never, while I live, can I forget the obligations I am under to your goodness. I have been fully informed of all that you have done for me. Your communication of my story to Miss Burton, enabled her to do what prudential considerations must have prevented you from attempting,

“Perhaps you do not yet know how keenly this lady, I would say angel, interested herself in my fate. She visited me; contrived a plan for my liberation, which perfectly succeeded; gave me money sufficient to bear my expenses to the new world; also, a letter of introduction to a merchant here, who has been a good and constant friend to me, and I hope he has no cause to regret his goodness. Although I mention Miss Burton's exertions to you, yet she laid the strictest injunctions upon me, that I should not, at that time, even to you, communicate her intentions; indeed I found, that she

‘ Did good by stealth, nor wished to find it fame.’

“ The gentleman, to whom I had been introduced by her letter, was in want of an active assistant, and he proposed terms, to which I agreed, and endeavoured to make myself useful. My employer behaved most honourably ; for he advanced my salary, and ultimately took me into partnership. I had been candid with him as far as common prudence warranted ; told him that I was in debt in my own country, and that I could never feel happy till it was paid, and was therefore resolved to practise the most rigid economy. He encouraged my scheme, which I unremittingly pursued, and my wishes on that point are accomplished.

“ Could I now obtain the approbation of my own conscience, I might live happily. But alas ! although he who has deviated from the path of rectitude, should, by many a painful step, be fortunate enough to recover his track, and although the world should be reconciled to him, yet still he must find it difficult to recover his own self-esteem. Such is the present

state of my mind. I have done all that I can, except publicly declaring my guilt, or delivering myself up a victim to offended and vindictive justice. And knowing all those whom I had injured previous to my departure, I have, through the medium of a friend, made them restitution. To accomplish this object, I lived like a miser; and the moment I had realised a sufficient sum, it was carried into effect. My endeavours were certainly crowned with the blessing of Providence; for I have succeeded beyond every reasonable expectation. Enclosed is a small mark of my gratitude to you, of which I beg your acceptance. I do not offer it as a reward for your kindness: that was beyond all price, and, I am certain, money would never have procured it. My spirit is deeply wounded, but I must not despair; though the death of my father, occasioned I fear by my errors, lies very heavy on me. Next to my own approbation, to be restored to the esteem of a few of my friends in Britain, of whom Miss Burton and you are the chief, is my first

you will have the pleasure of adding another consolation to that heart, which you have already saved from anguish inexpressible. With most respectful esteem, I am, dear Sir, your ever grateful, most obedient, and very humble servant.

“*P. S.* I did not recollect that you never knew our family name. Oh! that I could forget how I have disgraced it! My brother’s name is ——.”

Mrs Maitland had felt as much interest in the perusal of her letter as I did in mine; for, as soon as she perceived that I had finished it, she came and said to me, “So you have had a letter from New York?” “Yes, Madam.” “Well, and are we not happily rewarded for the little exertions we made to save an unfortunate creature? I trust we have preserved a good member of society; and, even in a religious view, have afforded him time for repentance, and making restitution for his errors.” “Oh, Madam, I am every day making discoveries which enlarge the obligations I am

under to you ; all that you have done for this man, is a debt due by me." " A truce with your nonsense ! In the case of this poor fellow, you laid the obligation on me, by giving me an opportunity of doing some little good, in the romantic way so congenial to my disposition."

I then put my letter into her hands : after perusal, " March !" said she, " for his anxious brother must be informed : you had his confidence, and must be the messenger of comfort to him ; so endeavour to find him immediately."

He was just coming in to dinner ; and having time for a few minutes conversation, I led him to the subject, by saying, that I was now making inquiry after his brother ; and asked if his wife knew the circumstance : upon his answering in the affirmative, I stepped in with him, and, after some prefacing, put the letter into his hands.

By the time he had finished the perusal, his feelings had quite overpowered him ; and if I had not prevented him, he must have fallen at my feet. He clasped me in his arms,

to disclose the story immediately, so that the agitation it would produce might subside, and nothing but ease and happiness preside at our entertainment.

When Roger and his wife were invited, he seemed disposed to make some objections upon the impropriety of their sitting at table with their superiors, when his wife promptly, but modestly, said: "Well, as they are our superiors, I conceive it to be our duty to obey their commands; so we must attend; and, I am sure, however deficient we may prove in politeness, our hearts will not be wanting in respect towards such worthy benefactors."

Although none of the party were insensible to the pleasures of the table, yet, as the purpose of our meeting was for more refined enjoyments, I shall forbear giving any detail of the feast; asking pardon for the disappointment which I must thus occasion to those who feel any anxiety to know how an old bachelor treated his guests: suffice it to say, that it was indeed the feast of friendship and good humour.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The smart young Cornet, who, with so much grace,
Rode in the ranks, and betted in the race.

CRABBE.

No after friendship e'er can raise,
The endearments of our early days ;
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

LOGAN.

A FEW days after, a fair was to be held in the next market town, and a good show of cattle was expected. Mr Belfield, who went thither on business, insisted upon Colonel Maitland and me accompanying him, as there was to be a horse race, and some sport might be expected. We saw the horses start, and bets became the order of the day ; but as none of us betted, we had the more leisure to observe what

give what I have done, and release me from my present enemies!" "Do you know him, Colonel? do you know him?" was echoed from twenty mouths. "Yes," replied the Colonel, "I know something of him—he is really below your notice—let him escape!" As the crowd began to open, some disappointed jockeys of dubious character, finding that nothing could be got from him, began again to exercise their whips; but the fellow, by means of a good pair of heels, contrived to save his shoulders. Determined, however, for still further vengeance, they now called out to the crowd, "A thief! a pick-pocket!" and the poor wretch! instead of twenty enemies, had now above five hundred.

Afraid lest they should murder him, we now followed as fast as possible; but arrived only in time to see them dragging him through a horse pond, into which he had been soused over head and ears. When brought upon *terra firma*, he was unable to stand, being much bruised, and bleeding in several places. "For God's sake let us rescue him, or they will kill him outright!"

cried Roger. Partly by reasoning, and partly by threats, we prevailed upon the mob to disperse. Roger then went up to him, took him by the arm, and led him to an ale-house at a little distance.

It was not till they had reached this place of refuge, that the hapless wretch recognised his assistant; and never did conscious guilt appear more conspicuous, or shame more completely humble her victim. He would have spoken; but his tongue faltered; his eyes seemed fixed; and his head sunk upon his breast. We ordered him to be put to bed and taken care of, promising to call again in the afternoon.

The very rough discipline which he had undergone, added to the agitation of his mind, made him seriously ill, and when we called, he was in a high fever. Mr Belfield's physician was sent for, and instructed to attend him. Mr Belfield, at the same time, engaged to reimburse the landlord for what trouble and expense he might incur on the occasion; and upon our return, several necessaries were sent from Hawthorn-lodge.

It was more than two weeks before he was able to leave his room ; during which, Roger rode over every day to make inquiries, and give him what assistance he might need.

During his illness, he had reflected much on his situation and conduct ; and he one day expressed to Roger a wish to wait upon his benefactors, if they would allow him that honour, of which he acknowledged himself unworthy. " Yet," said he, " I may certainly hope for that favour from a master, whose servant has exercised so much kindness and forgiveness, to one who was his violent and avowed enemy." When his wishes were intimated by Roger, a message was sent, to say, that they expected him next forenoon.

He kept the appointment, but appeared pale and emaciated, and with such a look of contrition and humility, that it would have been difficult for his greatest enemy not to have pitied and forgiven him. After answering some inquiries about his health, he was beginning to make a very humble confession of his errors. " Come," said the Colo-

nel, "save yourself the trouble, as we know the whole; you have been both a fool and a knave; for, indeed, knavery is always folly; and even to these, you have added some mean despicable tricks." "I plead guilty," cried the poor wretch, sobbing. "Well, well," said the Colonel, "but, as we take no pleasure in upbraiding you, have you any thing further to say?" "Very little; experience has long ago convinced me, that the path of life I had chalked out for myself is neither pleasant nor profitable; but conscience has now pointed out the enormity of my guilt. My penitence, I trust, is sincere; but what can I do—I have rendered myself despicable and an outcast, and I cannot work!" After musing some time, the Colonel retired and wrote a letter, with which he soon returned. "Carry this to Glasgow," as he gave it to the poor humble delinquent; "deliver it as addressed; and I trust you will find immediate employment; the future must depend upon yourself. In the mean time, this (giving him money) will bear your expenses to that place."

The poor wretch was overpowered with gratitude, and cried, "O, Sir, I am unworthy of all this goodness ; but if Heaven spare me, I hope to deserve it." Utterance here failed him ; then looking wistfully in Roger's face, he snatched his hand, shook it—turned his face aside, and hurried away.

Upon discharging his account at the inn, it was discovered that Roger had given him some shirts, and other articles of dress, which he much wanted. In consequence of Colonel Maitland's letter, he got into employment, in which, by sobriety, attention, and fidelity, he acquired the esteem of his employers ; and, in the course of a few years, he obtained a situation of trust, and a respectable income.

The period that Colonel and Mrs Maitland had allotted for their visit being nearly elapsed, they proposed going a few days to Edinburgh, where, Mrs Maitland said, she expected to see her old friend, the Captain of the Hebe, and Mr and Mrs Belfield were to accompany them. As the captain was

also my particular friend, this was urged as a reason for me to be one of the party. Lest our friendly captain might sail before we were aware, we waited upon him on our arrival, and found him preparing for another voyage. Aware of some of the changes that had taken place among us, he said, "Ah, Mrs Maitland, you'll not take a birth in my cabin this trip; you have now got a commodore, and must wait for sailing orders. And you, Mrs Belfield, have got spliced too! what are you to make of my friend, the parson, here? for he still keeps on a voyage of discovery: but take care, my lad, that you do not lose your reckoning; you are getting into high latitudes, you have been now a long while at sea, and bye-and-bye your timbers will get crazy; therefore, I say, my friend, look out for some tight frigate, and take the command; but be sure always keep plenty of sea room, and your vessel in sailing trim, and then you may expect a pleasant voyage." As the day was fine, we proposed an aquatic excursion up the Forth, to a village where the citizens of

all ranks occasionally repair in the summer season, for an afternoon's airing ; and, escaping from smoke and noise, enjoy "each rural sight, each rural sound." Here we had a rustic dinner, and were taking a walk previous to our return, when we met a posse of constables conducting two men, both of whom were hand-cuffed. In passing them, I discovered, with horror, that one of them was Smith, my worthless brother-in-law. Before I had resolved whether to stop or pass on, I felt an irresistible impulse to halt ; and I uttered an involuntary exclamation, which indicated a previous acquaintance with at least one of them.

My friends observing it, drew me aside, to inquire the meaning of my agitation ; and the poor wretch called out, entreating that I would do him the favour to speak with him.

Without replying, I stopped the constables, and inquired the reason of their being arrested : they replied, that they were apprehended upon suspicion of theft. Being about to leave them with disgust, the

worthless Smith cried, " Sir, I am ashamed to address you, and am also aware, that you have no great cause to credit my assertions ; still, however, I affirm, that both I and my unfortunate companion are innocent of what we are now charged with ; and although I am unworthy of your favour, yet your friendship, or that of the gentlemen with you, might be of incalculable advantage to us ; and, be assured, we are not guilty of theft." Conceiving it both justice and sound policy to be candid with my friends, I requested, as a favour, that they would visit the culprits with me in the evening, for reasons which I should explain immediately : to this they readily agreed, and we continued our walk. I then stated my connexion with the poor wretch whom we had just quitted, and his previous behaviour ; at the same time expressing my opinion, that, depraved as I knew him to be, yet I did not believe that he would be guilty of theft. They entered warmly into my feelings, and, at the time appointed, we

called at the jail; and, when we were shut up with him and his companion, he thus related the circumstances of their story, addressing himself particularly to me.

“ It is unnecessary to mention those particulars already known to you. I have been a spendthrift, a bankrupt, a drunkard, and a blackguard; but not a thief. My companion and I have, for a considerable time past, been concerned in the smuggling trade. Some days ago, a smuggling lugger appeared on the east coast, where we then were, and we went on board in the way of our business; but the lugger being descried by a revenue cutter, was chased by her, and taken, after a desperate resistance, and brought up to Leith. All on board were hurried to prison; but, during the bustle at the prison door (it being the dusk of the evening, and a thick fog), we contrived to escape; and the crowd knowing our crime, which they certainly look upon with less detestation than many other violations of the law, made way, and allowed us to pass

through. We had got to a considerable distance, but were pursued, and obliged to take shelter in a field of wheat. This field being contiguous to the public road, we durst not venture out, but lay there for three days, contriving to live upon the ears of wheat. We had suffered much from thirst; but were this morning congratulating ourselves that we should escape at night (the bustle of search being, as we supposed, slackened), when we heard a confusion of voices, and soon discovered that a number of people were searching the field where we lay. Last night, it seems, a gentleman's house in the vicinity of Edinburgh was broken into, and considerable property carried off; particularly, a large quantity of wet linen from the bleaching. This was found in the field where we had concealed ourselves, which caused a more vigilant search, in the hope of discovering the rest of the property. The track by which we had entered the field was observed, and, following it, we were soon discovered, and appre-

hended as the thieves. Although, it must be admitted, the presumption of our guilt is very strong, yet, what I have now related, is the candid and simple truth. Still we have at best, only the option of being tried as thieves or smugglers. Now, although I were fully convinced that I must suffer death, I would much rather be hanged for smuggling than stealing. I have no claim upon your kindness ; on the contrary, with shame I acknowledge, Sir, that I have not only forfeited your regard, but have given you much and just cause for being my personal enemy ; yet, from my knowledge of your disposition, I throw myself upon your humanity, humbly soliciting your advice, and any interest you can exert for my advantage. You may rely with the fullest confidence upon the truth of what I have now said ; for although my conduct has been bad, very bad indeed, which I sincerely acknowledge, and though I deserve to be expelled from society, still it is painful to reflect, that I must bear a load of ignominy and punish-

ment, for a crime that I never committed, or even contemplated."

After promising to take their case into consideration, we left them. I must acknowledge, that personal considerations influenced me ; as I could not dismiss the reflection, that I was indirectly disgraced, if any one connected with my family should suffer as a thief ; and I was indeed of Smith's opinion, that, compared with theft, smuggling was a less degrading crime. Such are the prejudices of society, that some infractions of the law are attended with a slighter degree of opprobrium, than others of perhaps equal magnitude—

" One murder makes a villain ; millions a hero,—
And numbers sanctify the crime."

We consulted counsel on this subject ; and the opinion given us was, that, not being a part of the crew, if it could be proved that they had not fought, during the engagement with the cutter, they might get off by entering into the navy :—but how were they

to prove their innocence of their charge?

To conclude their story;—
 ral weeks elapsed before it
 thieves were discovered, a
 the crime; and they had st
 esty left, as to exculpate
 glers from any concern in
 The smugglers had therefor
 for the crime of which t
 guilty, and were, upon the
 discharged, on condition o
 Majesty's navy. When del
 naval officer, Smith was allo
 with him; but an officer of
 diately apprehended the oth
 charge.

This person was the reformer, whose achievements I have recorded. One of his constituents had swindled out of a considerable sum of money, whose daughter he had seduced and married. He related, had some time before the trial, information of his imprisonment.

expedited against him, he only waited
 time of the law; being, in the event
 of liberation, fully prepared to pay his
 indent, which he now did, by paying
 him for the debt. Other creditors
 also came forward with their claims,
 his property having previously been
 sold. He had not even the means of making
 provision. The two men, whose character
 had been seduced, were hateful;
 being, that although they could hate or
 of his insolvency, yet the abuse of their
 confidence and kindness, in committing the
 crime of seduction, under such aggravated
 circumstances, they would never forgive:
 therefore he should lie there till either he
 or they died.

One day, previous to Colonel and Mrs
 Maitland leaving us, when we were to
 en famille with Mr Belfield, Mrs Maitland
 began to hunter me about marriage; in
 which she was joined by Mrs Belfield, and
 both ladies became quite in earnest on the
 subject. I wished to evade speaking on that

to prove their innocence of the theft laid to their charge ?

To conclude their story ;—although several weeks elapsed before it was settled, the thieves were discovered, and convicted of the crime ; and they had still so much honesty left, as to exculpate the two smugglers from any concern in the transaction. The smugglers had therefore only to be tried for the crime of which they were really guilty, and were, upon their own petition, discharged, on condition of serving in his Majesty's navy. When delivered over to a naval officer, Smith was allowed to walk off with him ; but an officer of the law immediately apprehended the other upon a new charge.

This person was the reforming schoolmaster, whose achievements I have already recorded. One of his constituents, whom he had swindled out of a considerable sum, and whose daughter he had seduced, as already related, had some time before this obtained information of his imprisonment, and being

much exasperated against him, he only waited the issue of the law ; being, in the event of his liberation, fully prepared to gratify his resentment, which he now did, by apprehending him for the debt. Other creditors also came forward with their claims, but his property having previously been lost, he had not even the means of offering a *composition*. The two men, whose daughters had been seduced, were inexorable ; declaring, that although they could have excused his insolvency, yet the abuse of their confidence and kindness, in committing the crime of seduction, under such aggravated circumstances, they would never forgive ; therefore he should lie there till either he or they died.

One day, previous to Colonel and Mrs Maitland leaving us, when we were to dine *en famille* with Mr Belfield, Mrs Maitland began to banter me about marriage ; in which she was joined by Mrs Belfield, and both ladies became quite in earnest on the subject. I wished to evade speaking on that

topic ; but it was kept up, by the gentlemen joining in the conversation. They addressed me seriously, observing, that, in all probability, marriage would add to my comforts ; and, assuring me, of what I had no cause to doubt, that they all felt a warm interest in my happiness. “ Now,” said the Colonel, “ we have begun to suspect, that your limited income prevents you from following your inclinations, and thereby lessens your proportion of human felicity. We, therefore, as your confidential friends, beg that you will be quite candid, and say, whether, if your income were adequate, you would marry : be assured, that this inquiry is not made to gratify idle curiosity. If you can only say to us that it is your wish to marry, it will give us a most sincere pleasure to promote your wishes, in as far as a comfortable settlement is concerned ; and, on the day of your marriage, a bond for an annuity for life shall be put into the hands of your bride.”

The subject of this conversation awaken-

ed feelings within me, which had long been productive of mingled pleasure and pain. With these were blended a sense of gratitude, for kindness which seemed to have no bounds. I was for some moments overpowered, and the sensation was truly oppressive : at length I recovered myself, and roused into an energy, of which I was hardly aware, I thus replied :

“ My much respected friends, the gratitude that I feel for all your kindness, I will not attempt to express, for language is inadequate, and there was no occasion for this additional proof of your kind anxiety to promote my happiness. Yet, while I am well satisfied of your readiness to do all that you have proffered, do not be offended with me, when I say, that even were I to marry (which will never be the case), I would not, could not, accept of the favour you propose. No, my dear friends, my obligations here are already heavy enough ; such an addition would defeat your benevolent intentions, by rendering me unhappy. Do not, there-

fore, destroy my present felicity, by seeking to increase it. I enjoy all the happiness that this world can afford me, ease, health, a competence, and friendship. I earnestly solicit the continuance of your esteem ; and, while I feel myself blessed in your affections, I am well aware that you are enjoying a bliss in which I can never participate. No ; there lives not on earth one capable of imparting to me that happiness which I am well convinced you enjoy, and all the tenderness that I can now feel for woman, is that pure and hallowed friendship which I claim, dear ladies, with you. Equally pure and refined, yet different in its nature, was the flame that I once felt and fondly cherished ; for, although without hope, it was the solace of my soul ; and the remembrance still affords me that kind of melancholy pleasure, which every other enjoyment on earth could not induce me to forego !”

On concluding, I fancied that a glance of approbation lighted up the eyes of Mrs Maitland. However, they all agreed in

saying, that they would never again allude to the subject ; but although they were persuaded that I was incapable of renouncing such thoughts, they earnestly advised me against indulging them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Here his poor bird, th' inhuman Cocker brings,
Arms his hard heel, and clips his golden wings ;
With spicy food th' impatient spirit feeds,
And shouts and curses as the battle bleeds.
When fallen, the savage grasps his dappled plumes,
His blood-stained arms for other deaths assumes ;
And damns the Craven fowl, that lost his stake,
And only bled and perished for his sake.

CRABBE.

COLONEL and Mrs Maitland had now taken their leave, after having exacted a promise from me, that I should make a visit to Wales next season. The harvest vacation for the school being past, my labours were resumed ; and having a little more leisure for reflection, I again perused my letter from America, which, with the enclosed draft, had been laid aside. I felt an insuperable reluctance to accept of this money, to which I had no right, particularly as I was

in such circumstances as to have no occasion for pecuniary assistance; but, persuaded that my refusal would materially hurt the feelings of the donor, I scarcely knew how to act. It was undoubtedly gratitude that prompted him to make this return for my kindness; and, perhaps, his former situation had left some impressions upon his mind, which he wished to remove; therefore, it appeared probable, that my refusal might be considered as an intimation, that although I had served him, I would neither esteem him, nor admit him to my friendship. After much deliberation, I resolved to pay the money to his brother Roger, whose family was now increasing, and who had indeed more occasion for assistance than I had. But when I proposed this to Roger, he in the most peremptory manner refused to accept of it. Upon seeing me equally obstinate, he seemed much hurt, and with some degree of concern, said: "Well, will you refer it to the decision of our friend, my master?" I agreed to this, and Roger took an early opportunity of

stating the case to him, concluding with this powerful argument : “ If this draft be peremptorily refused, I must certainly conclude that my brother, although forgiven, is still degraded, and held unworthy of the esteem of good men ; and farther, as his relation, I must consider myself so far implicated in his disgrace, and, consequently, deprived of the kindness of that benevolent friend, with whom I did not think it possible that I could ever be offended.” These sentiments of Roger’s, and the degree of agitation with which they were expressed, determined Mr Belfield ; and he gave his decision, that I should retain the money. On hearing this, the poor fellow’s face brightened as if he had acquired a fortune ; I was therefore obliged to comply, and promised to write to his brother in a few days.

In a short time after this, Roger received a letter from his youngest sister, which he shewed to me, informing him, that she was to be married to a tradesman. I contrived to find out her address, and, taking an early opportunity of getting cash for my

draft, with which I purchased another, I remitted it to her as a marriage portion. Knowing that Roger would hear of this, and that it might produce uneasiness to his delicate mind, I told him soon after ; at the same time assuring him, that if ever I felt myself in want, I would most willingly apply to his brother ; and thus the matter was settled.

In the course of the winter, my friend, Mr Belfield, was made the happy father of a fine boy ; and Mrs Belfield, now a mother, took additional interest in the benevolent schemes which she had contemplated to forward the education of poor children.

Some weeks before Christmas, Mrs Belfield told me that she was anxious to get a few of those children introduced, but was averse to load me with any additional labour, and did not wish to disoblige the tenants, by depriving any of their children of the benefit of my tuition : To oblige Mrs Belfield, I would have submitted to a much greater infringement upon my plans, indeed to any measure consistent

with my duty to the other pupils. She requested me to let things go on as they were during the winter, while she would revolve the matter in her mind, and determine by the return of spring.

Every one knows, that, at most of the parish schools, a match of cocks is fought at Shrovetide, or, as it is vulgarly called, Fasten's Even, and that each pupil furnishes a feathered hero for the occasion.

When, how, or under what pretences, this anomaly, not to say absurdity in the education of children, crept into schools, I cannot determine. The practice had for many years appeared to me so absurd, that I was determined, should I ever be a school-master, not to allow it, upon any pretence whatever.

In teaching my scholars, I always endeavoured to address myself to their hearts, as well as their heads; and, in so far as they were capable of comprehending me, took every opportunity of instilling into their minds the principles of veracity, justice, and mercy; forbidding acts of cruelty

to any creature possessing animal life. Cock-fighting I considered in direct opposition to my precepts, and therefore determined that the practical lesson of a day should never, with my consent, counteract, or destroy my labours for a season.

An application being made to me, by some of my grown up pupils, to know when the cock-fighting was to take place, I saw that my reply gave much disappointment. Soon after I was invited to spend the evening with a party of my employers, and the application was renewed by them in behalf of their children. I again stated my objections, and endeavoured to reason them into my opinion. The debate on the subject was long, and even keenly discussed; but although they became silent, I saw they were not satisfied, and witnessed the truth of Butler's observation :

“ He that's convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still.”

The result was, that we parted, I suspect

with rather a worse impression of each other than when we met.

In consequence of my refusal to indulge either my pupils or their parents in this barbarous amusement, they made an appointment to meet and fight their cocks at a neighbouring inn.

The feats of that important day, constituting a kind of era in a country village, were celebrated in a mock heroic style, by a young man of some literary pretensions. I was so pleased with his description, as a humorous burlesque on an amusement, which would certainly be "more honoured in the breach than the observance," that I insert it here, with only the slight alteration, of substituting for events and heroes, which then attracted the public attention, more recent warriors and triumphs; whose splendour has eclipsed all former glory.

"They crowd to the scene of action (Jonathan Jollie's malt-barn floor); the field is cleared; and the dreadful conflict begins. The combatants are placed against each other by lot, and most unequal matches

were the result. The first pair who entered the arena had never seen a battle, much less shed their blood on the warlike field. Like raw recruits, accustomed to the drum and fife only at parades and reviews, they had strutted on their native dunghills, and heard the echo of a rival's voice, to which they gave a response, accompanied by the quacking of ducks and the cackling of all the hens in the haram. Now that they have met, their bosoms beat with youthful ardour; not like two apprentices, who, imitating the follies of the great, challenge one another to a duel, and when met, would both retreat, if either of them set the example. Not so these youthful heroes; the feathers on their necks are ruffled—they fly at each other—blood is shed—and the conflict becomes more furious. Their want of skill is supplied by native ardour—they strike with head and heels—breathe; and strike again; at last, like generous Englishmen, who box each other from pure good will, they resign the contest as it were by mutual consent.

“Next appears an ill-matched pair—a bird

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of game and a dunghill craven : the first paces the floor with martial strut and war-like air, shakes his plumes, and looks with proud disdain upon his trembling antagonist, who droops his head, while his feathers collapse close around him ; he eyes his enemy askance, and, recreant like, runs round the pit to avoid meeting him ; then, as the last effort of despairing pusillanimity, gains a retreat behind the spectators.

“ Now comes forth a veteran, who had fought many a campaign—his rival, a youthful hero, whose prowess had been tried only with a stripling like himself, hatched in the same nest, and bred in the same barn-yard. In this mockery of war, neither had ever felt the sentiment of “ victory or death ! ” Now the veteran views this young unseasoned warrior with disdain, nearly allied to contempt, indicating that he was a chicken, below a hero’s notice. At length he darts an indignant stroke, intended to drive the cadet from the field—it is returned—a dreadful conflict ensues—they fight—fall—rise and fight again ;—skill is on the vete-

ran's side, but dauntless courage shakes the youthful warrior's glossy plumes. Both are strangers to fear, although experience has rendered the one cautious, while the other rushes on the charge with all the ardour and temerity of youth. Heedless of danger, he precipitates himself upon the foe, and meets the stroke that prudence would have avoided—wounded severely, breathless and overcome, he makes a desperate but feeble attack upon his antagonist, and falls lifeless on the bed of honour.

“There is a sympathy in nature, that impels her creatures to mingle in the scenes before them. War and all its horrors reigned in this hitherto peaceful region ; and so anxious were the intended gladiators to join the carnage, that they pecked and struck at each other, as they sat on the laps of their owners. Cowardice was banished from every heart, and every breast heaved with the exultation of anticipated victory. During four long hours, many were the victims of war. The dead and dying were carried off the field, to make room for

others ; for the eyes of the sanguinary spectators were not yet glutted with this scene of savage barbarity.

“ As on Marengo’s field, or Leipsic’s plain, many a valiant hero fought and fell undistinguished ; so here, the martial achievements of many a feathered warrior must sink unrecorded. But on every well contested field, there are some whose deeds are so conspicuous, that our innate love of valour rescues them from oblivion. Such was now the case—a couple of heroes took their post on the floor of blood, whose matchless prowess, and deeds of might, merit a place in the records of fame, and deserve an abler historian.

“ Not greater anxiety did Bonaparte feel at the battle of Waterloo, when the fate of Europe depended on its termination, than was depicted on the countenance of Dick Clover, when he placed his hero on the floor. Sprung from a magnanimous and warlike race, whose blood is warmed by the fervours of a tropical sun, he claimed to be of Malayan extraction. Fierce and cruel

in his disposition, a blow was never forgiven; he had been accustomed to fight, but knew not what it was to retreat. Repeated victories had increased his pride, and, like some of his brother bipeds, he believed himself invincible. Black were his plumes, as the fur of the sable, and glossy as the raven's jetty wing. Majestic was his stature, and proudly did he lift his head, as he looked around, while the glance of scorn flashed from his eyes. Hard and heavy were his heels, and death was in their strokes; but his leader, to fit him for deeds of murder, had armed them with steel, that none might meet him with impunity.

To oppose him in the field, came forth a warrior, under the protection of Peter Anvil. No foreign blood flowed in his veins, but courage and fortitude were the characteristics of his family. Purple, orange, indigo, and white, mingled their shades with infinite variety, to give lustre to his vesture. The dignity of his air added to the elegance of his external appearance; never was more of beauty and majesty blended; and, like

the splendid garments of the eastern monarch's soldiers, they excited a sigh of regret, that plumes of such exquisite richness should be stained with blood. As they entered the floor, every eye was fixed, and every tongue was hushed in silence. They rushed upon each other with impetuosity; fierce was their onset, and desperate the conflict; feathers bestrewed the floor, and blood sprung around. The delight of the spectators increased with the fury of the combatants; a burst of transport went round the pit. Bets were laid—two to one—three to one—all were interested in the carnage, and impatient for its issue. Guineas were sported by the farmers; crowns and half-crowns by the more cautious mechanics; while the motley mass of spectators confined their bettings to gills or half-mutchkins of whisky toddy.

“ Now the hero in black, with his armour of steel, like Napoleon's Cuirassiers, seems to drive all before him. Anon, the speckled champion, like a Scotch Highlander clad in his native tartan, fetches a stroke

that makes his antagonist reel. Anxiety dwells on every countenance, impatience sparkles in every eye, when the steel mounted warrior, by a well-aimed stroke, lays his party-coloured antagonist apparently lifeless on the floor.

“ As when Wellington’s heroes set up a ‘ Hurra ! ’ that made the heart of every Frenchman collapse, like a bladder, when an idle boy expels its internal air ;—such was the shout now heard, and which nearly rent the roof of Jonathan’s barn : but being recently built, and of good materials, it stood the shock, although the thatch was rumpled on the roof ; and the proprietor has often affirmed, that previous to this event, his establishment was over-run with rats and mice ; but since that memorable exertion of lungs, not one has ever infested the premises.

“ Fate had not yet done tantalizing those, who were so deeply interested in this most arduous and protracted conflict. Scarce had the echo of the premature shout of victory died upon the ear ; the cobwebs pendent from

the roof were still fluttering from the repercussion of the air; when the speckled chieftain rose, shook his ensanguined plumes, and looked calmly round him. His haughty rival stood at a slight distance, clapping his wings,

“Pride in his port, defiance in his eye.”

Indignation warmed the breast of the discomfited warrior, and in the very moment that the fancied victor opened his mouth to sing, “*Io triumphe!*” the heel of his antagonist struck him in the throat, and checked in its passage the note of self-applause.

“Rage, redoubled by disappointment, now fired the hero in black; he stood to the charge, and, by a dexterous manœuvre with his spur of polished steel, one of his rival’s orbs of vision was buried in eternal darkness. Such was the fury by which the weapon was impelled, that it sprung from the leg of its owner, hissed across the house like an arrow, and stuck in the breech of a cow boy, who sat upon the rafters.

“Still the battle rages : betts are doubled,

wings flutter, limbs dart, and beak meets beak. The unfortunate half-blind hero receives another stroke on his remaining eye, it flashes a momentary gleam, fierce as the lightning, and closes in everlasting shade.

“Breathless, but not vanquished, he sunk on the floor, and death seemed hovering over that devoted head, from which the cheerful light was forever banished. Again the adherents of the sable champion began to wake the shout of victory, when its starting note roused his prostrate foe. Like another Polyphemus groping in his den, slowly he traversed the pit in quest of his enemy; he raised his head to listen for the steps of him whom he could no longer behold. Again they meet, and blows are dealt with redoubled fury. The sightless warrior sometimes misses his stroke; but still he fights with one advantage—he shrinks not from danger which he no longer perceives. For a moment they pause, as if to call forth all their strength—expectation is on the rack, and anxious crowds gaze in breathless solicitude. Here an eye beams bright with

hope ; there the corners of a mouth are curved in the wrinkles of despair. Again the combatants meet, strike, and retreat ; at last they come against each other with a shock, the impetus of which lays them both lifeless on the floor. Bets are still laid, not on the victor, but that they will yet rise and renew the horrid carnage.—It cannot be, for

“ All is still on Death’s devoted soil.”

“ The vital sparks have fled, and they who just before seemed inspired with interminable rage, now lie stretched beside each other in lasting repose, and far more calmly than ever they slumbered on the roost with the favourite females of their seraglios.

“ So must the proudest hero of the human species rest. A few feet more of earth will serve for his peaceful bed—his laurels may flourish a little longer—the trumpet of Fame, as it repeats his name, may waken echoes at a greater distance :—his deeds of devastation and human carnage may shine in song, and his name be blazoned on a page, that shall live when the heroes of my humble tale

are forgotten. But on the theatre of the universe, amidst the immensity of Nature, how trivial is the difference between the cock-pit and the plains of Austerlitz ! and how unimportant are a few centuries, more or less, of sublunary fame, when compared with Eternity !

“ Of all the feathered warriors assembled on this eventful day, only three had shewed an aversion from appearing on the field of strife. However, by flying from danger, they rushed upon inevitable destruction ; for they immediately suffered an ignominious death ; and after being immolated, were exhibited to public view, as unworthy longer to live in a society which their cowardice had disgraced. Of the rest, not one had retired from the scene of action without obvious marks, and painful recollections, of the service in which he had been engaged.

“ Some had lost an eye ; others had broken wings ; their plumage was stript off ; their limbs and wounds were now sore and stiff with fatigue and clotted blood.—Yet such was the spirit of their masters, that they

were again brought forth to afford them sport; again they were placed in the pit, not in pairs, but old and young, veteran and raw recruit, in one promiscuous crowd, where they fought *pele mele*, tearing open their closing wounds, to the great delight of the spectators, who termed this a battle royal, and expressed great satisfaction in this humane and rational amusement.

“The dead, the dying, and the wounded, were now removed from the scene of action; and those who had set them on, forgetful of all their sufferings, exhibited an apathy similar to the general at the siege of Frederickshall, who, after a bullet from an unknown hand had levelled his hot-brained master, Charles XII., coolly said, ‘My lads, the play is over, let us go to supper!’

“An emigration now took place, from the malt-barn to Jonathan’s dining-room; and, as if their ferocious spirits were not yet satiated, they determined to imitate the rudest barbarians, by feasting on the victims of the day. •

“The feast of skulls (as it might be termed)

was spread, the victims were devoured, and their bones lay scattered around. All discussion of the feats so lately performed, had been suspended by the pleasures of mastication. Now that the table was cleared, and a bowl of rum punch smoking before them, many were the betts to be decided, and difficult to be adjusted were the claims for martial honour. Among these last, the most dubious were, those of the black champion and the speckled warrior.

“The point seemed to turn upon these two things, which of the two gave the last stroke, or fell first on the floor; and here there was a considerable difference of opinion. A great majority affirmed, that they rushed forward and met each other—that the shock of their collision produced immediate death to both, and that at the same instant they lay lifeless on the floor. But there were a few, who, either from observing more keenly, or being interested in the catastrophe, were of a different opinion. One affirmed, that the black hero made the greatest progress in his advance to meet the

enemy—that he came up in quick march, while the other advanced in slow time; hence it was evident, that, allowing that they had both started at the same instant, one shewed more eagerness for the fight than the other.

“ Another asserted, that the party-coloured warrior gave the last stroke. A third, that the champion in armour only fell in consequence of his antagonist tumbling over him, when no longer able to stand. Disputes were multiplied, and “ of their wrangling seemed no end.”

“ Some writers on the human constitution have affirmed, that both body and mind are influenced by the nature of the aliment taken into the stomach. Be this as it may, the doctrine appeared plausible enough on the present occasion; for, as the arguments were protracted, the wrath of the parties increased. From high words, threats followed; gesticulations succeeded, which were answered with proud defiance. At length, as if the spirits of the murdered warriors had been inhaled by the company, and incorporated into their sys-

tem, they all at once proceeded to blows. The combatants were arranging themselves on different sides, and preparing for a regular systematic action, for as yet it had been only slight skirmishing among some of their leaders, particularly Clover senior and old Anvil ; the different allies had begun to fall in, and a few missile weapons had been played off, when a bottle, aimed at Anvil's head, took the candle in its way, and lodged it in the pocket of Tom the joiner, who happening to have a small quantity of gunpowder there, in a piece of brown paper, the said powder, now, in imitation of the company, burst forth in a blaze ; but luckily did no serious harm, further than singeing Tom's whiskers ; unless we add a contingency, of which it was doubtless the occasion, namely, that Arthur Clod, in his hurry to escape from the blaze, attempted to jump on the table ; but coming short, stript the skin from his shins, and upset the table ; by which accident, a large decanter of water was thrown topsy-turvy, and the contents, by the law of gravity, descended on the floor ; but in its

passage, a very considerable quantity lodged in the small-clothes of a lusty farmer, who sat contiguous. Its temperature being rather beyond blood heat, produced him no small uneasiness; but the present was not a time to make noise about a trifle. When the table was overturned, the remaining candle went along with it, and being unaccustomed to burn on the floor, in a horizontal position, it went out in a pet.

“All was now dark, but still the battle raged with unremitted fury; the missile weapons were on the floor, and several of the company lay beside them. Blows were dealt at random, and few of them fell ineffectual. Some, who still kept on their legs, endeavoured to get out, and when obstructed in their egress, laid about them lustily. Several dogs were in the room, who, more sagacious than their masters, had hitherto preserved a placid disposition; but, amidst the din of arms, some one trode on the paw of a mastiff, with no gentle pressure; he growled resentment—it was echoed by another, and a canine battle commenced.

Those who lay on the floor still kept up the row : they kicked, pinched, scratched, pulled hair, bit noses, and boxed at random : clothes were torn, hats tossed on the fire ; execrations were uttered, or rather bellowed ; dogs howled, and every moment produced, ' confusion worse confounded.' A sly old fellow, an excise-officer, who sat in a corner, and had hitherto taken no part, thinking it wrong to be idle when every one was so actively employed, and recollecting the proverb, that ' water separates dogs,' snatched the kettle from the side of the fire, and, guessing from the uproar where the crowd were sprawling thickest, discharged its contents among them. The passage out was now clear, some ran, others walked, and not a few crawled out upon all-fours. The landlord, hitherto afraid to enter, came with lights : hats, bonnets, wigs, shoes, &c. were wanting, some torn, some burnt ; decanters, bottles, glasses, &c. strewed the floor : black eyes, bloody noses, and wounded cheeks, bespoke the valour of the combatants. One had a dislocated thumb, and another had left

a couple of his fore-teeth on the field of battle.

“ They had just concluded a truce, when Fame, having already spread the report of the battle from one end of the village to the other, men, women, and children, collected, and besieged the doors of the inn ; some alarmed for their husbands, others for their sons, and not a few wishing to enjoy the fun. Among the first who arrived, was Mrs Anvil, whose husband and son were both engaged ;—an Amazon in strength and courage, and a Xantippe in clamour and volubility of tongue. She entered the house before hostilities had fairly ceased between her loving spouse and Clover senior : her husband was bleeding profusely at the nose, and the blood, diffusing itself over a beard, bushy, black, and nearly of a week’s growth, rendered his appearance ruefully picturesque. His brawny fist was clenched opposite to Clover’s teeth ; when, with the fury of a tigress, his wife sprung upon the hapless farmer, indenting his cheeks with her talons, and closing the attack with a most redoubt-

able blow on his mouth, which had the immediate effect of exhibiting his face in the same colour as that of Anvil.

“Obstreperous din, scolding, clamour, crying, and hysterics, now had the effect of recalling the scattered senses of the combatants; who united their powers of rhetoric in persuading the females to withdraw. Most of them took the hint; but Mrs Anvil, determined to enjoy—what she conceived a woman’s privilege—scolding, began to exercise her lungs, much to the amusement of the mob. Her husband first entreated, and then commanded her to be silent and withdraw, which only tended to increase her foul-mouthed vociferation. Honest Vulcan, justly offended with this contempt of conjugal authority, seized her in his arms, carried her to a pond at a small distance, and soused her over head and ears; when she lifted her head, he asked if she was now willing to walk home quietly, assuring her she should lie there till she gave her consent. A few minutes cooled down her wrath; her husband assisted her to rise;

and she walked off in sullen silence. The mob were prevailed upon to disperse, and the company separated soon after."

The human mind is a compound of most heterogeneous principles. Had any one accused me of feeling pleasure in the sufferings or misfortunes of my fellow-creatures, or even of being negligent or indifferent in my endeavours to promote the happiness of my species, my heart would have warranted me in denying the charge. Yet candour obliges me here to confess, that the foregoing circumstances, when related, gave me no real concern ; perhaps, I was not sorry to hear them. And I could not refrain from saying to myself, " Well, this comes of despising my advice !"

CHAPTER XXV.

He who could make two blades of grass, or two ears of corn, to grow upon a spot where only one grew before, would deserve better of his country, and do more essential service to mankind, than the whole race of politicians put together.

ANONYMOUS.

NEXT morning, when my pupils collected, I observed in the greater part of them a kind of gloomy reserve, which was succeeded by secret whisperings ; and at noon, they mixed not as usual, but separated into parties. Had I not been acquainted with the circumstances, I should have anticipated a mutiny against my authority ; but, at present, there was no doubt that it resulted from the events of the preceding day : and although I was afraid that unpleasant consequences might follow, I knew not how to

interfere, or adopt any measure to prevent them.

On the subsequent morning, the storm appeared to lower still more deeply. Boys in the same class stood up together with evident reluctance, and latent wrath seemed rankling in their bosoms. As the lads were grown up, I became alarmed for the consequences, and resolved to inform their parents in the evening; but the event anticipated my intentions. No sooner were they dismissed at noon, than they adjourned to a little glen surrounded with coppice wood, and there a most obstinate and desperate conflict took place. Not fewer than a dozen were engaged, and of these, every one brought back evident marks of the fray. Two were so much injured, as to be incapable of leaving the scene of action without assistance.

I was now placed in a very disagreeable situation. It became necessary to inform their parents immediately; and this was to rake up the smothered fire, which, although it had ceased to blaze, was not yet

extinguished. The parents of the boys principally concerned were brought, and a surgeon was procured for the wounded ; one of whom had his arm dislocated at the shoulder, and the other was severely bruised, and had several ribs broken. Contusions on the head, black eyes, &c. were among the most trivial consequences of this juvenile quarrel.

When the fathers arrived, it would have been very difficult to define their feelings. Shame, rage, and sorrow, appeared so blended, that a spectator would have been at some loss whether to scorn or pity them.

My situation was peculiarly delicate. When appealed to, therefore, I endeavoured to convince them, that resentment had proceeded too far already, and begged them mutually to forbear and forgive, as it was the best way for all parties, to let the whole business sink into oblivion. But, alas ! this was no easy task : the two boys who were severely hurt, were the sons of those who had been most violent on opposite sides, and interminable hatred seemed now to be the probable result.

The parents not only continued to nurse their rancorous animosity against each other, but also endeavoured to instil the same unrelenting principles into their children. Ever anxious to justify themselves, they had even been heard to say, that had I allowed them to have fought their cocks at school, what followed in the present case would not have happened. They never insinuated this to me; neither did they ever express their regret at not following my advice; although it was obvious, that they keenly felt both shame and regret for having rejected it. As none had the candour to acknowledge himself in the wrong, or make the first step towards reconciliation, the social happiness that had subsisted in their little circle was interrupted, and almost destroyed, by pride and mistaken independence of mind. In consequence of this quarrel, not fewer than ten of my pupils were withdrawn from school, and their hatred cherished and kept alive by their parents, who, instead of being ashamed of their own conduct by this procedure, took the surest means

of propagating their resentment among their children.

Both Mr Belfield and I seriously regretted this misunderstanding among his tenants, who had hitherto lived in a state of social neighbourhood, which was calculated to add to their own happiness, and that of their benevolent landlord ; however, there appeared no remedy for their animosity but time, and we resolved to interfere no further in the matter. Mrs Belfield observed, that, like every other physical or moral evil in the world, the present *fracas* had its concomitant good ; as it would now render her plan of educating poor children more practicable. She therefore proposed to her husband, that he should allow her to select a certain number of pupils from his tenantry, the expense of whose education she would defray from the pin-money which he allowed her ; trusting that he would use his friendly efforts in getting them forward in life, according to their age and abilities. Never were two minds more congenial in their endeavours to be useful

in society, and to promote the happiness of their fellow-creatures. Mr Belfield most cheerfully coincided with this scheme, and requested, that it might be set about immediately.

Here it may naturally be asked, Since Mr Belfield was so benevolent a man, and so kind a master, why did his tenants require to have their children educated as paupers? In reply to this question, I may observe, that among the present improvements in agriculture, large farms are reckoned one of the most important. In Mr Belfield's neighbourhood, but not upon his estate, a tolerably extensive village had been depopulated, not to form a lawn around the proprietor's house, but to complete the plan of an extensive farm, which was let at a high rent to a speculating tenant; and many of the inhabitants of this "sweet Auburn," had sought a refuge in boroughs, where they "were doomed to ply their sickly trade." A few, with large families, who had been nursed amidst the healthy breezes of the plain, were averse from being shut up in the dark lanes and

damp cellars of a town ; and as Mr Belfield had on his estate a heath, of from one to two hundred acres in extent, some of them waited upon him, with proposals to rent a few acres, and to build a cottage upon it, as a resting-place in that quarter of the country, which was endeared to them by local associations. Mr Belfield being one of those who deem

“ A bold peasantry a country’s pride,”

immediately took their proposals into consideration, and then offered to parcel out the heath among them on the following terms :

That every settler should have ten acres of heath, rent free, for ten years ; that a cottage should be erected thereon, at the landlord’s expense, the cottager or tenant paying a rent for the said cottage, equal to the interest of the money expended on its erection : the rent was in no case to exceed twenty shillings Sterling, and if barn and byre were included, forty shillings Sterling.

As Mr Belfield had stone and lime quarries, and timber, upon his estate, he could

erect the cottages at a very moderate expense ; but if the tenant chose to build at his own expense, he furnished him with the materials for nothing. If, at the end of ten years, the tenant had brought five acres into good cultivation, he got a lease for other ten, at the rate of five shillings an acre for the whole, exclusive of the rent of his dwelling-house and offices ; but, on the other hand, if the tenant was found to be indolent, turbulent, or in other respects a bad tenant or neighbour, and his land not improved, the landlord might turn him out at the end of five years.

As the terms were considered favourable, agreements had been made in a few months for ten cottages, all of which were erected in the course of the first summer. One man offered to take the remainder of the heath (about sixty acres), at even higher terms, which Mr Belfield declined ; acknowledging, that he was an enthusiast in his scheme, and would adhere to his original plan, as he wished to see a healthy, and, if possible, a happy population around him.

The new tenants had doubtless some difficulties to struggle with, before they could make sufficient progress, to enable them to reap the benefit of their leases, which their benevolent landlord saw, and assisted them much. They were also furnished with lime for manure; and Mr Belfield acknowledged, that he was, with few exceptions, regularly paid. As he had a trenching-plough on his grounds, his servants and horses were sent to assist with it, at the seasons best suited for its application; and, in proportion as he saw industry exerted, he was ready to give encouragement and assistance.

In the course of the third year, the whole ground was under lease, and the earliest tenants, in general, thriving; their difficulties, although not over, were lessening every season. Thirlage and bondage were terms not to be found in their leases. Their time was their own, and they were bound for no service whatever to the landlord. Among them there was a mason, a house-carpenter, a blacksmith, and some labourers, who always

found plenty of employment. Indeed, Mr Belfield's service always got the preference, if he had occasion for them ; for, they considered him rather as a father than a landlord.

The period which I am describing, was only the fourth year from the first erections, and there were from thirty to forty acres under crop, all in tolerable cultivation.

These cottages were built upon a uniform plan, which produced an emulation among the tenants, who should keep his establishment in the best and neatest order. Their little gardens were well fenced, and stocked, not only with what was useful, but occasionally with what was ornamental. The woodbine and the Ayrshire rose, climbing up the walls and twining round their windows, gave the passenger an idea of cheerfulness and comfort within. If Mr Belfield ever seemed proud of his own plans or actions, it was of this ; for he would often invite me to walk that way, and I have observed a rich glow tinge his cheek, while he looked around with delight on the

scene before him. He called at the houses ; went often in, and complimented the housewives upon the cleanliness and neatness of their apartments. " Well," he would say, " is not this better than emigrating to America ? Why should Caledonia's children be forced to leave their native land, while there are so many barren wastes and uncultivated fields at home ? Scotchmen are not naturally an indolent race ! Convince them that their labour will not be in vain, and their industry will be exerted. I know there are some landlords who say, that by letting their waste lands in small glebes, they are only nursing up a nest of paupers : but the fault is their own ; as they insist upon rents which all the industry of the tenant can never enable him to pay, and they exercise no discrimination in choosing their tenants, among whom are always to be found some that are indolent, reckless, and improvident, in whatever situation they may be placed. Such should not be admitted as settlers, for there is a contagion in their example. Even the man who is sober

and industrious, if he find that his best exertions are insufficient, will become listless and indifferent. Suppose now, that this ground had been let, at the present terms, by a factor whose constituent resided in England, and who had neither the power nor inclination to render the tenants any assistance, would they have been in as comfortable circumstances, or their little fields in such order? Even the approving smile of a master inspires the tenant with hope and additional vigour; but his friendly aid, timely, although cautiously, administered, strengthens the arm, and braces the sinews of labour. The love of independence glows in almost every breast, and few will stoop to beggary, until they believe that every more respectable resource is cut off.

“ The formation of habit is every thing. Industry will do much; but frugality must superintend, to make her exertions efficient. For this reason, it is an express stipulation in the leases of these tenants, that none of them shall keep a

tippling-house. Perhaps you are not aware, that at present there is only one, Jonathan Jollie's, on all my estate; and if I renew his lease, he must keep such a house no longer."

With sentiments like these, it was impossible for Mr Belfield to be an oppressive landlord. Although none of his tenants were literally paupers, yet, with a less benevolent and indulgent landlord many of them would have been so; and it was from their families that Mrs Belfield proposed taking her charity scholars. She managed this with so kind and gentle an address, that the parents felt the obligation, without the humiliating consciousness of receiving charity, and her pupils were selected from those families to which her kindness was likely to be most useful. I endeavoured to discharge my duty, conformably to the expectations of my benevolent employer, whose hopes were sanguine, but rational; and I believe they were not disappointed. She visited the school occasionally; bestowed her commendation,

and distributed little premiums among the most deserving of her protégés. Their progress gave her so much satisfaction, that next season she procured a sempstress for the education of girls, and there, too, she was equally happy in the improvement and propriety of behaviour exhibited by the pupils. Even at this distance of time, I have a heartfelt pleasure in relating, that of all the children thus educated, not one has been guilty of any gross irregularity in behaviour, or been subjected to the censure of any power, civil or ecclesiastical.

It was one of Mr Belfield's favourite maxims, that

“ Education forms the common mind ;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined ;”

and, in the present instance, it was most happily illustrated ; for he had exercised a judicious caution in the selection of his original tenants, and admitted none but such as were known and recommended for habits of industry and sobriety. Under is protection these domestic virtues were

cherished and promoted, and every returning day made the habits which they had acquired more agreeable ; while the children having the benefit of their example, occasionally enforced by precept and friendly advice, grew up, happily ignorant of the follies and vices which prevailed in the world around them.

Summer passed away in that peaceful and unbroken tenor, which was most agreeable to my disposition. As I had promised to visit Colonel Maitland, Mr Belfield proposed accompanying me, and the weather being fine, we set out attended by a servant. We stopped at Carlisle, where we intended to dine and pass the night. Before dinner, the landlord came in with a gentleman's compliments (who, he said, was like ourselves, a traveller, and apparently a clergyman), requesting leave to dine with us, as he did not choose to eat alone. On obtaining our assent, the landlord went out, and soon returned, ushering in a venerable, hale-looking old man. We were much pleased with the stranger, who

was both intelligent and communicative ; well acquainted with the world ; and evidently a scholar. By the time that the cloth was removed, we considered ourselves as well acquainted. The stranger told us, that he was Mr Stanley, a clergyman in Yorkshire ; that his parishoners and he had grown gray together ; for, contented in his situation, " he ne'er had changed, nor wished to change his place : " that in his early days, when a very young man, he had been chaplain to the Duke of Cumberland, accompanied him into Scotland in 1746, and was wounded at the battle of Culloden ; as a compensation for which, the Duke had soon after presented him with the living which he now possessed.

His recital produced in my mind a strong, but undefinable sensation ; however, I contrived to disguise it, and to keep up the conversation about the rebellion, of which he told several very interesting anecdotes. I led him on to speak of the Duke, his private character, and his beha-

viour to the peasantry of Scotland, in his progress through that country; mentioning, that I had heard of the Duke occasionally condescending to be very familiar with the common people. "That," said he, "was but seldom, although it sometimes happened when he was in a good humour. I recollect one curious incident, in which he was engaged in our journey north; it might almost have been termed a tragi-comic scene, and I had literally an active hand in winding it up." He then related the story of my father's rencontre with the military officers; described the situation of my mother; and acknowledged, that having learned surgery, he had, by order of his Highness, officiated on the occasion, and helped to usher a fine boy into the world. The particulars of the story were as I have already related. Mrs Midnight's appearance and behaviour, were delineated with much comic effect; and the whole described with such a degree of chaste humour, as delighted us much.

The reverend gentleman concluded by

into the stable to see that our horses were properly taken care of. There we found a tall old man, with gray hairs, who appeared to act as superintendent of the stables. The clergyman requested that particular attention might be paid to his horse, saying, that he was an old servant, which had served him long and faithfully, and he had resolved they should never part while he lived. "No fear of him, Doctor," said the old man, "he shall have every attention, for I have dressed your horse fifty years ago!" "Eh! what?" said the clergyman. "Yes," replied the man; was not you once chaplain to the Duke of Cumberland?" "I certainly was; but who are you?" "I am the poor remains of Jack Briggs, at your reverence's service." My venerable friend shook the old man by the hand, looked emphatically at me, and then turned round to the landlord, who was walking in the stable-yard. After a short conversation with him, he came up to me, and, calling upon Briggs, told him, that I also had claims upon his acquaintance, and

wished to shake hands with him. The man stared, but said he could not recollect having seen me before. "Perhaps not," said Mr Stanley: "do you recollect having ever rode for a midwife?"—— "Yes, and please your Reverence, oftener than once; but the first time was on our way to fight the rebels at the battle of Culloden. I was despatched by the Duke himself for a lump of flesh, who, through fear, became incapable of doing her duty; and indeed, it was whispered among us, that a worthy gentleman took her post on the occasion." "Ah, John! folks will always be joking; however, there stands the fruit of that morning's work (pointing to me), ready to thank you for the speed you exerted to serve him." I shook John heartily by the hand, and paid him some compliments upon his advanced age and healthy appearance.

In the course of our conversation, the old man informed us, that he had been about this inn nearly thirty years, and had a good master and an easy situation.

part of the creation ? Do we ever see them desert their offspring, till they are able to provide for themselves ? Can man expect tenderness and refinement of feeling from a woman, who, without cause, but merely to promote her own ease, perhaps that she may have leisure to pursue idle and giddy pleasures, abandons her helpless infant to the care of a mercenary stranger ?”

During our stay in Wales, we rode over a great part of that fine and romantic country, and inspected some celebrated mines and iron works, which have been often described by scientific tourists. Suffice it to say, that we every day enjoyed some additional happiness and varied pleasure. To attempt any description of them here, is therefore unnecessary.

Colonel and Mrs Maitland were much delighted with the recital of our rencontre at Carlisle. The latter intreated me to keep my appointment with the Doctor : “ for,” said she, “ there is a probability he will make you his heir, or, at least, leave you a good legacy ; and as he is very old, a ba-

chelor, and a woman-hater, he is doubtless rich; it is evident, he is more of a fool than a philosopher, otherwise he would never have denied himself the pleasure of the company of females, for the faults of an individual. Were he not so old, and that it would be labour lost to make the experiment, if the Colonel will bring him to Maitland Place, I would lay a bet to cure him of his aversion to our worthy sex!" "Done!" says the Colonel; "we shall ride over into Yorkshire with our friends and visit him, that we may have a fair pretence for inviting him in return. Now, what do you bet?"

Bets were laid by all; Colonel Maitland and Mr Belfield against Mrs Maitland and me; when it occurred to Mrs Maitland that she was nursing, and could not go into Yorkshire. "So much in your favour!" cried the Colonel; "were the Doctor to see you in his own house first, he would never after become an inmate in yours; but do not mistake me, my dear, or imagine that I conceive your manners repulsive! No: I

serious in his proposal of accompanying us into Yorkshire, and having us in that quarter, he would be of our society, as he felt some use to see the man who had, at the same time, the sword, bible, and forgiveness of his profession.

much at home, as the case of an old and infirm man. At breakfast, the Doctor might be as long as convenient; and a week. "My venerable parson, "I may have my pecuniary make every thing therefore, consider I be under no regard garden will be as: I do not insist on your time, but your company when we shall perhaps be, and take a view of the nursery, which may be to you as strangers." of frankness and his manner and we are delighted with the first day, after a peculiarly good hu-

would not wish you different from what you are; were you changed in any way, you would be less agreeable to me; but it can be very readily believed, that an old bachelor, with the antipathies of forty or fifty years growth, would not so easily be reconciled to the freedoms you take, and which, in my eyes, render you matchless!" "Thank you, Colonel! I am now certain that you admire my freedoms, since you have begun to copy them. Be sure to engage the Doctor for a visit, and I will abide the consequences; it being always understood, stipulated, and agreed upon, that I shall have liberty to flirt, coquette, and play the fool with him, according to my own discretion." "Agreed," replied the Colonel, "it being also understood, that Mrs Maitland will never treat Doctor Stanley in a manner unworthy of his age and character. But of that I have no fear, except that I calculate upon the reverend gentleman having peculiarities, of which you may not be aware. I therefore request you to take one advice; if you mean to carry the Doctor's

affections, it must be by imperceptible advances ; for he will certainly fly from the field, if an attempt is made to vanquish him by a *coup de main*. And now" continued he, addressing me, " let me advise *you* to look to your own interest ; for the chance of gaining a bet, you run the hazard of losing a fortune. Should my good lady there, really fascinate the old man, he will doubtless remember her in his will, probably make her sole executrix. But you are to have a previous interview ; therefore, I again repeat, take care of your own interest."

On the evening before our intended visit, Mrs Maitland asked me, whether I had of late seen any of the family at Bramble-brae. It was the first time that she had mentioned them in our late interviews. Upon my replying in the negative, she said, that her mother was now very poorly ; that if she kept alive till next season, it was probable that she would endeavour to see her ; although she had little inclination to visit there.

A difference had taken place between Sir Peter and her about her fortune, and, unluckily, her mother had taken such a part in the dispute, as had rendered her life less comfortable ever since.

The young squire had got into a fencible regiment, and he piqued himself upon a scarlet coat and an epaulette; his character it was hardly possible to define; for it was a mass of incongruities: he was neither a bully nor a beau; a martinet nor a soldier; but a compound of all these, formed of their most prominent and least valuable parts; while his military swagger seemed to indicate, that he imagined himself a gentleman and a hero. The rest of the family were a litter of unlicked cubs, that she believed it would be almost impossible to polish: "However," said she, "they are my brothers and sisters, and if I cannot prevent, I need not publish their disgrace. If ever I visit Bramble-bræ, be assured, my dear friends, I will take Hawthorn-lodge in my way."

Colonel Maitland now assured us, that

he was quite serious in his proposal of accompanying us into Yorkshire, and having some business in that quarter, he would avail himself of our society, as he felt some curiosity to see the man who had, at the same time, had the sword, bible, and forceps, as insignia of his profession.

VOL. II.**H**

CHAPTER XXVI.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure ; whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.

COWPER.

AFTER a most pleasant journey across the country, we arrived at the parsonage one afternoon, just in time for tea, intending to send our servants and horses to an inn about a mile forward ; but this the reverend gentleman would not on any account allow. He told us, that, like the patriarch of old, he had room in his tent for ourselves, and also accommodation for our man servants, and provender for our cattle. The satisfaction which he felt at again seeing me, was expressed in his countenance, as he shook me by the hand : So cordial was our welcome, that before going to bed,

we imagined ourselves as much at home, as if we had been in the house of an old and intimate friend.

Next morning at breakfast, the Doctor entreated, that our visit might be as long as was consistent with our conveniency; and we promised to remain a week. "My good friends," said the venerable parson, "I am an old man, and perhaps have my peculiarities, but I wish to make every thing agreeable to my guests; therefore, consider yourselves at home, and be under no restraint; the library and garden will be open to you at all hours: I do not insist upon entirely engrossing your time, but shall be glad to have your company when you find it convenient. We shall perhaps make some little excursions, and take a view of the neighbouring scenery, which may be pleasant enough to you as strangers." There was such an air of frankness and cheerful contentment in his manner and countenance, that we were delighted with our venerable host. On the first day, after dinner, he appeared in peculiarly good hu-

mour, and said, that he had not felt, for a long time, such an exhilaration of spirits.

“ Now,” said he, “ here are four of us, equally paired, married men and old bachelors ; and I make no doubt, that all of us have comforts peculiar to our situations, although I still believe, that you husbands and fathers have the advantage : I once wished to marry, which some of you already know, and the thwarting of my inclinations on that occasion, was the greatest disappointment I have met with during a long life.” Here he paused ; but seeing him in this communicative humour, we prevailed upon him, without much solicitation, to give us the following sketch of his life ;

“ My father was a surgeon and apothecary of some reputation. He intended training me to his own profession ; and as I was his only child, he spared no expense upon my education. After attending the university till I was a good classical scholar, I applied myself to medicine, and pursued my studies at Edinburgh. About this time, a ere pasquinade appeared against ministry,

in a provincial paper published in our quarter. I replied to this attack, in a manner which some people were pleased to say, exhibited wit and learning. It was particularly noticed by a country gentleman, who had some connexion with the ministry; he considered me as their champion, sought my acquaintance, and we became intimate companions. Professing a sincere friendship for me, he expressed to my father his regret that I had not been bred to the church, for, in that case, he could have given me a respectable living.

“ My father, after some farther conference with him, sent me to study divinity, and to take orders as soon as the necessary forms would admit. My previous classical acquirements rendered this no very difficult task; and in a short time I received holy orders. My intended patron told my father, that the incumbent on a living in his gift was dying, and it should be mine. It appeared no great exertion of patience to wait a little, with hopes so well-founded.

“ One day, my patron invited my father

to dine with him. Over the glass, he told him, that the old incumbent could not hold out a month longer, and they tossed off a bumper to my being a bishop. My patron then mentioned to his guest, that he wanted a little of his professional assistance. When my father (who was half intoxicated with hope and wine) had expressed his readiness to serve him, the gentleman, with some delicate compliments to my father's abilities and prudence, and no small circumlocution, informed him, that an intimacy with a pretty girl in the neighbourhood, was likely to produce consequences far from agreeable ; that he was a married man, and did not wish to hurt the peace of his family ; the girl was of good character and decent parentage, and it would be a pity to ruin her reputation with the world ; in short (said he), you see very well what I would be at. She is yet in that stage, that a small matter from you, applied with skill, will preserve my domestic peace ; keep the girl's character untarnished ; she may get a good husband—all will be well, and no harm done !" My father had scarce-

ly patience to hear him out; the wine he had taken, although it had heated his brain, served only to increase his indignation at the infamous proposal. 'What!' said the insulted, but honest apothecary, 'do you not only wish me to become the pander of your vices; but have you the audacity to propose, that I should become your instrument in the commission of a crime at which nature shudders? What, Sir, have you seen in my conduct, or ever known of my character, that could warrant you in offering me such an insult?'

"My father had started to his feet—the gentleman endeavoured to be calm, pressed him to sit down and deliberate coolly on the matter; when my father, still indignant, refused to be seated, and replied, that such a proposal required no deliberation. The gentleman, then, with affected indifference, told him, that he might do as he pleased, but that my succeeding to the living must entirely depend upon his determination. 'It is determined, then!' cried my father, in a voice half stifled with rage; 'there is hor-

ror in the thought of purchasing admission into the church, by means so infamous and detestable ! And he abruptly left the house, which neither he nor I ever again entered.

“ Thus my hopes of patronage ended. I regretted the time that I had lost, and again resumed the study of medicine. The trifle that first introduced me to the notice of my pretended patron, had also been observed by some other gentlemen in the country, and my disappointment being talked of, one of them, through some channel with which I was unacquainted, and without solicitation on my part, procured for me the offer of being chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. Being a young man, and having no aversion to seeing a little more of the world than I could do by preparing medicines and visiting patients in a country town, I accepted of the situation in which there was a fair chance of promotion ; followed the Duke to Scotland, animated with loyalty ; not only saw the rebellion completely crushed on Culloden-Muir,

but witnessed the subsequent cruelties with secret horror: however, prudence induced me to suppress, or at least disguise, feelings, the declaration of which would only have injured myself, without meliorating the condition of the unhappy sufferers. I can boast of having bled in the service of my country, and still bear the marks of a wound from a ball that passed through my leg, which lamed me a little. On returning to England with the Duke, while we lay in quarters, I became acquainted with a young lady, the daughter of an attorney, and soon conceived not only a warm, but a romantic attachment to her. She acknowledged a mutual passion, and our union was delayed, only till some promotion, which I had reason to expect, should enable us to live more comfortably. In the meantime we shifted quarters, and I parted from the lady with regret, after we had fifty times repeated our vows of mutual and perpetual love. For some time our correspondence was regular, and delicately tender; it then became less frequent, and more formal on her part, and at last suddenly ceased al-

together. I repeatedly wrote, without receiving any reply, and began to be alarmed for her health or safety; for I had no more doubt of her fidelity, than of my own existence. While pondering upon the cause of this silence, I learned from a paragraph in a newspaper, that my faithless dulcinea had married an old widower of fifty, who kept his carriage and country-house. Although indignant at being thus jilted, I had philosophy enough, never to think of taking the *lover's leap* on the occasion; and after seriously deliberating on the subject, I congratulated myself on the escape which I had made from so mercenary a creature. In a short time after this, I was presented to the living, where I have now the pleasure of seeing my good friends around me. Although accustomed to the life of a soldier, I trust I have never disgraced the profession to which I now belong, and, moderate in my political and religious principles, I neither give nor receive trouble. Shortly after being settled here, I entered into an agreement with my parishioners for the tithes,

which I have never yet sought to alter, and by this means I preserve their good will ; for upon that very account they have an interest in my life.

“ My establishment, as you see, is moderate without being parsimonious ; and my pleasures are not expensive. My mother died when I was a boy, and my father just lived to see me settled, by means more honourable than those that had been proposed to him ; conceiving that, in this instance, virtue had received its reward, he thanked Heaven, and died contented. I had now few relatives alive, and those very distant. My father was not rich ; however, after discharging all his debts, I divided what he had left among the most needy of them.

“ Considering myself as now settled for life, I planned out the economy of my establishment, and by a little calculation, saw that I could lay up a certain sum annually, and have the command of nearly as much for contingencies, such as relieving distress, assisting obscure merit, and obeying, in va-

rious ways, the dictates of benevolence.— Without boasting that I have been a good steward (for we are at best unprofitable servants), I have endeavoured not to bury my talent in the earth. I have saved some money, which I mean to apply in such a way as to promote the happiness of my fellow-creatures. I have now not many years to live, calculating even according to the latest period of human life, and trust that I have always entertained a just sense of the happiness which has fallen to my lot ; and it is my opinion, that the best exhibition of gratitude is a contented mind, enjoying, with cheerfulness and moderation, the good things provided for us ; and employing a reasonable proportion of them, for the relief and comfort of those who may have been less fortunate than ourselves. I have studied to inculcate upon my flock practical religion, rather than controversy ; and it gives me pleasure to say, that I have not been altogether unsuccessful. There is not a dissenting chapel in my parish, and only two dissenting families. During my incumben-

cy, not one of my flock has been criminally indicted; law-suits are uncommon; and the grosser vices are almost unknown. I have never hunted after preferment, and would not now leave this spot, which has become dear to me by so many nameless associations, to be made Archbishop of Canterbury. I have a few intimate acquaintances, with whom I exchange visits; among these, are some dissenters, whom I highly esteem; although we differ in some things, I still consider them as fellow-labourers, and servants of the same Master; and believing them sincere in their professions, and active in the discharge of their duty, I consider them as justly entitled to my esteem; indeed, I occasionally find both pleasure and instruction in their society. Some people talk as if the world were much changed for the worse since they were young, and that every year is adding to its degeneracy; but I do not think so. It must be admitted, that there is much, both of vice and folly, that a wise and good man would eradicate if possible; but when was it otherwise? I recol-

evils in the present life ; but still, by accustoming ourselves to certain habits of thinking and reasoning, we add to the number, and increase the poignancy of the evils, by which we find ourselves surrounded."

It was indeed agreeable to see and hear this venerable old man, who seemed to resemble one of the patriarchs ; for he every day shewed some new excellence in his character, and every thing appeared so natural to him, that even his best actions seemed the result of habit, rather than of deliberate thinking.

To me he shewed a peculiar attachment, and expressed his regret, that he did not find me when I needed his assistance ; being pleased to say, that I would have been a treasure to him. In a private conversation, I had given him to understand the origin of my connexion with Mr Belfield, and the great obligations under which his friendship had laid me. Knowing this, he said, that he would by no means attempt to separate me from a friend, who he saw prized me so highly, and who, in all probability, would

continue that friendship, when he should be mingled with the clods of the valley. I was indeed much affected by his kindness, and had not my gratitude, and affection to Mr Belfield been very strong, I would have been inclined to say, "I will never leave thee!"

As the time of our departure drew near, I believe all of us regretted the necessity of so early a separation. Colonel Maitland, in the most earnest manner, invited the Doctor into Wales, and seemed determined to take no denial. The good man, reluctant to give pain, promised, if health permitted, to make the visit next summer.

At the same time, he insisted, that I should make at least an annual visit to Yorkshire during the short remainder of his life; I had been so much affected by his kindness, and, as it were, fascinated with his behaviour, that I could not refuse his request.

On the Saturday forenoon previous to our departure, we had left the Doctor at home, while we took a walk of a few miles. We met a considerable number of women

and children, all of whom seemed going towards the parsonage. They did not appear to be paupers, although of the lower ranks. We learned afterwards, from our servants, who had obtained the information among the Doctor's menials, that these people came every Saturday, for a certain weekly allowance, which was paid to them; the sum being in proportion to the extent of their families and necessities. To those who were still poorer, broken victuals were distributed; his garden and wardrobe being also laid under contribution to relieve their wants. This was an amiable trait in the character of a minister of the Gospel of peace.

We were anxious to see and hear him in the pulpit, who, in other respects, so graced his station. The hallowed morning approached, and we met at breakfast, during which, he told us, that we should meet again at dinner, which followed the afternoon service; but, till then, it was his constant custom to be retired, when not engaged in the duties of the day.

I have always thought the service of our sister church, when well performed, very much adapted for awakening true devotion; and never did I hear prayers offered in a strain better adapted to their original purpose. His supplications were addressed with meek, but fervid sensibility; while the venerable father looked with the humility becoming a child of the dust; at the same time, exhibiting that confidence which declared his consciousness that he was addressing a just and merciful Father.

The responses were delivered in such a manner, as indicated that the hearts of the speakers influenced their lips; indeed, during the whole of the service, never did I see a greater degree of external decorum; never did I behold a congregation exhibit signs of more rational piety. When the venerable pastor mounted the pulpit, every eye was fixed on him, and every ear listened with the most respectful attention: The discourse was pregnant with reason and sound morality, founded on the doctrines of revelation;

the composition was nervous, and the delivery animated and impressive.

In the afternoon, he expounded, by lecturing, a portion of Scripture. In doing this, he exhibited an intimate acquaintance, not only with his Bible, but also with ancient history, and the manners and customs of the people, to whom the prophecies which he explained were delivered.

Upon the dismissal of the congregation, the friendly inquiries and salutations that were exchanged between the pastor and his flock, plainly evinced, that he was esteemed as the friend and father of his people. In so far as we had opportunity of observing, the amiable character of Goldsmith's country clergyman seemed completely exemplified in Dr Stanley; and I believe it would have been impossible for any one acquainted with that beautiful picture, not to imagine that he saw here the original before him.

Next day we prepared for our journey. At parting, the good Doctor appeared sin-

cerely affected, and, calling me his son, begged that I would consider him as a father; expressing his happiness, that, as a recompense for my want of success in my profession, I had been so fortunate as to find a friend in Mr Belfield. When just about to part, after reminding me of my promise to visit him next season, he put a book into my hand. "Last night," said he, "you and I were disputing upon the translation of a Greek sentence; here is a small volume, which will probably illustrate the subject: put it in your pocket, as a memorandum of an old man, who regrets that he has not had the pleasure of knowing you sooner. Farewell!"

We parted with Colonel Maitland at the first stage, and rode on to the next without stopping. There we halted to feed our horses, and having walked into the inn, I put my hand into my pocket, when feeling Dr Stanley's volume of Greek, I pulled it out. Upon opening it, there appeared a letter addressed to me, and which I found con-

tained two bank-notes, of fifty pounds each. The letter was as follows :

“ DEAR SIR,—I have enjoyed much sincere and rational pleasure in your company, and feel that I shall allow you to part from me with regret. How pleasant and profitable might it have been for both, had we met a score of years ago; but the ways of Providence are inscrutable. You have not been so successful as your friends would wish, in obtaining a situation in the way of your profession; but you have been fortunate indeed, in the friendship of Mr Belfield. Until I began to know him, I had determined upon soliciting you to remain with me; but a little reflection convinces me, that this would be cruelty and injustice to your friend, and probably to yourself; besides, it would be causing you to act an ungrateful part to your benefactor. I am a very old man, and cannot expect that my stay here will be much prolonged; this is another reason why you should not re-

in his own way, and therefore his present should be retained.

This opinion seemed plausible, and, although I was only half convinced, my previous resolution was over-ruled.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win Maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her ?

SCOTT.

WE had reached within a day's journey of home, and were less than a mile distant from the town where we intended to stop for the night, when we observed a young woman seated, or rather reclining, on the brink of the ditch by the road-side, with an infant, apparently a few months old, lying beside her on the grass, and crying bitterly. On approaching nearer, we saw that the woman's countenance was pale and emaciated, with evident marks of distress, either of body or mind, probably of both. Upon

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entering into conversation with her, the following dialogue took place :

“ Good woman, what is the matter ?”
“ Ah, Sir ! I am very ill.” “ Is that your own child ?” “ Yes, Sir.” “ Where is your husband ?” “ I have no husband” (blushing and holding down her head). “ Ah ! poor woman, is he dead ?” “ I am—a poor unfortunate—I never was married” said she blushing.

A short silence ensued on both sides, as her character was now dubious : however, as she had answered our interrogatories with apparent candour, Mr Belfield again continued his inquiries :

“ Where then is the father of your child ?”
“ I hardly know—I am going in search of him.” “ From whence do you come ?” “ Cheshire.” “ And going into Scotland ?” “ Yes, Sir ; the father of my infant is, I believe, in that country.” “ Have you ever had any other child ?” “ Oh, no, no, Sir !—I have been weak—wicked—but no prostitute ;” and she cried bitterly. “ Tell us your story—and tell it honestly.” “ Good gentlemen, this is my only child—I was at service in

my native place—a gentleman's servant in the neighbourhood became acquainted with me—courted—promised to marry me—and—and ruined—and left me." Here she sobbed and cried violently. "I lost my place—went to my father's—my mother was dead, and my step-mother turned me out of doors! An old woman who lived near us received me, till I was delivered of this poor baby. As soon as I was recovered sufficiently to travel, I left the poor woman (for, indeed, she could not keep me), and set out in quest of my infant's father. I have got thus far on my way, and severely have I suffered for my folly. Poverty, contempt, sickness, and suffering, have been my companions—I am now quite worn out with fatigue; and were it not for my poor baby, most gladly would I lie here and die; for I am an object of scorn to many, and of suspicion to all; my spirit is broken, my strength is exhausted, and, alas! I shall never reach Hawthorn-lodge!" "What place did you say?" "Hawthorn-lodge—I

understand my Robert is a servant there."
"What is his name?" "Robert Jones."

Now Robert Jones was very composedly seated on his horse, and holding ours at this identical moment, not an hundred yards distant; and it was obvious, that either the poor woman's fortune would mend, or her immediate detection follow: but this last alternative being by no means probable, Mr Belfield, who followed the impulse of the moment, walked up to his servant, bade him ride forward to the town for a bottle of wine and some biscuits, and bring them to a house near the spot where we stood. Robert, having received orders to use expedition, rode past the woman without having time to observe her.

We assisted her to rise, and conducting her to the house, requested that she might be accommodated for a little. Mr Belfield then told her, that he knew Robert's master, and might be able to serve her; and asked if she was still willing to marry Robert, if he had no objections. "Oh, Sir," cried she, "my only wish is to be made

an honest woman, that my child may be no longer a bastard—and then to live or die, as may be the will of Heaven.” “ Well, keep up your heart ; we shall assist you in getting forward, and then see what can be done.”

The people of the house had orders to send Robert to us the moment he arrived. When he came, a glass of wine was poured out, and he was ordered to carry it to the woman in the next room, while we followed close behind, to observe the immediate expression of their countenances, if they recognised each other. Robert presented the wine ; but, on looking at her who was to receive it, he dropped the salver—she gave a glance at him, shrieked, and fell on the floor.

We now feared that our measures had been too precipitate. In the meantime, the landlady was called to assist in recovering her, while Mr Belfield retired with his servant, who had for some time stood like one convicted of murder, and bitterly regretting his crime. After a serious conversation with him upon the subject, he ac-

knowned having seduced the girl; and expressed not only his readiness, but his anxiety, to make her reparation by marriage; saying, that his mind had never been at ease since he deserted her.

The girl was soon recovered, and Robert was brought in. He kneeled before her, begged her pardon, and solicited the return of that affection, which he said his absconding had justly forfeited. He held out his hand to her, and called us to witness, that it was a pledge of marriage as soon as she would consent. She presented her hand—he embraced her, seized his child, and clasped it to his bosom. Upon explaining the matter to the people of the house, they were prevailed upon to let their guest stay till she recovered the necessary strength. After seeing her provided with proper accommodation, we went forward to our lodgings, and deliberated what it were most prudent to do in this affair.

As there was little doubt that we could get the marriage solemnized where we then were, it appeared most eligible, that, after

getting them married, we should proceed homeward, and let Robert return for his wife and child. Accordingly, we sent for the clergyman of the town, explained the matter, and had Robert brought before him. Being a good-natured sensible man, he adjourned with us, in the evening, to the house where the bride was lodged ; and the nuptial rites were performed.

Mr Belfield said, that having always found Robert a good servant, he would furnish him with a house, and hoped they would do well. We reached home next day, and on the day after, Robert was despatched for his wife and child ; the people with whom she had lodged having been previously indemnified by his master. Robert brought home his family, and his fellow-servants believed that he had been married long before. The poor woman soon recovered her health and spirits ; they lived several years happy with each other at Hawthorn-lodge, and left it to take possession of some little property which Robert inherited from his father.

About a week after I had resumed my

labours in school, I was waited upon by three old acquaintances from my native parish. One of them was the farmer from whom I had the house when I taught there; the other two the parents of the young woman who had been seduced by my successor. They had all been violent reformers, and were now gone to an equal extreme in abjuring their former principles. As they had been the most strenuous in dismissing me from my office, I was rather surprised at their present visit; however, as I indulged no resentment against them, I received them with an affability, the franker, perhaps, because there had once been a quarrel between us. After some general conversation, "it is necessary," said my former landlord, "to declare the purport of our visit, which embraces two objects. The first is, to assure you of our full conviction of having used you ill; to express our regret for it; and to solicit your forgiveness." "You had that from the beginning," said I; "I perceived your error, and endeavoured to convince you, which I found im-

practicable ; but as it was the mistake of your judgment, I was persuaded, that at some future period, you would see your conduct in its proper light. That time being come, I am as ready to offer the hand of reconciliation, as you can be to receive it."

They now proceeded to tell me the second object of their visit ; that though they were satisfied of my being fully reconciled to them, yet they wished it to be publicly known, that mutual forgiveness and reconciliation had taken place ; for the notoriety of their violent conduct to me had made a considerable noise at the time. To obtain this, a thought had occurred ; each of them had a son, whose education was not yet completed, (as they had never got a proper teacher since the elopement of my successor), and whom they had almost resolved upon sending to an academy ; but, after some reflection, they determined upon applying to me, fully satisfied, that if I would take them under my charge, their improvement would be equal to their wishes. They proposed, that the lads should board with me, that

they might be more particularly under my guardianship : and if I would consent to take the charge, they would allow me to make my own terms.

This was an unexpected proposal ; but I rather declined taking such responsibility upon myself. They continued to solicit me with much earnestness, and said, that my refusal indicated that I had not yet heartily forgiven them, since I was unwilling to confer a favour.

A thought just then occurred to me, and I resolved upon making trial of their dispositions, and probably of doing a charitable action. " Well," said I, " are you all sure that you can heartily forgive ?" " We think so ; but why this question ?" " Because it comes now in my way—and I am about to mention a subject which will, I believe, be disagreeable ; but I do it, not to hurt your feelings, far less for any worse purpose—My successor in the school—is not he in prison ?" " Yes." " Detained by one, or all of you ?" " By all," " And what good do you expect from that ?" They paused—" Why,

he used us ill." "Granted—but he used himself worse, and should he die where he now is, will any of you feel the happier? I am sure, if you allowed resentment to give way to reason, you would immediately set him at liberty." "But think, Sir, of the shame brought upon our families!" "Well, I do think of it; and while you make him in any degree an object of public notice, which he must necessarily be while he continues in prison, so long do you keep your own misfortunes fresh in the memory of the public. I must therefore say, that, even upon the principles of self-love, and regard for the happiness of your families, you ought to do every thing practicable, to make the world forget all that has happened, which would soon be the case (such is the rage for novelty), did not your own imprudent resentment keep the subject alive, and force it upon their observation." They admitted that there might be some truth in my suggestions; but could not so easily be persuaded, that it was against their dignity to punish the fellow as far as pos-

sible; and argued, with some plausibility, that his being at large, was only to circulate the story of their disgrace, and keep it alive in every part of the country to which he should go. "To obviate this," said I, "give him his liberty, upon condition that he remove himself from the country altogether; for, unless you set this man at large, I cannot believe that you are influenced by good principles, whatever you may profess; for your own sakes, I would therefore earnestly recommend it.

"He is one with whom I have no connexion whatever, but pity to a fellow-creature, and the common principles of humanity, prompt this advice, which, if you adopt, I will accede to the proposal of taking your sons for twelve months as pupils; but, if you continue vindictive, I am fully resolved against entering into any association, that may lead to fresh disputes with men of so implacable tempers."

After some further conversation, they either were, or pretended to be, convinced by my arguments, and frankly agreed to

liberate their quondam schoolmaster. They had to obtain the consent of some others who had joined them in detaining the poor wretch, before it could be effected.

The terms upon which I was to take my pupils were soon settled, and they arrived in the course of the following week ; and on the prisoner being released from jail, he was, in conformity with his former sentence, immediately sent on board a ship of war.

My new pupils resided with me eighteen months, and during the whole of that period, I believe, neither party was disappointed ; for they were steady in their application, and I lost no opportunity of promoting their improvement. We parted with mutual respect, and, after settling with their fathers, I received a very handsome mark of their esteem. Thus was I reconciled to those who had, at a former period, treated me very illiberally ; and I have ever since reflected upon this incident, although trifling, with much satisfaction.

Mrs. Belkfield's exertions were still unre-

mitted, and the children under her care continued to improve. Occasional visits which she made to the school, were of general utility; a spirit of emulation was kept up; and as her praises were never indiscriminately lavished, they produced a wonderful effect; even her smile of approbation was always an incitement to further exertion. The sempstress, whom she had selected, was a woman of prudence, and of considerable information; she acquired much respect, and informed the minds, while she directed the fingers of her pupils.

In compliance with my promise to Dr Stanley, I proposed to visit him during the first harvest vacation. As Mr Belfield had some business to do in London, he vested me with the necessary powers to act for him, and it was agreed that I should go first to Yorkshire, and then proceed to London. Instead, therefore, of taking my own horse, I set off in a post-chaise, and reached the hospitable mansion of my friend without either accident or adventure.

My reception was more than kind—it

was paternal; and the fondness of my venerable friend seemed to have increased since our last interview. We talked of men, manners, books, and the great political convulsions then taking place on the theatre of Europe; and although we sometimes differed in opinion, our respect for each other seemed only to be increased by our occasional opposition.

The Doctor told me, that he had made a visit of considerable length at Maitland-park, and spoke with much esteem of Colonel Maitland and his lady. "Although," said he, "Mrs Maitland is not all that I could fancy or wish as a woman, she is highly worthy of esteem; she has many virtues, and as few of the foibles peculiar to her sex, as any woman with whom I am acquainted. She has neither the affected airs, nor languid and sickly sensibility of a fine lady. With a graceful appearance and winning easiness of manner, she is totally void of coquetry; while, at the same time, she practises the virtues of her sex and station without prudery. She displays freedom

without levity, candour without rudeness, and good nature without foolish simplicity. If she despises or neglects some of the exterior accomplishments of her own sex, she has adopted others from ours, which, perhaps, few women could display with such gracefulness and propriety. During the first day or two of my visit, I thought her eccentric ; and, I presume, she would generally be deemed so, by superficial observers ; but, before my departure, I was convinced that she could not have renounced any one habit, without being less virtuous or less agreeable. Of you she has a very high opinion ; and says, that she would still make the Colonel use his interest to obtain a living for you, were she not persuaded that you are as useful, and probably more happy, in your present situation ; although she observes, that in a short time your utility must in some degree cease, as you cannot long continue to teach, without fatiguing yourself. And now, my dear Sir, I request to have your candid sentiments on this subject. If you anxious-

ly wish a living in the church, I believe, between Colonel Maitland and myself, the matter can be accomplished. On the other hand, if you would rather wish to decline a change of situation, do not fear for the means of living comfortably. Like you, I am left alone in the world; I assisted in introducing you to all its toils, cares, and vexations, of which I find you have had a competent share; for Mrs Maitland has made me acquainted with almost every incident of your life. Consider me, therefore, as not only your friend, but your father, if you will allow me the title. Although an old man, I have not yet made my will; but it ought not now to be delayed. Your determination upon the subject of which we have just been talking, would be agreeable to me, before I set about this memento of my mortality; besides, it is performing a duty to yourself; I trust, therefore, you will make up your mind before you again leave a friend, who cannot now expect to see you often."

"To this benevolent man I hardly knew what to reply, and I was so overpowered

by his kindness, that I felt myself almost incapable of thinking coherently. I had, for great part of my life, owed most of its comforts to the bounty of others ; but this, instead of rendering my mind more callous, had increased its sensibility. There still existed a pride which I could not easily shake off, and which was hurt by every additional favour conferred upon me. I felt that my independence was gone, and persuaded myself that I was degraded in society, and stooping to eleemosynary subsistence. In the meantime, I thanked the Doctor, with heartfelt gratitude, for the interest he took in my happiness, and for all his kind intentions towards me ; but, in the most decided manner, I refused accepting of his property, according to the manner he had signified to me. Even in the event of no change taking place in my situation, I told him that it was equal to all my wants ; and as I had no one dependent on me, his fortune could be much better employed ; it could be applied so as to give lustre and perpetuity to his

name, and be productive of much and lasting utility to mankind.

After much deliberation, and passing a sleepless night in ruminating on the proposals made to me, I viewed myself, at present, as nearly a useless being—a drone in the public hive, except in so far as I discharged the office of schoolmaster; and I had begun to feel that duty not only fatiguing, but injurious to my health. My benefactor, Mr Belfield, was not rich, and had the prospect of a family. Although he had removed my dependence on him, and I had every reason to believe he would not part from me without reluctance; yet I still considered the comforts which he had provided for me as a tax on his generosity.

I had been qualified for the church, with a sincere belief in the doctrines which I had once preached, and considered them as essential to the present and future happiness of man. Ought I not, therefore, still to embrace every opportunity of promulgating them, which Providence might put in my power? My heart replied in the af-

firmative—and I next day hinted to my friend, that if a living in the church were offered to me, I should consider it my duty to accept it.

Two weeks having passed rapidly away, it became necessary for me to pursue my journey. At parting, the Doctor said, "my health is still good, and, I trust, we shall meet again next season, or sooner, if you can make it convenient. If it be not disagreeable to maintain a correspondence with an old man, let me frequently hear from you." We parted with regret, and I set off in the stage coach for London.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
Rides on the parting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world.

SHAKESPEARE.

My company in the coach consisted of an elderly gentleman of respectable appearance, another considerably younger, but forward and loquacious ; and a woman, decently, though not elegantly dressed, of a matronlike appearance, and about forty years of age. They seemed to have travelled some stages together ; for the conversation was begun by the elderly gentleman, who thus addressed the other :

“ So you have been at the Scotch Circuits ? ” “ Yes—I amused myself by look-

ing in upon them *en passant*." "Were there any important trials?" "Important trials—at a Scotch Circuit! that is a good joke. Pray, Sir, what could you expect there of importance? I hope you will excuse me, Sir, for I do not think you are a Scotchman: but, indeed, their causes are generally of no importance: nothing to inspire with eloquence—no field! In this instance, there were a few women for child murder, as usual—some petty larcenies, such as stealing potatoes, turnips, and dead horses, for the sake of their skins; deforcing gaugers, and so forth! Ah! I had forgotten, there was one cause of high importance—Sir Peter Lightfoot of Bramble-brae had caused one of his tenants to be indicted for felony, for the daring crime of stealing heather!" "You joke surely?" "Not I, faith! The knight is a queer one!—but we, the other proprietors in the county, were quite ashamed of the action. We must absolutely black-ball Sir Peter, to save our own honours!" "Do you reside in his neighbourhood, Sir?" "Heaven forbid!

Reside in Scotland! I would as soon become a wandering Tartar, or build a hut in Siberia! I have got an old mansion-house, and a few hundred acres, within twenty miles of Bramble-brae, that were left me by a foolish relation, who was never out of Scotland in his life: I am obliged to go down once a year, which I generally do about the shooting season, when I contrive to linger out my existence for a few weeks—settle with my steward, or factor as they term him, and return, as I am now doing, to life and sunshine in Old England.”—

“Are you personally acquainted with Sir Peter?” As much as I wish to be—I have seen him at county meetings; and have enjoyed many a hearty laugh at his expense, as I have heard his character and family affairs developed by the neighbouring gentry.” “I knew him a merchant in London—can you inform me whether his lady is still alive?” “Why, I believe so—but they are most heartily tired of each other.”

“Ah! how is that?” “Why, I presume, Sir, you know that the lady’s charms were

all concentrated in her strong box ; *that* once in possession of the knight, she had no farther attractions for him. *Her* ruling passion was showy, vulgar gentility ; and *his* was vanity, fettered by avarice. They never coalesced in their pursuits ; their minds could not assimilate ; and some years ago, the marriage of Lady Lightfoot's daughter (Miss Burton) by a former husband, roused their natural antipathies into an open rupture. The quarrel began about the young lady's portion, and produced a dreadful explosion. Her mother has never since been reconciled to Sir Peter, and now finds her only consolation in the closet, over a cup of Glenlivet whisky : her eloquence was always too much for her *tender spouse* ; but, inspired with her favourite beverage, she becomes irresistible, and their interviews often terminate with *argumentum baculinum*, when the knight generally makes a precipitate retreat." "Has the daughter made a good match ? What sort of girl was she ?" "A chip of the old block—a dowdy in shape—a rantipole in

manners—unprincipled both from ignorance and inclination—without the delicacy of her own sex, and wanting the common sense of ours; the only virtue to which she has any title being of a negative kind, viz. that she is no hypocrite. With an appetite for a husband, which she was neither able nor anxious to disguise, she was in most imminent danger of dying, I will not say an *old maid*, but a *spinster*; when in one of her rambling excursions, she hooked an old half-pay Captain in the army, possessed of a few barren hills in Wales, where they *live* or rather *vegetate*.” “You made a curious distinction in your last sentence.” “Ah! about the spinster—is it that you mean?” “Yes, Sir, it struck me.” “No doubt, no doubt, Sir! I wish to speak correctly, and according to the truth, as far as it may be known. Miss Burton, *entre nous*, was rather too come-at-able—indeed, she was perfect touchwood, and frightened off every man that approached her by her fondness. Her mother had long watched her like a *duenna*, until one morning, that, catching

her and the family chaplain in rather a *mal-apropos* situation, she gave it up in despair."

My bosom was already glowing with indignation at the gossiping calumnies of this scandal-monger. He was now about to relate, and I had no doubt to distort, my adventures in Sir Peter's family, and I was doubtful whether I should be able to command my temper: however, being seated on the same side, I contrived to keep my back half turned to him, when he was to commence as my historian.

"Is it possible!" said the old gentleman, "did Miss Burton seduce the chaplain?" Not exactly that, Sir—it was diamond cut diamond! He was a knowing one, and she was 'nothing loath.' His father, a taylor or cobbler, I *forget* which, wished to perpetuate his name, by breeding his son for the church. What nature had denied this intended expounder of creeds in talent, she supplied in cunning, or, as they say in Scotland, '*mother wit*.'—His *debut* was in a Mr B.'s family, where

the fellow, aided by impudence and a pair of broad shoulders, was just upon the eve of marrying the family heiress; but the plot was discovered when the mine was ready to spring, and this promising son of the church was sent a packing, though not before he had so far ingratiated himself with the poor giddy girl, that, like a baby deprived of its doll, she cried herself into a fit, and actually died of disappointment."

While this slanderer spoke only of myself, my strongest sensation was contempt; but to hear the angel purity of Maria B. defamed by such a wretch, was agony! I was about to interrupt him, and with difficulty suppressed my indignation for the moment. His companion, or rather auditor, again addressed him.

"Well, I suppose this chaplain next got into Sir Peter's family, and wished to marry Miss Burton?" "Yes, that was his aim. He plied her with love letters in rhyme, the sentiments of which were calculated to meet her laxity of manners; but one unlucky morning, when he was swearing to

the whole in a *tête-à-tête*, and sealing his oath by kissing the lady instead of the gospel, her amorous disposition could no longer hold out, and he, cool and calculating as he was, forgot all consequences—began at the wrong end of his wooing—was interrupted by Lady Lightfoot, and, in five minutes after, kicked out of doors by the knight.”—“A strange one he must have been!—Do you know any thing farther of his adventures in fortune-hunting?” “Why, as to that, I cannot speak with equal certainty; he was, after all this, appointed assistant minister in a country parish, but the parishioners, justly offended with his immoral character, insisted upon his being turned off. He afterwards became a schoolmaster, but was dismissed from that office also. I have heard that he was apprehended in Edinburgh for vending counterfeit notes, but was released by the address and interest of Miss Burton. Since that time, I believe, he has led a vagrant kind of life about Wales, in the vicinity of his old sweetheart; where, it is generally reported, they still

render friendly services to each other ; and it is exceedingly probable, for how could he otherwise subsist ?”

The woman, who, like me, had hitherto been silent, now addressed the detestable defamer thus :

“ Sir, you seem to be well acquainted with all the characters of whom you have been talking, and have afforded us a great deal of entertainment. Do you know what you have told to be facts ?” “ Do I know them ?—every body knows them—and says so !” “ Well, then, Sir, permit me to tell you, that every body, and you too, are common liars !” “ Woman ! do you know to whom you speak ?” “ You’ll see that bye and bye !”

Then addressing herself to the old gentleman and me :

“ Gentlemen,” said she, “ it is not a woman’s prerogative to intrude herself into conversation, especially with strangers ; but I conceive it to be the duty of every person, whether man or woman, when they hear truth distorted, facts misrepresented,

and innocence defamed, to check the progress of such infamous scandal, and expose the libeller in his native colours. You have heard what this *fellow* (for he is no gentleman) said of Miss Maria B. I again repeat, it is all an infamous lie ! I entered into the service of Mr B. immediately after the departure of the tutor just mentioned—was Miss B.'s attendant till the hour of her death, and continued in the family till the untimely loss of her father. That Miss B. loved the tutor, I know ; but so far from his having seduced her affections, he left the family when he made the discovery that she loved him ; his absence was the cause of much regret to Mr B., who knew not the reason of his departure, till his daughter revealed it on her death-bed ; and had Mr B. lived, this tutor would have been handsomely provided for. He was, and (notwithstanding this reptile's aspersions), I trust, still is, a man of character and principle.

“ Before her death, Miss B. made no secret to me of her affection for this young man ; but her death was not the conse-

quence of disappointed love ; it was produced by cold and rain, which brought on a consumption ; and so far from being the giddy girl she has been represented by this miscreant, she was as much beyond others of her age, for wisdom and prudence, as she excelled them in beauty.

“ Respecting the family of Bramble-brae, I am less able to speak correctly ; but I know enough to affirm, that this pretended country gentleman, a neighbour of Sir Peter’s, as he says, and who now looks me in the face, came into Sir Peter’s family, nobody knows from whence, under the title of a lawyer, to assist the knight in drawing up leases, &c.—continued for some time, till he had the audacity to make love to Miss Burton ; he pressed, repeated his suit, and teased the lady, till she literally ordered him to be turned down stairs, and he was put out of doors by the shoulders. So that Miss Burton, inflammable as he has represented her, refused to kindle at such a spark. All this I affirm to be true ; and now maintain, to his face, that he is a mean, cowardly, re-

vengeful, dirty calumniator; let him disprove it if he can, and resent it if he dare. Yes, Sir! (addressing him), you are all that I have already termed you; and to shew that I do not claim the privilege of my sex for what I have said, my husband is Mr Fenwick, parish minister of * * * *, to whom I refer you for any offence I may now have given. Further, I believe, he wishes to see you respecting a last will drawn by you, concerning which some explanations are necessary, and which will, in a short time, undergo legal investigation; and if you will have the politeness to favour him with your address, it may save some trouble to the understrappers in that profession, to which you are a disgrace. Do you wish me to be more explicit in my narration of this affair?

“ Gentlemen, I have only farther to observe, that any thing approximating to truth, in all the scurrility which I have dared to contradict, are the characters given of Sir Peter and his lady; these, although caricatures, are likenesses. Respecting Miss

Burton, now the lady of Colonel Maitland, I believe her manner was free, but her principles good, and her character unspotted. I never had the pleasure of seeing Mr Campbell, the tutor or chaplain, as he has been contemptuously termed just now; but am well persuaded, that the man whom Maria B. could honour with her esteem, and invoke blessings on his head with her dying breath, would never have so far degraded himself, as to merit the charge now brought against him."

An irresistible impulse prompted me—I seized Mrs Fenwick's hand, and passionately said: "For the sake of Maria B. I request that you will accept my most sincere thanks! but, I beg your pardon—I have interrupted you—proceed." "I have only to add," replied Mrs Fenwick, "that the departure of Mr Campbell from Bramble-brae, was not as described by this pestiferous reptile. I have already said, that Miss Burton's conduct was unspotted; there was freedom, but not levity in her manner; and I have heard, from good authority, that her husband, Co-

lonel Maitland, is a gentleman of distinction and respectability. I beg your pardon, Gentlemen, for all this intrusion, as neither of you may feel any interest in the characters which have been so brutally mangled ; but I have had occasion to know or hear of them, and always in a way so very different from that in which they have just now been represented, that I did not conceive it consistent with justice to allow such an impression to remain upon the minds of strangers."

The old gentleman joined me in again expressing our thanks and approbation of her conduct. The pettifogger was quite chop fallen ; and in a short time we arrived at the next stage.

When we came out of the coach, I immediately seized the driver's whip ; my defamer was about to walk off, but, in a peremptory tone, I commanded him to stop—the guilty are generally pusillanimous, and he obeyed. We were shewn into a room ; I desired the old gentleman and Mrs Fenwick to be seated ; and pushed the limb of the

law into the middle of the room, taking my position between him and the door. When suppressed indignation would permit me to speak, I addressed them thus :

“ You are, doubtless, surprised at my violence and agitation ; but that surprise will cease when I tell you, that I am Mr Campbell, the fond adorer, I might say, idolater, of Maria B.’s fame and memory ! I am the ‘ knowing one,’ the intriguing tutor of Bramble-brae, and avow myself the acquaintance and intimate friend of Colonel and Mrs Maitland ; all of whom, as well as myself, has this wretch, this reptile, aspersed and defamed.” Then seizing him by the collar, “ down, down upon your knees this instant, scoundrel ! and ask pardon of the sainted shade of Maria B. for all the calumnies you have uttered, and acknowledge, before this company, that, like the poisonous serpent, you have, with your pestilential breath, attempted to blight and destroy the fair fame of spotless innocence.” I was like one frantic—the wretch saw it, and attempted to speak—I reared the whip, he

crouched like a spaniel, and begged that I would hear him. With quivering lips, he acknowledged, that the rejection of his addresses by Miss Burton had turned his love for her into hatred, which he had nursed until it was extended to all that he knew to be connected with her ; that, upon this account only, he had taken freedom with my name, and, for the same reason, with that of Maria B. That beloved name again aroused my rage, which was subsiding into contempt, and I exclaimed,

“ Execrable villain ! detestable wretch ! before all your calumnies were uttered, I had resolved to demand the satisfaction of a gentleman, even at the expense of my character, but the knowledge of your unworthiness has saved me that degradation—you are unfit to live in society, and are beneath the resentment of a man ! Go ! hide yourself for ever : There is for Maria B.’s wrongs (giving him a kick on the breech) ! and that for Mrs Maitland’s (giving him another) ; and for my own, I will lead you forth a public exhibition. Then seizing him by

the most prominent part of his face, I led him not only out of the room, but from the house into the public street, where I turned him adrift, and cracked the whip after him.

My companions, who had hitherto been mute with astonishment, when I again entered the room, seized me by the hands, and seating me in an elbow-chair, expressed their approbation of my conduct.

A crowd had collected about the coach, and were inquiring the cause of what they had witnessed ; the driver became impatient to go on ; but I was so much agitated, that I wished to stop a little. The old gentleman went out, and by going the right way to work with the driver, purchased ten minutes indulgence. Having ordered some negus, while drinking it, I learned with pleasure, that my two companions were going to London. After we again started, the gentleman told us, that he was a merchant in the city, and a distant relation of Lady Lightfoot's first husband ; and although all intercourse had long ceased between their families, yet he still considered Mrs Maitland as his relation,

and was glad to find, that her character had both fair and brave advocates (bowing to Mrs Fenwick and me). "The conduct," said he, "which you have both shown to-day, would have claimed, and met my respect, had I known nothing of the characters you have so magnanimously defended ; but, as the case stands, I am indebted to you much, and must insist upon your being my guests during your stay in London." We both replied, that the acceptance of his kind offer would be an after consideration. Mrs Fenwick informed us, that she had taken the journey to look after some property, to which she considered herself the legal heir ; but that as no little chicanery had been practised to deprive her of her right, her personal appearance had become absolutely necessary.

The merchant said, that he probably could be of some service to her, and she might rely upon his best assistance. I also added, that the business in which I was concerned, would give me occasion to be with some respectable counsel ; and begged, that, if in

any degree necessary, she would furnish me with an opportunity of shewing my gratitude for the service she had rendered to me, and to those whose names would ever be dear to my remembrance.

We arrived in London about eight in the evening. The merchant, whose name was Mr Davenport, insisted so strenuously upon our accompanying him, that we both consented, and were most hospitably and elegantly lodged in a house in Cornhill. As Mrs Fenwick had no relatives in the city, Mr Davenport and his daughter (for he was a widower) urged her continuance in their house ; to which she at last consented. Next day, I set about the business of my friend and patron, and learned that it would detain me in London at least two weeks.

CHAPTER XXIX.

No! for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been ;
Man and the world I so much hate—
I care not when I quit the scene.

BYRON.

HAVING now some spare time on my hands, I devoted it chiefly to seeing what are considered the curiosities of London ; and Mr Davenport occasionally accompanied me. During my leisure hours, for some years past, I had amused myself in the compilation of a few Essays on Natural Philosophy, which had so grown upon my hands, that they would have formed a pretty large octavo volume. On resolving to come to London, I determined to take my MS. along with me ; for although I had not the most distant idea of publishing when I began to write, yet it is doubtless true, that the chil-

dren of our brain, like those of the body, acquire a stronger claim upon our fondness the longer we continue to nurse and foster them. Yet, uncertain of their merit, I declined offering them for publication in Edinburgh, where any work worthy of public attention, is certain of meeting with encouragement, both from the booksellers and the public; for believing myself to be known there, I did not choose to run the hazard of a refusal. However, having brought them to London, I sallied out one rainy morning, with my Essays in my great-coat pocket, wrapped in a silk handkerchief; and coming to a bookseller's shop in St Paul's Church-yard, intimated to Bibliopolus, that I wanted to speak with him. We retired into a private room, where I introduced the subject; and, as a preliminary step to the business, I put down my hand to pull them from my pocket, but they were no longer there. Had the bookseller detected me in abstracting the contents of his till, I might have looked more confused, but could not have appeared

more silly than I did at that moment.—He saw my situation in a twinkling—“ Ah !” said he, “ your work has saved the Reviewers the trouble of passing sentence—it is gone to the pastry-cook’s already !” Perhaps he meant nothing ill-natured, but I thought his wit not well timed, and it increased my confusion ; he observed it, and apologized for the freedom of his joke with a stranger. He then asked, whether I had stopped by the way. “ Only about a minute at a caricature print shop window.” “ Ay, ay ! ’twas there the deed was done ! and (excuse my joke again), I do assure you, that your ludicrous appearance, about three minutes ago, would have furnished a very good subject for the same window at which this trick has been played you. However, by advertising, and offering a reward, you may yet recover your MS., only, you must lose no time, for, depend upon this, to the grocer’s shop, or the pastry-cook’s, it will go without delay !” I told him I would consider of it, and taking my leave, returned to my lodgings, fretted and vexed, not so much

at my loss, as at the mortification which I had undergone. I believed that the bookseller would retail the story, and felt, that had the case not been my own, I must have indulged my risible faculties at the expense of the unfortunate author.

One day, having strolled into Piccadilly, I was looking at some prints in a bookseller's window (having previously taken care that my outside pockets were empty), when I was accosted by a man, apparently about my own age, of a meagre and sallow complexion, and very shabbily dressed. He held out his hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and addressing me by name, asked how I had been for a long time. Not immediately recognizing him, and suspicious of some trick, particularly as I was at a bookseller's window, I believe my behaviour was rather reserved; for, looking at him for some time, I dryly replied, that I had not the pleasure of recollecting his face. "Ah!" said the stranger, "I did not think that you could ever have forgotten the phiz of your old college friend,

Tom Standish ! But it is the way of the world ! I presume you have long been wallowing in the luxuries of a fat benefice ; which, I believe, though very well for the body, is often hurtful to the memory." The tones of his voice, and humour of his manner, soon convinced me, that it was indeed my old acquaintance, with whom, during our stay at College, I had passed many a merry evening. Tom was then fat, and full of flesh and jollity ; but he was now altered indeed—his lack-lustre eye sunk in his head—his cheek-bones prominent—his complexion cadaverous—and his belly as lank as a grayhound's. " My dear Sir," said I, " I beg your pardon ; but, indeed, I did not recognize you. How do you do ? What are you about ? Do you reside in this metropolis ? Excuse me—I have an hundred questions to ask." " Ay, no doubt," replied Tom ; " but I hope you don't intend that I should answer them all here." During the few minutes that we had stood together, I observed, that he looked rather timidly and hastily on all sides. " If you are at leisure

(said he), I should like much to chat a little with you." Although not quite satisfied with his appearance, yet good manners, and the recollection of former days, prompted me to consent, and I asked whither we could adjourn. "Come," said he, "I shall lead the way;" and he darted into a narrow lane with the celerity of a stripling. We crossed several streets, and I observed that Tom always preferred the bye lanes, and walked very fast. At length we landed in a court of decent enough appearance; where Tom, after he had reconnoitred the windows, pulled a bell in the lobby of an eating-house. The waiter appeared, to whom something was whispered by Tom; we were conducted up three flights of stairs; and then shewn into a small room of about twelve feet square. "Now," said Tom, "let this day be devoted to mirth and friendship! What do you say to a lunch?" It was impossible to look upon Tom's famished countenance, and withhold an assent to his proposition—The lunch was ordered immediately.

Tom said, he was an early riser, devoting

his mornings to study ; and as he took a good deal of exercise in the forenoon for the sake of his health, this was just the time that he felt the pleasure of a good appetite ; of which, indeed, he gave sufficient proof, in the demolition of a cold pasty and a fowl, both of which disappeared in a twinkling. Having washed them down with some excellent ale, “ Now, my friend,” quoth Tom, “ let us enjoy ‘ the feast of reason and the flow of soul.’ Tell me all about yourself and friends. Have you long ago got a kirk, and grown rich and lazy ? Whom have you married, and how many children have you, according to the flesh ? Do tell me all about it ?” Having given the necessary replies to his various questions, he did not seem surprised. “ Ha ! I thought so,” replied he ; “ neither of us are qualified to work our way in this dirty planet. Modesty, Sir, modesty and diffidence have crushed us both ! No matter ; a family and riches only increase one’s cares ; ‘ Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.’ I have learned, by experience, to adopt the advice of the Apostle, ‘ in

whatever state you are, learn therewith to be content;' and, barring some trifles which occasionally occur, contrive to live happily. I hate the plague of servants and the formalities of company, and, therefore, have nothing to do with either. Study and walking constitute my business; and a *tete-a-tete* with an old friend, such as I am enjoying just now, I consider the *summum bonum* of human felicity!"

I now expressed a desire to hear something of his history, in so far as it might be agreeable for him to make the communication.

"You shall have it all;" said he; "with such a friend, reserve would be detestable; but—it embraces some vicissitudes, which I am not over fond of relating—indeed, I wish to forget them altogether; but memory, Sir, memory is tenacious, and I just laugh over them with a friend; although, as there are one or two incidents that are apt to make my throat dry when I recollect them, for you know 'our life is a web of mingled yarn,' I never attempt

this narrative of mine till the cloth is removed after dinner, and then, when one has a glass of generous wine before him, it gives a zest to the pleasure, and produces oblivion to care. We shall, therefore, if you please, while away an hour, by talking of our old acquaintance and college pranks, till dinner is ready, and then—when nature has satisfied her wants, I shall a ‘round unvarnished tale deliver,’ ha! ha!” This proposal did not altogether suit either my arrangements or inclinations; but, not seeing clearly how it could be avoided, I complied with a good grace, making a virtue of necessity.

“ Well, now,” said he, “ that we may proceed methodically, suppose we call for a bill of fare; philosophers are never voluptuaries, I admit; but, on the meeting of two such old friends as we are, there is reason—there is necessity—I mean the necessity of custom, for having something decent on the table.”

The bill of fare was produced, I allowed Tom to cater, and the selection did credit to his taste. We talked, laughed, and

chuckled over old stories, till dinner appeared on the table. The keenness of my friend's appetite, though he had had no walk since lunch-time, did not seem to have been much impaired by his confinement. "Hang it," said he, "I should never come to this house—they have so nice, and peculiarly delicate a way of cooking, that they would tempt Diogenes himself to become an epicure. Pray, my dear Sir, do you remark the flavour of this sauce?—nothing like it in London! One is tempted to the meat for the sake of the sauce!" In like manner, he always found a reason for the attacks he made upon every dish. By the time we had finished, the solids being duly tempered with a few glasses of wine, and the feast closed with a reasonable proportion of brandy, which Tom said was necessary to promote digestion, his countenance assumed a more cheerful aspect; his face seemed broader; his eyes began to brighten, and I could again recognise their peculiar twinkle; again the tones fell upon my ear, that had so often 'set the table in a roar,' during our juve-

nile days. The cloth was removed, the generous juice of the grape sparkled before us, and libations to toasts, warm from the heart, had nearly emptied the first bottle, before Tom thought of commencing his narrative. At length, observing the state of the bottle, he remarked, that we had better have another, before he began his "eventful history," for he *hated* to be interrupted. A supply of wine was brought in, when, quaffing another glass, Tom, after a hem! or two, began as follows:

"You will recollect, my dear Sir, that I had to continue at college for two seasons after you left us, and, in due time, I received a *diploma* to preach, *alias* a license to beg; for it was nothing better to me. My father, like yours, was a poor but honest man; he had enough of difficulty in keeping me at college, and could no longer support me; nor would I have stooped to be a farther oppression, where I had already been so heavy a burden. Besides, I had a nobler aim, namely, to shine in the sphere

for which I had so long been qualifying myself, by poring over crabbed Greek and Hebrew characters, turning the tiresome and musty pages of the ancient fathers, and listening to many a drowsy lecture from pedantic and prosing professors. From all these I had now escaped, and imagined myself an eaglet, capable of soaring to the sun ; but,

“ Ah ! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep, where Fame’s proud temple shines afar ? ”

Day after day rolled on, and I did nothing ; every succeeding hour diminishing my hopes, and sowing the seeds of despondency.

“ After some time, I obtained the situation of schoolmaster to a country parish, and that only while the incumbent was at college. This office I held for three seasons, half starving the rest of the year. At last, the resident schoolmaster, who was also a preacher, found a patron who gave him a good living. I applied for the school, and had a fair chance of success, when a most unfortunate affair blighted all my prospects.

You perhaps recollect, that my heart was always *tender* ; will you forgive a pun, and permit me to use the Irish accent, and call it *tinder* ? for a glance from a pair of bright eyes was always sufficient to set it on fire.

“ In the village where my school was situate, there resided a mechanic who possessed some literary taste, and this was sufficient to lead me to his house in the winter evenings ; but I soon found it contained other and more powerful attractions—for he sold good liquor, and, above all, had a daughter—young, blooming, artless, and innocent !

“ Ah ! Mr Campbell, this is a sad part of my history, and has cost me many a pang—I began my career of life in guilt, and its progress has been an almost uninterrupted series of misfortune and suffering. But, to proceed—I liked the landlord’s ale, his conversation better, and his daughter’s company best of all. Not that I ever harboured the least idea of seducing the girl No : I should have detested myself, for even the thought of such a crime ; and had any one

dared to suggest the possibility of such a circumstance happening, I would have replied in the words of Hazael to the prophet of old—‘Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?’ She was innocent, and the innocence of youth is often without suspicion; besides, she considered me a preacher of the gospel, and, I believe, thought me perfect in conduct, having never heard a licentious expression, or an immoral sentence, escape my lips; and, such was her guileless simplicity, that she conceived me a superior sort of being to those with whom she usually associated. She saw me tattle with her father and others—they sometimes got intoxicated, but I was always sober, for I had a strong constitution; and this served to confirm her good opinion. I became very fond of the girl, and had every reason to believe that she loved me, but fancied me to be beyond her reach. My attachment increased, and had I been able to support her, I would have married her without delay. This, however, was not to be thought of for a moment; but, although

common sense urged me to avoid her company, yet I wanted resolution. I came into her presence with delight, and always left her with regret. We held no clandestine meetings; nor did I ever indulge a thought derogatory from her honour. It was not long before she discovered my attachment, although I was at some pains to conceal it; I observed that it pleased her, and read with delight the expression of her eyes.

“About this period, an old widower of fifty made proposals of marriage to her, and, as he was rich, her parents were anxious to promote the match. Even though she had not been previously attached to me, I believe he would have been the object of her aversion; for, exclusive of his age, his person and manners were equally repulsive. He continued his importunities, and her parents persisted in teasing her, till her dislike to him increased to hatred. In the simplicity of her heart, she waited a private opportunity one evening, told me her unhappiness, and solicited my counsel. This was too much for me—my feelings betrayed my

passion, and, I owned with truth, that I loved, but could not marry her, from not having the means of making her live comfortably. She had that afternoon been threatened by her father, and scolded by her mother, to induce her to marry the widower. After telling her tale, she wept—I tried to comfort her—and we parted not—till I had ruined her !

“ Wicked men, anxious to justify themselves, might plead, in exculpation of a crime like this, that, as there was no deliberate seduction, the guilt was proportionally lessened. Vain sophistry ! I was a man endowed with reason ; knew the frailties of human nature ; and, hence, it became my duty to avoid temptation, and also to save her who had fallen my victim. Although most fully assured of her previous innocence, yet, I believe, that my distress of mind was not inferior to hers ; I again repeated my promise of marriage, as soon as I should be able to maintain her ; and, to soothe her mind, gave her a written obligation to that effect.

“ Perhaps this, and the reflection that she would now be released from the teasing importunities of one who was to her an object of disgust, assisted in tranquillizing her mind. I was upon the eve of succeeding in my application for the school, when the consequences of our criminal connexion attracted the observation of her parents. On being interrogated, she acknowledged the truth. I was sent for, and declared my readiness to make legal and honourable satisfaction by marriage : and it was understood by all parties, that we were to be united as soon as possible, in the expectation that my settlement in the school would immediately take place. Alas! the rejected widower was an elder in the parish, and he contrived to impress the heritors with the idea that I was a drunkard, a debauchee, and a man of licentious principles and dissolute habits. A clamour being thus raised against me, it was finally determined, that I was unqualified for the office of schoolmaster.

“ This was a dreadful blow ! Poor as the situation was, I looked to it alone for the

means of living, and of enabling me to heal the wounds which I had inflicted on unsuspecting innocence.

“ Yes, Sir ; poor as the pittance would have been, I had resolved upon sharing that little with her, whose confidence in me I had betrayed, and whom I had covered with shame and sorrow. I even humbled myself so far, as personally to solicit the minister and some of the heritors for the situation ; not, I said, for my own sake, but that I might be enabled to perform an act of justice to the unfortunate object of my affections.

“ But a strong party had been formed against me, and I was opposed on the principles of morality. They who had set themselves in opposition to me, were perhaps right upon abstract principles, but were certainly wrong in judging thus of the individual ; for never had I formed half so strong resolutions, and never had I felt the same earnest inclinations to conduct myself with propriety. I had become sensible of my own weakness, and would, of course, have been more guarded : besides, my Mary was dear-

er to me than life; and, for her sake, I was determined to redeem the character I had lost. I am persuaded, that had I succeeded in my application for the school, although I should never have obtained farther promotion, my conduct would have been exemplary, and my life useful to society. However, I was refused with scorn, and a dull uninformed clodpole installed in the office.

“ Shame and pride now united to drive me from the place that had given me birth, and from her whose happiness or misery was identified with my own. With anguish unspeakable we parted, after renewed assurances of uniting myself to her the moment that I had the means of protecting her. I offered to marry her then, but her father opposed it, and told me, that he would rather provide for my bastard, than have the additional burden of me; and, that he hoped his daughter would yet make a better match. But I am tedious, and shall close this very painful part of my story.

“ I went to London, which I considered as

the great mart for talent of every description ; determined, if I could find employment, to lodge in a garret, and live upon bread and water, till I was able to make some provision for my poor unhappy Mary.

“ I applied at counting-houses, ware-rooms, and wharfs ; but Latin and Greek were not wanted there, and all the other parts of my education had not qualified me for a commercial situation. My finances were nearly exhausted, and the prospect before me was dreary indeed.

“ During my leisure hours in Scotland, I had occasionally amused myself in writing verses, for which I was allowed to have some talent. Upon rummaging my trunk for a pair of clean stockings, to enable me to go out with some decency in quest of employment, my eye glanced upon a bundle of these poetical effusions, and a thought struck me, that I would now try to sell them. As necessity precludes delicacy, I waited upon a respectable bookseller, who, most fortunately, was a humane man ; and inquired if he would purchase my manuscript.

After looking at me and them, he told me that he was not sufficiently qualified to judge of their merit, and could not risk his money upon the productions of an author totally unknown to the public; but if I chose to leave them, he would give me an answer in a few days. As I could do nothing better, and was pleased with the gentleman's manner, I agreed to this proposal. At the time mentioned, I returned, when, with much suavity of manner, he thus addressed me :

“ ‘ The report, Sir, that has been made to me of your pieces, by a friend whom I consult on such occasions, is not unfavourable; yet still the thing is hazardous. All that I can engage to do, is, to publish them at my own risk, and account to you for half the profits they may produce. Or, if you please to pay the paper and printing, I will undertake the sale, and do all in my power to push them off; the whole profits will then be accounted for to you, after allowing me the usual rate of the trade for my trouble.’

“ I told him that I was much obliged by

his candour, which required an equal return on my part, and I was sorry to say, that neither of these proposals exactly suited my wishes.

“ ‘ Perhaps so,’ said he ; ‘ however, I see you are a young man, and know little about our business. I am just going up stairs to dinner ; will you have the goodness to accompany me, and we can talk a little more about the matter ?’

“ After dinner, he asked me what my views were in coming to London, my education, and my previous habits. When I had answered his inquiries, he seemed for a few moments lost in thought. ‘ I must acknowledge,’ said he, ‘ your prospects are not very flattering ; however, something may be done. Can you undertake to correct the press for a work in Greek ?’ I expressed my doubts, at the same time signifying my willingness to make the trial, and leave the remuneration to himself. He told me the work would be ready for me in a week or two, but, in the meantime, I might be employed on an English publica-

tion, by which I might acquire the technical part of the business. I expressed my impatience to begin, and it was agreed, that I should commence my labours with the following week.

“My efforts in the English gave satisfaction, but I trembled when about to begin my attack on the pot-hook Greek characters. However, fate and perseverance were my friends; for my employer was a judicious man, and the compositor, calm, good-tempered, and willing to exercise all reasonable forbearance.

“I pored over this work for many weeks, at the expense of my eyes and bodily health, from the confinement and close application. I believe the pay allowed me was equal to any in the trade, yet, I found it scanty enough; however, by most rigid parsimony, I had contrived, at the end of half a year, to save ten pounds. About two months before that, I had advice of my Mary being safely delivered of a daughter, and that both were doing well. I lost not a moment in re-

mitting the ten pounds to her, and requesting her to keep up her spirits, for that I expected soon to be able to claim and acknowledge her in public for my wife, as she always was in my heart and affections.

“My employer, who began to be much pleased with my services, now proposed to publish my poems. When published, their success exceeded his expectations; indeed, he had used every possible method to push them into notice. The edition, which, to be sure, was but small, was all nearly sold off, not many weeks after the time of their appearance.

“One Saturday afternoon, my employer invited me to dine with him at his country box, and after the cloth was removed, he paid me down thirty pounds, as the proceeds of my volume, telling me, that there were still several accounts to settle, and some copies on hand, which might produce me ten pounds more.

“I had, by this time, saved other ten pounds, and thinking it a fit opportunity to consult my kind employer, I gave

him my full confidence relative to my situation. He had gained my esteem, and his advice, on the present occasion, proved both his good sense and the kindness of his heart.

“ ‘ I see,’ said he, ‘ you cannot be happy until you have made your Mary, what the world terms, *an honest woman*. It is right in you to do so; marry her, if you please, but do not yet bring her up to London. By the time that you have furnished a lodging and other necessaries for her accommodation, you will be penniless; besides, these lodgings will cost you higher, and how can you afford this from your present income? I am astonished how you could have managed to save what you have already done. In the meantime, (now that I know something of your literary qualifications), if you can think of any subject likely to take with the public, and are inclined to try your pen at leisure hours, I will again take the risk of publication, and it may help you a little.’

“ I thanked this worthy man for his advice

and friendly intentions towards me; but feeling that I could not be happy while the partner of my heart remained in her present situation, I told him that I was strongly inclined to go down to Scotland to see her, and, if possible, prevail upon her father to give us some little assistance, which he was able to do. I mentioned my reluctance to leave my present situation, without his assurance that it would be kept open for me on my return. My employer said, that as my heart was set upon this visit, it might be accomplished when the work now in hand was finished, and that I might rely on his kindness and good will. At length, with joyful heart, I left the Thames.

“ How often did I chide the winds for slumbering in their caverns, as I viewed the sail flapping on the mast during my passage ! and when the blue hills of my native land rose in the horizon, I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might reach the spot where my heart had long hovered.— On landing, I felt that it was impossible

to rest till I had arrived at the place of my destination, and when I approached near it, my heart throbbed, and my sensations were almost indescribable. I reached her father's house in the twilight, and expected to have heard her warbling some of the simple airs that had so often thrilled through my bosom. I entered the kitchen, the servant maid knew me—started—looked confused, and, without speaking, pointed to an adjoining bed-closet. Alarmed, I rushed in, and found my Mary stretched upon a couch.

“An epidemical fever had broken out in the village, of which many had died, and my Mary was now near the crisis of her disorder. She talked incessantly; often calling upon me, and sometimes her child. Let me close the scene!—during that and two succeeding days and nights, I left not her bedside for half an hour at a time. On the second day she recovered her senses, recognized me, and fainted away. Again she opened her eyes, extended her arms,

seized my hands, and pulled me to her bosom. She then called for her child (for they had prudently sent the little innocent from the house), and insisted upon its being brought to her. When it was brought, she kissed and clasped it to her breast, and then, with a kind of convulsive smile, placed it in my arms as I sat upon her bed-side. I kissed the helpless infant with all the ardour of paternal fondness, and saluting the mother, called her my dearly beloved wife. She smiled with a look so benignant and resigned, that all present burst into tears. She then sat up in her bed, seized my arm and put it round her waist—leaned her head upon my breast—laid my other hand upon her heart, and pressed it in her own. In about two hours after, she heaved her last breath upon my cheek!

“Hitherto I had felt no bodily fatigue; but now, want of rest and agitation of spirits, all combined with the miasma which I had imbibed; and I became seriously ill. When the day arrived that she was to be interred,

I was in a delirium, but memory still dwelt on what had happened. I saw, through the window, the company assembled to the funeral, but only recollected the purpose of their meeting when I beheld her coffin carried away. Having been left for a few minutes alone, I jumped from the bed, and following them, clasped the coffin in my arms, then cried like a child, upbraiding them as monsters for carrying away my wife. I was forced back, and put to bed; where, on recovering my senses, I recollected all that had happened. I wished to die, but nature and a good constitution prevailed, and I recovered just in time to lay my little daughter beside her hapless mother. I saw one turf cover them both; and mentally accused Heaven of injustice, for not laying me beside them.

Here the poor fellow sobbed aloud. I thought of Maria B., and could with difficulty forbear accompanying him, while, at the same time, I envied him the melancholy pleasure of having received his Mary's last breath! Having regained his composure, he resumed his narrative.

“ I was now more anxious, if possible, to leave Scotland than I had before been to tread its shores. I visited my parents; stopped one day; started next morning by day-break; sought the church-yard where my wife and daughter slept quietly together—shed a parting tear on their grave—took the direct road for Leith, and setting sail, never once looked behind me while I believed it possible that a spot of Scottish ground was in sight.

“ I have been so tedious in the foregoing part of my narrative, that I shall endeavour to avoid farther descriptions of my feelings, and confine myself to the chances and changes that have occurred to me during my residence here; for since that time I have never visited Scotland.

“ I took possession of my former lodgings, and again resumed my sedentary and tiresome occupation. For two years after this, I continued a stranger to the world, and to almost every dweller therein, except my worthy employer, some of his principal servants, and one or two printers in the city.

I had now, by industry and economy, scraped together a trifle, and conceived that I might live a little more comfortably. My employer continued to treat me as an humble friend, and shewed me many little acts of kindness.

“ I changed my lodgings, and found myself very comfortable in my new habitation. My landlord was conductor of a newspaper, and consequently a man of some intelligence. His wife was an agreeable woman, and I spent some pleasant evenings in their company. Part of the first floor was occupied by a smart, active woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age, a milliner and dress-maker. There was something in her features, and also in the tone of her voice, that never failed to remind me of my departed Mary. She had drunk tea once or twice in my company, and possessed the art of making herself agreeable. For these reasons she drew more of my attention than usual, and I, no doubt, endeavoured to obtain some share of her notice. But to be brief; this was observed by my land-

lord and landlady, and they joked me a little upon the discovery. I took an opportunity soon after, of inquiring about her character, for I felt that she had gained a share of my esteem. My landlady represented her as good natured, well behaved, and industrious, with an apparently good business. I sought opportunities to be in her company; wooed, and won her consent. We were married, and I believed I had got a kind and pleasant partner for life.

“ My little savings were now nearly expended, to render our situation something more respectable; and the surplus was laid out in extending my wife’s business, which, she assured me, was thriving and profitable. ‘ A month—a little month’ had not elapsed since our union, and the honey-moon still shone in meridian splendour, when coming home one evening, rather more early than usual, I met a military officer leaving my door. I supposed he might have been ordering something in the way of business, and should

have forgotten the circumstance, had not my wife appeared a little fluttered at my entrance. I never was of a jealous disposition, and the occurrence soon escaped my recollection. About a week after, when at dinner, I had taken a proof sheet from my pocket to look over, and inadvertently left it in the room at my departure. As it was wanted by the compositor in the evening, I went home to fetch it. Just as I was coming out, the same military spark was entering my lodgings; I stared him broad in the face, and imagined that he looked confusedly. Evil thoughts did certainly now begin to haunt me, and I could not banish the circumstance from my mind during the evening. When I came home, I resolved to inquire about him; but my wife was so cheerful, sportive, and full of gentle blandishment, that I became ashamed of my suspicions, and, before retiring to bed, had actually forgotten that such a being existed. After supper, my wife told me, that she had that day sent in a lady's account, amounting to fifty pounds,

but that the lady was in the country, and would not be home for two days to come ; that, unfortunately, she had a bill of one hundred and fifty pounds due to-morrow, and she was afraid of not having quite so much ready cash : ‘ however,’ said she, opening a small bureau, and handing me a parcel of notes and some gold, ‘ have the goodness, my love, to reckon these over.’ I did so, and told her there were just one hundred and thirty pounds. ‘ Ah ! now, there is twenty pounds short—what shall I do, my love ?’ I had ten pounds which I gave her, saying, it was all I had. ‘ Now,’ said she, ‘ we must borrow the other ten ; and, as I know our landlord has it not, for he borrowed a guinea from me to-day, to be paid on Saturday, could you not ask it from your employer ? You know I can pay it the moment Lady R * * * * returns.’ In short, Sir, although I felt considerable reluctance, she got me persuaded ; and I procured the money, which I sent to her by a porter early in the forenoon. On going home to dinner, I found my wife absent ; the

two girls, who used to be with her in the shop, were both flurried, and appeared to have been crying. 'What is become of your mistress?' said I. Neither of them spoke, and I repeated my question—'Come out, Sir!' 'When?' 'About two hours ago.' 'With whom, or where?' 'With a gentleman!' 'A gentleman!—what gentleman?' 'Captain Coventry, Sir—whom you have seen here!' Alas! the truth now flashed upon me—I had been duped and dishonoured by a strumpet. I ran to her drawers, found them empty, and all the lightest and most valuable goods in the shop carried off, including my watch, which I always allowed to hang in her apartment. It is hardly possible to describe my feelings; but I had still much more to undergo. Her elopement was soon blazed abroad, and next day, an execution was laid on the house; the rumour spreading brought the rest of the creditors upon me, and, when the amount of her debts was ascertained, I found that there would not be one shilling in the pound to pay them. Exclusive of the

shop debts, she had, the day before, succeeded in borrowing upwards of one hundred pounds, and the shop (as I have already said) was nearly plundered.

“ In this distressing situation, I applied to my worthy master for advice. He met my creditors, and, by his friendly exertion and influence, got them persuaded to discharge me. All this happened in the course of one week, and I had now made up my mind to forget her for ever.

“ I am not superstitious, but conscience still tells me, that, in this instance,

even handed justice

Returned the poisoned chalice to my lips.

“ When the recollection of this event comes across my memory, there is a still small voice that whispers, my lovely Mary's wrongs have been revenged!

“ The vexation, not to say anguish of mind, which I had undergone, affected my health, and threw me into a fever. The kindness of my employer, and the humanity of my neighbours, kept me from perish-

ing. I was for some time delirious, and when I recovered my senses, it was to reflections, which I would willingly have banished at the expense of life itself. It was long before I regained sufficient strength of body and mind to resume my usual labours; therefore, instead of discharging the debts which I had incurred for this infamous jilt, I was much farther in arrears to my worthy master, who had procured me a nurse, physician, and every thing necessary to my situation. He saw me still sinking in despondency, and tried every possible means to raise my spirits. He proposed a translation which would occupy me for a considerable time, and produce a more liberal remuneration for my labour. Some months had passed away, and neither my health nor spirits had yet resumed their wonted tone. The translation was begun; it gave much satisfaction; and I began to feel a pleasure in the work, in the hope that it would have a good effect upon my mind. Existence, although it possessed no charms for me, now passed without pain, and I began to hope,

that the remainder of my life would be spent in the service of this worthy man ; but, just as I was indulging this flattering dream, he was suddenly taken ill, and died on the third day after. I saw him laid in the grave, and dropped a tear of gratitude on the dust that covered his remains. His business being closed, and the shop shut up, what was I now to do ? I had finished about a dozen of sheets of the translation—no settlement had taken place between my departed friend and me—neither had we fixed on any price for the work—a debt of twenty pounds appeared against me in his books, and I was almost penniless. His heirs, in a manner, referred it to myself, whether he was indebted to me beyond the sum above mentioned. I told them that no terms had been entered into for the work I had in hand, but that I did not conceive him indebted to me at all ; and farther, that I owed his memory a debt of respect and gratitude which I would cherish through life. They closed my account in the books, made me a present of ten pounds,

and took my receipt in full of all demands.

“ I was now nearly as helpless as when I first entered this great metropolis, and almost as ignorant what plan to adopt. I offered my services to sundry booksellers, and in different capacities, but without success. Time ran on ; my last guinea was changed ; and I was shuddering at the prospect before me, when the publisher of an opposition newspaper proposed taking me into his service. We agreed for six months, and during that time I saw many strange things. Keen were the satires, and bitter the tirades, which we vented against ministry, and the virulence of our paper was every day increasing. A considerable part of the original matter was furnished by me, and the remainder by a man, who lived so secretly, that only my employer knew his name and place of residence. A philippic appeared in the paper, which was deemed libellous—the Attorney-General exercised his authority, and my prudent employer, to save himself from fine and imprisonment, gave up the

author the obscure individual above mentioned, who was dragged from his den and cast into confinement. I resolved immediately upon quitting the toils of a man who might, perhaps, next day serve me in the same manner; and although I had no prospect but beggary before me, yet I preferred even that, with liberty, to the chance of pining in a dungeon.

“ This honourable patriot—this stickler for the liberties of his country—exercised all his rhetoric to induce me to continue in his service, but I was inflexible—he had dropped the mask, and I told him that I would never again trust one whom I knew to be so void of principle.

“ I had another reason for wishing to quit my present employer. Hitherto I had written and acted from principle, and my political creed was Whiggism; but the editor of the paper, in which I had been concerned, was always for going much farther than I was inclined to accompany him, and often substituted abuse for argument. We parted—I was pennyless, and without

any prospect of employment, when chance threw me in the way of the editor of a ministerial paper. He offered me terms which were equal to my hopes, but the conditions involved such a dereliction of principle, that I hesitated about accepting them. The editor ridiculed my scruples; necessity forced me to compliance; and I became the staunch advocate of every ministerial measure, and a violent opposer of the principles which, a few weeks before, I had most warmly defended. Still I was displeased with myself as an apostate and a hypocrite, for my opinions were not changed, and I sunk every day in my own estimation.

“ This was the commencement of my ruin : when a man has lost his own esteem, he is posting to degradation or insignificance. Although I had never been a violent Whig, yet the style and sentiments in which I was now obliged to write, were so opposite to my principles, that conscience always accused me; and if I had had any acquaintances, I would have been ashamed to have looked them in the face. I lost my appetite, and my sleep

was interrupted by perturbed dreams. Every paragraph that I penned was wrung from me with reluctance, and I considered it as an additional record of my own infamy.

“ I had determined upon resigning my situation, and taking the risk of poverty and all its concomitant evils, when, one morning, a porter brought me a card, intimating that a gentleman wished to see me at the Bedford Coffee-house. On going thither, I found the person, who was a Whig, an emissary of one whose name had long been famous in the annals of the day ; and it was settled that an interview should take place between me and his employer. I went, and was closeted with the great man, who engaged me to write a political pamphlet upon a certain subject, which was then the topic of public discussion ; for which purpose he furnished me with materials, and some very excellent arguments. I now, with pleasure, renounced my former situation ; sat down to my new employment *con amore*, and succeeded beyond my expectations. Perhaps my ardour was inspired,

not only by my conviction, that what I was writing was truth, but also by penitence for my previous apostacy, and anxiety to make reparation. The work, when finished, received my patron's most unqualified approbation. It was published, admired, and abused in the different Coffee-houses, and attributed to half the leaders of the opposition party. My patron rewarded me with ten guineas, and a promise of hearing from him in a short time. Several weeks passed on without my getting employment, and my heart grew heavy in proportion as my purse became light. I summoned up courage enough to wait upon the great man, and solicited his influence and assistance in procuring me some permanent situation. This he promised very frankly; but time stole on, and I only met with disappointment.

“ Having now got so deeply into debt, that I durst no longer venture out, I wrote a supplicating letter, stating my necessities, and my having renounced a situation, which, although against my principles,

had afforded me the means of subsistence, and begged of him to save me from prison. I stated the amount of my debts, and he was generous enough to comply with my request, by transmitting a sufficient sum to discharge them, leaving a surplus of about five guineas; but intimated, that he could make no regular provision for me.

“ I now wrote a political poem—a most virulent satire against Ministers; dedicated it to a celebrated oppositionist, and sent him a copy; for this I received five guineas. This supply was soon exhausted, and I again besieged the doors of my patrons, but could never find either of them *at home*; and I now experienced the truth of Gay’s observation :

“ The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father’s care.”

“ Again in debt, and starving, I became a misanthrope—left London, and joined a set of strolling players, with whom I contrived to protract my existence for twelve months. Nature had not qualified me for either sock or buskin—and when the company broke up, I returned to London.

“ My patron being now in power, I again solicited his protection; obtained an interview, and had a subject prescribed for my pen. The task was executed, but not to his satisfaction; for, my thoughts, he said, were too free, and my principles incompatible with good order; in short, I was not the same man that he formerly knew me. Alas! his situation was changed; but mine, as well as my opinions, was the same. The pamphlet was remodelled to his own standard, and after receiving a promise of something being done for me, I took my leave, and, doubtless, was immediately forgotten; for I never after could obtain access to him. I wrote to him often, until at last my letters were returned unopened.

“ I now became a mere mercenary Swiss in literature; hiring myself out, not to the *best*, but generally to the *first* bidder; for my necessities rendered delay impracticable. I wrote political pasquinades and election songs, composed eastern tales, or propounded mathematical questions for magazines. A catch-penny bookseller employed me to

translate a novel from the French ; but he became bankrupt when I was within a few sheets of the conclusion ; however, I sold the translation for three guineas. Having caught something of the spirit of novel-writing, during the above-mentioned translation, I attempted an original work, and, surrounded on all sides by wretchedness, cold, famine, and bailiffs, I wrote at least sixteen hours every day. As necessity made me temperate, my head was always clear, and my conceptions vivid. Having finished my work, I, one dark night, stole out, like a hunted badger from his hole ; left my work with an eminent novel-publisher for perusal ; called again, and received ten guineas for the performance. I hastened home with my prize, cancelled my debts, and got gloriously drunk with the surplus.

“ You will not be surprised when I say, that I again got into debt ; and, as a natural progression, into jail. I will not shock your feelings with what I witnessed and endured in that horrible sink of wretchedness, where profaneness, obscenity, blasphemy, and

every species of vice, reigned triumphant. During the six weeks I lay there, I do not think that I slept two hours successively—

“ Oh ! 'twas a dreadful interval of time ! ”

“ My creditor, finding that nothing was to be gained by my confinement, at length set me at large. Although I had no prospect before me but misery and want, yet, I felt an elasticity, both of body and mind, on finding myself at liberty to retire from what I had considered as no faint emblem of the infernal regions.

“ During my peregrinations, I had become known to many politicians on both sides ; my political aberrations were as public as my face, and having lost the confidence of both parties, I could find no permanent employment. I attempted another novel ; subsisting, in the mean time, upon an essay, a satire, or perhaps an atrocious murder, which was never committed but in my imagination. I once procured five shillings for a dreadful relation of a ghost, which had alarmed half the coast of Cornwall ; although

it had never been seen or heard of beyond the precincts of my garret, until I sent forth the wonderful relation to the world. I see a smile, mingled with contempt, upon your face, and I excuse it : Judge no man, unless you know the strength of his temptations. The credulous would read and wonder ; but they were pleased, and I had my dinner. Had I sat down and composed a rational essay, attempting to eradicate their credulity, I could not have sold it, and must have fasted.

“ Were it not that there is so much manual labour in novel-writing, I find it, at present, the easiest of all literary subjects. This is a novel-reading age, and the appetite still grows with what it feeds on : *quantity*, and not *quality*, is required. It is quite unnecessary, either to study nature in drawing characters, or probability in the adventures. Romantic heroes, ruined castles with secret caverns, endless descriptions and mawkish sentiment, long formed the constituent parts. Private scandal is found to answer as well : lead your characters into the fa-

shionable scenes of dissipation, and let them be described in the most glaring and licentious manner. With a professed reverence for virtue, let the volumes teem with attractive pictures of vice, which the author must pronounce to be disgusting, excusing himself with the well-known but sophistical couplet of Pope :

“ Vice is a monster of such ugly mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen !”

If he act upon this plan, he will succeed with the mob. It is true, taste and good sense will spurn his trash ; but they will be purchased by the proprietors of Circulating Libraries, and the purpose of the mercenary author is obtained. This last species I have never attempted ; and my employer has of course informed me, that I am too dull for the present day. I am at work upon one just now, which will be finished in about two or three weeks—if I can keep so long out of prison ; for, to confess the truth at once,

“ Hungry ruin has me in the wind.”

“ With you, my dear Sir, it is needless to affect disguise. Ever since the death of my worthy friend the bookseller, and, more particularly, since my political apostacy, I have been gradually sinking in my own estimation. My mind and heart are still the mansions of virtue ; but, alas ! I cannot illustrate my principles by practice. I neither steal nor swindle. Ever since the elopement of my milliner, I have renounced all connexion with her sex. Still, I am very far from being a good man, or a practical philosopher. I am a sensualist, an epicure in eating when I can, and a slave to the bottle, even to intoxication.

“ Necessity, while she taught me how to live where others would starve, rendered me improvident and careless of the future ; and it is she alone that can oblige me to be temperate. I have lived for weeks upon brown bread and small beer, sometimes water ; and the moment that my finances would purchase as much, have regaled myself with a plumb-pudding and a bottle of port, till the world and all its cares were

forgotten. I know well, that all this is wrong ; but the habit, I fear, is confirmed and the remonstrances of reason are incapable of making me act with prudence, or less with rigid economy.

“ For a week past, an empty pocket has forced me to exercise a temperance, which would do credit to the Monks of La Trappe. This morning, some ephemeral productions suited to the day, produced me a guinea: and, although at the hazard of my liberty, I sallied out in search of some one to assist me in banishing that care which I am unable to vanquish alone, and whose company would give additional relish to my dinner, and improve the flavour of my wine. My kind stars have indulged me with the unexpected pleasure of your company, for which I proffer my best thanks. Do not reckon the time lost: although you have no occasion for the lesson yourself, my life may be a striking *memento* to others, and you have my full liberty to relate my melancholy tale (suppressing my name) wherever you think it can be useful. My fatal

deviation from rectitude, which degraded me from my rank in the country, and sent me to London, may be stated as the radical error on my part, from which my subsequent vicissitudes have followed, as a chain of necessary consequences.

“ I have often thought of publishing my own adventures, for the benefit of fond parents and foolish children.

“ Had my father bored me an apprentice to an expert mechanic, or taught me to guide the plough, and given me the money expended in keeping me at college to purchase tools, or assist in stocking a few acres of a farm, I might have been an useful member of society—the father of a family—and a husband, loving and beloved. Instead of this, what am I now? Useless to the world and to myself, I constitute no part of society, and render no service to others. My intellectual talents are in a certain degree prostituted, for I can discover no plan of exercising them more honourably, that will bring me remuneration. The only virtue

to which I lay claim as an author, is merely negative—that of writing in a less licentious manner than my employers wish, and for which I would be better paid; but I have resolved, that if the world will not enable me to stand forth the champion of virtue, I shall never become the auxiliary of vice. I have long lived in obscurity, and shall soon sink into oblivion. No tie unites me to society—I have formed no friendship—and love has no place in my heart. I shall leave the world without regret, for I know that no tear will drop upon my tomb—nor will even a sigh be heard over my grave. You may, perhaps, from this accidental meeting, think of me when I am no more. I feel that you cannot respect me, for I have long ceased to respect myself. Pity, if you can, but do not despise me. I struggled long, endeavouring to rise above my misfortunes; and, for a considerable time past, it has required all my exertion to keep myself from sinking under them.

“ We shall now, if you please, finish our

bottle—settle the bill—and part, most probably, to meet no more in this world.”

The poor man was quite dejected. Melancholy recollections and painful anticipations had sunk his spirits. I felt, by sympathy, that his chequered tale had affected mine, and began gently to remonstrate with him, arguing, that he might do better, by attempting to teach either in town or country. But he still repeated, that he had lost his own esteem ; that he now wanted steadiness, and was afraid that intellectual derangement, or, at least, a species of melancholy and mental imbecility, would ultimately be his fate.

When the bill was brought in, a warm dispute ensued—he threw down his guinea, and insisted upon its being expended ; this I was equally decided in opposing. He argued, that he came out with the resolution of spending it, and that had he not been fortunate enough to have met me, it would have been dissipated in less worthy company ; besides, I had accompanied him on express invitation. I succeeded, howev

obtaining leave to settle the bill; begged of him to think of retiring to the country, and trying a school; in short, said every thing I thought likely to have an effect upon his mind; took his address, and inquiring the amount of his present debts, which was a trifle, slipped double the sum into his hands at parting, and hastened to my lodgings.

The melancholy situation of him whom I had just left, haunted me for great part of the night: I knew his abilities to be beyond mediocrity, and had no doubt of his principles being what he professed. And such, said I mentally, might have been my situation. I have been more fortunate—but am almost as useless in the world; yet, I am more respectable, and will still endeavour to be of some benefit to society.

CHAPTER XXX.

Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

SHAKESPEARE.

NEXT day, while I was walking over the Exchange, looking for an attorney with whom I had some business, my old friend, the Captain of the Hebe, tapped me on the shoulder, with, "What cheer, my friend?" After an exchange of compliments, I engaged to dine with him.—During dinner, he told me that he would be ready to sail in three days, and pressed me to accompany him. I replied, that if

I could get my business finished, it would give me great pleasure to take another trip with him. Upon returning to my lodgings it occurred to me that this would be a good opportunity for Mrs Fenwick. I therefore called upon her, and found that she was ready to leave London, having succeeded in the object of her journey.

Mr Davenport advised her to embrace the offer, which would be a very considerable saving. Though somewhat afraid of the voyage, she consented; 'as, in my company,' she said, 'she would not consider herself entirely among strangers.'

On the morning of our departure, Mr Davenport and some other friends accompanied us to the wharf, and we went down the river in a boat, as the Hebe had dropped down with the tide. On coming on board we found an old lady, her son and daughter, with a maid-servant; a clergyman, and a young surgeon, all cabin passengers; a recruiting sergeant, an invalid private of the artillery, and a soldier's widow, in the steerage; the widow apparently in the last

stage of pregnancy. After we had all got on board, Captain L. told us, that we must cast lots for beds; the ladies for the beds in *their* cabin, and the gentlemen for those in *theirs*. This was strenuously opposed by the old lady, her daughter, and the Clergyman, who insisted, that having been first on board, and having made choice of beds, they were determined to retain them. "What!" said the Captain, "a mutiny on board, before we are fairly at sea! who commands here—you or I?" The old lady and her daughter, eyeing Mrs Fenwick rather contemptuously, told him, that if they had expected any such company, they would have engaged the whole cabin to themselves. "'Tis too late to talk of that now, Ma'am," returned the Captain. "Well, Captain, we keep our beds, that's flat!" "Madam, the regulations of the ship are fixed, and cannot be departed from on any account." "Captain, do you pay no respect to rank? It is really too much to be obliged to associate with people that people knows nothing of, without the mor-

tification of seeing such people better accommodated than one's self; and, therefore, let me tell you, Captain, neither I nor my daughter will submit to such usage. What do you say, Sophia? for my own part, I should feel less degradation to ride home in a stage-coach." "As you please, Ma'am—I have sailed the Hebe this half score of years, and never has man or woman on board dared to dispute my authority; therefore, if you are dissatisfied, you may yet get on shore, and I shall have the pleasure of handing you into the boat." The old lady scowled, and the young one muttered something, of which "Brute!" only was audible. "I would sooner make sail against wind and tide, said the Captain, than say an uncivil thing to a woman; but, I won't bear your Billingsgate jabber neither; therefore, don't provoke me to behave unhandsomely."—"Captain, you were recommended to us as a civil, sensible gentleman, and your vessel as one of the best for passengers, and we certainly expected the Captain to be as genteel as we find his accommoda-

tions." "Avast, Madam! with your fair-weather lingo; no palaver for me! what the d—l would you have?—Civility in the way you wish it, would be d—d incivility to every other passenger. Come, come, either draw your lot, or step into the boat this minute! I could insist upon being paid for your passage, but I despise it—we shall toss your trunks and band-boxes after you, and wish you a good voyage." "Captain, you get too warm, and as boisterous as the element you inhabit. We will not leave the Hebe, and, without saying more, shall trust to yourself for proper treatment."—"Blarney again! No respect of persons in my vessel! and, d'ye hear? that there soldier's widow, whom you saw upon deck,—like a ship with a valuable cargo under hatches, a rough sea, and no pilot at the helm, must have a birth in the cabin. I would sooner run the Hebe on a lee-shore, than leave a poor defenceless widow in a situation where she may part her cable, lose her anchors, and founder, without one of her own sex in company. You talk of

your quality, about which I neither know, nor care a rope's end! I found this other lady in as respectable company in the city as you have had any day in your life, be they who they may. Share and share alike, is the rule on board the Hebe—therefore, stay or go, just as you please—only tip me no more of your palaver! Do you draw a ticket?”—and he held out a hat, containing billets, with the numbers of the beds. The mother and daughter, now seeing no alternative, drew one each, and Mrs Fenwick, who drew last, got the bed that young Madam had selected for her own sweet person. The old dame, although she frowned herself, was obliged to twitch her daughter's elbow oftener than once, to suppress the ebullition of indignation that was fermenting and fuming to burst forth. The Captain then called in the soldier's widow, spoke kindly to her, shewed her a bed, and bade her keep herself as easy as possible.

The Clergyman, having witnessed the Captain's firmness with the ladies, did not think it expedient to insist upon a prefer-

ence; therefore we drew lots for our beds; and all were, or appeared to be, satisfied.—By the time we were off Harwich, the old lady, her daughter, and servant-maid, with the Clergyman and Surgeon, were all sick; the three first exceedingly ill. Mrs Fenwick, who possessed much spirit, but without any gall in her composition, keeping quite well, tendered her services to them; while the widow also lent a hand in the kind endeavours to mitigate their sufferings; and by the exertions of these two benevolent matrons, our starched ladies were made more comfortable.—The Clergyman kept his bed, uttering lamentable groans. The Surgeon staggered about, joking and retching alternately, while the young squire laughed at them all, particularly his mother and sister.—“I know their sickness is not dangerous,” said he, “and am very glad to see them humbled; I have had enough to do with their dignity before this, since we left home; now what would become of them at the present moment, were it not for Mrs Fenwick,

whom they wished to expel from the cabin ; and that poor widow, on whom they disdained to let their eyes fall ?” Then, tapping at the cabin door, he called out “ Hollo, sister ! how dost do now ? Take a glass of brandy and water—there’s nothing like grog ! D’ye mind of Xerxes, how he whipt the sea ? You know you are obeyed at home, can’t you get up and lash the naughty waves for making you sick !”

Next day, the sickness began to wear off a little, and we all appeared upon deck occasionally, except the two fine ladies, and the soldier’s widow, who was a little unwieldy. About noon, the Captain told us, that he was of opinion we should have a stiff gale. “ However,” said he, “ don’t be afraid, the Hebe is a tight vessel ; and, provided we have sea-room, there is no danger.” It now began to blow hard from the land, and the violence of the gale continued to increase. Sails flapped, blocks creaked, sailors bawled, and the ladies screamed. For twenty-four hours, we buffeted the storm, tacking from one point to another ;

when the Captain, as the gale seemed to increase instead of subsiding, said, he would be obliged to run before the wind. Our prim ladies were quite clamorous to get the ship into port, and to be put upon land, wherever it might be. "Why, then," said the Captain, "it must be in Holland—so hey for it, ladies!" They pouted, sobbed, and screamed. "Come, come, ladies," said the generous Captain, "take a seaman's advice; pouting has no effect, except spoiling pretty faces; and snivelling and blubbering will only hurt your eyes: so keep yourselves easy, and let us manage our own affairs—there's no hazard of going to Davy's locker in this squall." We were now off the Dogger Bank; the gale began to subside; and, by a little after sunset, it was so perfect a calm, that we lay like a tub in a mill-pond. Having hardly enjoyed a comfortable meal for two days, we all met in the Captain's cabin, and had a social supper; our fine ladies' faces, like the weather, having recovered their serenity. We retired to bed, and had calculated upon a comfortable and quiet night; but

scarcely had we dropt asleep, when we were alarmed with loud cries and groans from the ladies' cabin. The Captain got up to inquire the cause, and was told, that the soldier's widow was in labour. Madam and her daughter were again in a violent rage; it was in vain that Mrs Fenwick solicited their assistance; they would not look at the poor woman, much less endeavour to be useful. Mrs Fenwick afterwards told us, that they closed their curtains, except when they popped out their heads to rail at the poor creature for the disturbance she was making, and at the Captain, for admitting her into the cabin. The woman was very ill: Mrs Fenwick did all that she could; but having no assistance, and being afraid to trust herself, she at length called at the cabin door, requesting the assistance of the Surgeon, or, at least, his presence. Madam and her daughter, on hearing this, redoubled their rage, and abused Mrs Fenwick for her impudent proposition, protesting, that he should not enter the cabin, and immediately one of them sprung from bed, and bolted the door. Mrs Fenwick remonstrat-

ed, but in vain ; and they continued to scold with loud vociferation. When they paused to breathe, the poor woman uttered a cry which thrilled every heart.

The Captain started up, gave the cabin door a stroke with his foot, which burst it open, and pushed in the Surgeon, crying, " There ! dear Sir, go and do your duty ! " In a few minutes, the Surgeon returned, informing us, that nature had rendered his assistance unnecessary ; as the poor woman was delivered of a fine boy, and that all was apparently well.

" Bravo ! " cried our worthy Captain : " Come, messmates, let us have a can of grog for the launching feast ! Turn out, turn out ! " All the cabin passengers were now assembled round the table, except the Clergyman. " Come, come, Parson, get up ! We all have mercies for which we ought to be thankful, and we have seen them repeated here. The gale is blown over, and, now that it is past, let me tell you, a confounded stiff one it was ; the ship and crew are in safety ; this poor woman, we may hope,

is now out of danger, and the King has got another subject. I have read, although I can't recollect where, that we ought to rejoice with thanksgiving, and I think the observation good, whoever said it, therefore let us adhere to the rule !"

Wine and biscuits were now sent in to the ladies, with instructions to make the poor woman in the straw as comfortable as possible. A smoking bowl of punch graced our cabin table, and grog was served out to the crew, including the Soldier and his brother invalid. As the cheerful glass went round, the Clergyman began to unbend ; while the young Squire joined the Captain in some jokes, at the expense of his mother and sister ; of whose conduct Jack (as we sometimes termed him) said he was ashamed : " but," added he, " you have served them rightly, Captain ; I was afraid you would give way at the outset—at home no one dares speak to them but myself ; for mother is an old tabby-cat, and sister a poor proud peahen : I hope God will forgive me for speaking the truth of my own flesh and blood."

Next morning, we learned that the fine ladies, who still kept up their dignity, not only refused to lend the smallest assistance, but would not even look at the child. The poor mother not being provided with clothing for her infant, Mrs Fenwick had to rummage her own scanty stores, and make such temporary furnishings as the emergency would permit ; for the fine ladies declined supplying a single article ; and although the only pair of scissars in the cabin belonged to them, yet they decidedly refused to lend them on the present occasion. The servant maid, who kindly parted with an under petticoat, stole out, and procured a pair of coarse scissars from one of the crew. The Squire exposed the behaviour of his relations upon deck, where they were saluted with jokes of no very delicate kind, the first time they made their appearance there.

We had now all recovered from the effects of the late alarm, and sickness had vanished ; but the calm still continuing, we lay nearly as motionless as a vessel in the har-

hour. The life which the soldier's widow had so long led, had inured her to fatigue and privations much greater than she was now suffering, and on the present occasion, she had been so well taken care of, that she was recovering rapidly. When we were all at dinner one day, the Captain thus addressed the Clergyman :

“ We have a nameless stranger on board, which, I can't say, is a thing I over much like; however, that, you know, is not the poor little fellow's blame: but, suppose, Sir, we should have him baptized this afternoon?” “ I have nothing to say to that, Captain; why do you address yourself to me?” “ Because it falls to you to perform that office to him.” “ What! would you wish me to profane the ordinance of the church, by administering it to one who is a bastard, for any thing I know?” “ We shall clear that shallow in a jiffie,” said the Captain, and immediately popped into the ladies' cabin, but soon returned, exhibiting a certificate, in which it was mentioned that the mother was a soldier's widow—that her

husband had died in the hospital—and that she was returning to her relations in Scotland. “There, Sir,” said the Captain, putting it into the Clergyman’s hand, “run your eye over that!” “Well, but Captain, still I do not know that she is a member of our church.” “We have nothing to do with *she*! I am talking of *he*, who belongs to no church—can you refuse to make him a Christian? His mother has nothing to do in the matter, although, I dare say, she will thank you for the service. As he came into this sinful world on board my vessel, I shall become sponsor for him, and will also have him named after me; that is, if his mother has no particular objections.”

The Clergyman still declining to administer the ordinance, the Captain exclaimed: “Bless your heart, reverend Sir, think when or how this child can be baptized, if you persist in refusing. In addition to the dangers incident to its age, there are the haps and hazards of an apparently tedious voyage, then a long and painful journey

over land, and, after all this, may not every other Parson plead off in the same manner as you do? I do not wish to bully you into the thing, but am anxious that you should perform what I conceive to be your duty."

"Well, well," said the Parson, "I believe it can be done with a safe conscience, though not quite consistently with the rules of the church." Up sprang the warm-hearted Captain, ran to the mother, and told her to prepare for the ceremony, which he insisted should be performed in the ladies' cabin. In a short time we all adjourned thither, where the mother of the infant thanked the generous Captain for his proffers to her child, whom she would most willingly have named after him—but she had promised to her husband, on his death-bed, that if she brought forth a boy, he should bear his father's name. "Right—excellent!" cried the Captain: "God forbid that I should cause you to break a promise so much to your credit! but, suppose we give the little chap both names, he can be nothing the worse. What was his father's name?" "Allan." "And mine

is Angus—both good Caledonian names: have you any objections to call him Allan Angus?" The mother, who felt the kindness of the Captain in this instance, having been under previous obligations to him, gave a ready acquiescence, upon condition that she was allowed to stand joint sponsor with him, expressing her hopes that Providence would spare her for the future protection and instruction of her child.

When the ceremony was performed, and a glass of wine drunk to the health of the mother, and the future prosperity of her infant son, the worthy Parson said, "so far this is well—but wishes alone will not help the mother to get forward, who, when she parts from us, I understand, has a good way to travel. Now, as you have prevailed upon me to begin my duty, I must endeavour to bring it to a proper conclusion. We are only empty professors, if we content ourselves with saying, 'be ye warmed, be ye fed,' without giving what is needful." On saying this, the Parson took up a plate, put a guinea into it, and continued,

“ the company have already shewn humanity sufficient to convince me that they will not refuse, according to their abilities, to contribute something as a temporary provision for this infant and helpless stranger, whom Providence has, in so peculiar a manner, cast upon our care.” “ Thank ye, Parson—thank ye !” said the Captain, with so hearty a shake by the hand, that he almost dislocated his arm ; then putting down five guineas, observed to the company, that he now stood related to the boy, and therefore his donation was no rule to them. Every gentleman put down a guinea, and Mrs Fenwick the same sum. Our two dignified ladies were beginning a speech, the exordium of which did not seem favourable to the little stranger, when their brother interrupted them with, “ Fye, mother ! shame sister !—give, or do not give, as you please, ’tis all one—if you do not, I shall put down double for each of you, and deduct it at first settlement between us. You know, mother, you can easily save it, by keeping just one night from cards with

Mrs Love, who cheats you out of fifty times this sum in a season; and you, sister, will make a profit by bestowing your present generosity, if you can prevail upon yourself to stay from the theatre one week, and thus save the price of your tickets and coach hire!" Both ladies were in a violent passion; old Madam's neck swelled and coloured like the gills of a turkey cock; and the young lady's eyes flashed so keenly, that had only a gentle smile played about her mouth, and her tongue been tuned to softer strains, she might have made the young Surgeon's heart ache. At last, tossing down a couple of guineas, the young lady said, that she would have paid ten times the sum rather than have had the disturbance she had already met with, and was still likely to endure, from a nasty squalling brat; but she trusted that a few days would now part them for ever."

"Really, sister," replied the Squire, "I condole with you in what you have suffered; but, take comfort—for as you seem to have so fixed an aversion to children, you

have strong grounds for consolation, in reflecting that they will give you little trouble through life :—if you only contrive to keep always in the same humour that you have exhibited since you came on board, I can promise that you will not be troubled with any brats of your own !

“ Brother, you are a brute ! void of feeling and good manners !” “ And you are my sister !” returned he.

This courteous retort was too much, and she burst into tears. The poor widow, who was the innocent cause of this altercation, appeared very much distressed upon the occasion ; and while she thanked the company for the many favours she had experienced from them, begged that they would return the two guineas to the ladies : for the bounty of her other friends would be more than sufficient to support her until she reached her native spot—she had never yet solicited charity, and while she could possibly subsist otherwise, she would not extort favours from any one. “ Very well,” said the Clergyman, “ a spirit of independence among our peasantry ought to be

prized and cherished ; it adds to their own happiness, and to the national prosperity—however, this, although a laudable pride, may be carried too far, and, like every other virtue, its extreme may degenerate into vice. It must be admitted, that this lady has forgotten the delicacy of her sex, and spoken rudely ; but let us hope, that she will yet see her errors, and forsake them, imitating Him ‘ who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not.’ In the meantime, take this, (putting the money into the widow’s lap) ; continue to do your duty as a parent and a good member of society, and I hope you will have much comfort in your son.”

We retired to our own cabin to finish the humours of a christening at sea. The Captain was all vivacity, hospitality, and good humour ; the Parson became very pleasant ; the Squire and Surgeon supported their share in the conversation ; and, before we parted, I believe we all considered ourselves as members of the same family.

Light winds having sprung up, the vessel was again getting into her proper course,

when, next morning about sun-rising, the Captain spied a strange sail, which he conceived bore a rather suspicious appearance. Upon observing her for some time, we discovered that she was gaining fast upon us, and the Captain told us, that he was convinced she was a French privateer.

A council of war was held ; and as the Hebe was armed with six guns and two stern-chasers, the Captain said that he was sorry for this ugly meeting, which would frighten the ladies, for he could not answer either to his employers or his own conscience in surrendering the Hebe without making all the resistance that prudence might dictate. No time was to be lost—he therefore invited all of us to assist in defence of our liberty, for which we should be armed with muskets, cutlasses, &c. There was no doubt that the general safety could be promoted only by unanimity ; however, if any gentleman wished to decline fighting, he might retire and comfort Madam and her daughter. In the meantime, he

requested the Clergyman to go down and inform them what was likely to take place, that they might, as far as possible, be spared any sudden alarm. One and all of us declared our readiness to stand or fall with the Captain, and to act as he directed, conceiving that we had some chance of escape, which was better than tamely submitting to be carried prisoners to France. "Thank you, gentlemen!" said the Captain, "now, let us prepare for action."

The artilleryman took charge of the guns, the rest of the passengers were armed with muskets; and a store of pikes were placed beside us, in the event of their attempting to board us.

Although willing and even resolved upon fighting, should it be necessary, yet, I must confess, I was half afraid of being seized with an ague-fit at the onset; however I was persuaded, that, once fairly engaged, my courage would grow with the occasion. A message was now delivered from our two fine ladies by the Clergyman, requesting the Captain to ransom the vessel, of which

they would pay any reasonable proportion ; for that they were sure to die with terror the moment an action commenced.

“ They may go—whistle !” cried the Captain, “ and we to our posts. In the meantime, it is lucky that we have got a surgeon on board, who had better step down to the ladies, and get his tackle in order, that he may be ready to splice a limb if necessary.” “ I hope to shatter two Frenchmen’s first,” said this gallant son of Esculapius.

The Parson said, that he had neither principle nor inclination for fighting, but if the present action took place, as it would be in self-defence, he would do his best, and was only sorry that his skill was inadequate to render that efficient assistance which he wished.

Our guns were all loaded, and the privateer was fast bearing down upon us ; which we found to be of far superior force, and her decks covered with men. Captain L. said, that there was some chance of our disabling her, and then making our escape. The vessels being now very near each other,

the privateer fired a gun across our bow, and we bore up and lay along-side, within half a cable's length of the enemy. Seeing our determination, she poured a broadside into the Hebe, which did some damage.— We returned the compliment immediately, and found that it threw the crew of the privateer into confusion; and before they could return it, we gave them another; but this they repaid with interest, for it cut up our bowsprit and killed our brave gunner. Captain L. still unwilling to yield, gave and received another broadside, by which our rigging was very much injured; and upon this he said, that we must strike to prevent further bloodshed, as prolonging the contest could do no good. By this time a splinter from the mast had wounded me in the cheek and lacerated the Parson's ear, and a poor fellow, serving at the guns, had his arm broke above the elbow by a musket ball. The serjeant had taken his station in the maintop, and plied them with musketry pretty successfully.

“ Our colours were immediately struck,

and in a few minutes we were boarded by the French Captain and about a dozen of his crew. He appeared to be in a violent rage ; but, on pausing a little, he gave us great credit for the manly resistance we had made ; indeed, we afterwards found him a brave and reasonable man. Although I spoke French very indifferently, I was appointed interpreter. The Frenchman at first intended scuttling the Hebe, but finding she had a valuable cargo on board, he resolved to carry her into Dunkirk. When we went down to the cabin, we found Mrs Fenwick assisting the surgeon, who was setting the sailor's arm, having been fortunate enough to extract the ball. Upon making inquiry after our two fine ladies, we found, that the one had fainted, and the other was in hysterics. The soldier's widow was bustling about with the child in her arms, and rendering assistance to all whom she saw in distress. The Parson was deputed to wait upon Madam and her daughter, and, if they were capable of attending to his information, to communicate the news of our cap-

ture, in such a manner as his own judgment might suggest.

When the French Captain observed that we had a surgeon on board, he said, that it was exceedingly fortunate, for his own was dangerously wounded, and he had several men in want of surgical assistance.

On learning that the ladies were a little recovered from their fright, Captain L. took his conqueror down to their cabin, and, after introducing him, recommended them to his protection. The daughter, after a glance or two at the victor, assumed courage; and, with a softness of manner that we had never seen her exhibit before, addressed him in the language of his country, complimenting him upon being a native of that kingdom whose gallantry had ever been so celebrated, and expressing her hope that they would not find him an exception: in short, she interlarded her discourse with much of that flattery and affected courtesy, which seldom fail to tickle the ears of a Frenchman.—In reply to this artful address, their unwelcome visitor made as many scrapes, bows, and shrugs.

as a dancing-master ; seized the young lady by the hand, and then kissed his own.

We learned, that we were a prize to the Voltigeur privateer, Captain Jean St André, pierced for twenty guns, but carrying only twelve. The Clergyman and the young Squire were left on board the Hebe, as protectors to the ladies ; while Captain L., the Surgeon, and myself, with all the crew, except the mate and a boy, were carried on board the privateer, which was in a rather unmanageable condition ; but the necessary repairs on board both vessels were set about without delay.

The Hebe was given in charge to an officer and a part of the Voltigeur's crew, who, as we afterwards learned, treated the ladies with genuine French *politesse* : indeed none of us had cause to complain, for all our private property was respected. Captain St André, on observing one of his men eyeing the watch of one of the prisoners, immediately drew out a pistol, and said, it should settle the fate of any man who dared to plunder a single article.

We had passed nearly two days and a night on board the *Voltigeur*, and were within a few leagues of Dunkirk, with the *Hebe* still in company, when a gale arising after sun-set, blew us off the coast ; and next morning, at day-light, we found ourselves almost in with the coast of Kent, and pursued by an English sloop of war. Captain St André told us frankly, that there was a chance of our being recaptured ; but, as he was determined to act upon the defensive, there was a necessity for putting us into immediate confinement. This was done with much politeness, and the action commenced almost immediately. It continued for about half an hour ; but at length the treading upon deck increased, and we heard over our heads the triumphant huzza of British sailors.

The scene was now changed : Captain St André was carried on board the sloop of war, and the prisoners in the *Voltigeur* were released for the purpose of following him. On crossing the deck of the sloop, I was greatly affected on seeing so much blood,

and so many brave fellows lying here and there wounded, when I heard a faint voice calling me by name. I looked around, and, by the side of a gun, saw that poor unfortunate and unhappy being, my brother-in law, weltering in his blood ! He endeavoured to raise his head, but was incapable—he then held out his hand, and with a voice almost inarticulate, murmured, “ Oh, forgive ! forgive me ! ” I knelt down to raise him up—when, with a low and faltering voice, he said, “ I am dying—forgive me !—your sister—my wife ! ” and his voice utterly failed him.—I pressed his hand, assuring him of my forgiveness.—The Surgeon told me that he could not live many minutes. He again lifted his glazed eye and fixed it on me : I leaned his head on my shoulder—he faintly muttered “ happy,” and, pressing my hand, closed his eyes for ever.

Our captor was Captain Delville, of the Lapwing sloop of war. The passengers of the Hebe, who had been confined on board the Voltigeur, were now conducted

to the Lapwing's cabin. Captain L. then informed Captain Delville, that some ladies and gentlemen, passengers of his, were still in the Hebe, and that, having heard nothing of them for two days, he was anxious about their safety. A Lieutenant and boat's crew were ordered out for them, and in a short time they were all brought safe on board.

When the Captain of the Lapwing was receiving his guests on deck, what was our surprise, on seeing the Lieutenant, who had conducted them on board, take Mrs Fenwick by the hand, and present her to Captain Delville, with—" my mother, Captain !" The Captain received her with much politeness, and paid her some very handsome compliments upon the character and magnanimity of her son ; desiring him, at the same time, to see her, and the other passengers belonging to the Hebe, properly attended to while on board the Lapwing.— Mrs Fenwick took the liberty of mentioning the situation of the soldier's widow, and she had proper accommodation assigned to her.

Captain Delville proceeded to Harwich with his prizes. During this short voyage, he made particular inquiry respecting our treatment on board the *Voltigeur*, and whether any of our private property had been plundered; for, in that case, he would cause restitution to be made.— Captain L. of the *Hebe* assured him, that we had nothing to complain of, and that Captain St André and his crew had behaved very politely to us in every respect. This was repeated by Captain Delville to Captain St André, with the assurance that it should be reported in his favour.

We reached Harwich about midnight, and left the *Lapwing* next morning, being all anxious for some repose upon *terra firma*, after the fatigues, both bodily and mental, that we had recently undergone. Madam and her daughter now obtained that luxury, for which they had vainly languished since they first came on board the *Hebe*—a room to themselves. We went to bed early that afternoon, and rose the next morning. The Captain of the

Hebe, who lodged at the same hotel with the Squire, Clergyman, Surgeon, and myself, had brought the widow on shore, till he saw what could be done for her.

Captain L. now began to be a little low-spirited, and observed, that although the Hebe had been recaptured, yet he could not think of her in her present disabled state, without the same sensation with which he would view an old friend upon crutches ; besides, he anticipated much expense and loss of time, before he could again put to sea.

It now became necessary for us to arrange some plan of returning to Scotland, being all heartily tired of the sea. A journey over land seemed to be the wish of us all, with the exception of the soldier's widow, who declared her inability, and the young Surgeon, whose silence also indicated the state of his finances. Upon talking over this matter with Captain Delville, he very humanely promised to take the widow under his protection while at Harwich, and pledged himself to get her

another passage, either from thence or from London. He had also an interview with the Surgeon, and finding him tolerably shrewd and well informed, proposed, if it suited his wishes, to get him entered in the navy, as he thought that his interest could effect this. The offer was gratefully accepted by the Surgeon, and Captain Delville was to furnish him with the necessary introduction, and despatch him for London in a day or two.

Previous to our leaving Harwich, we gave a dinner in compliment to Captain Delville and his officers, and spent a very agreeable afternoon. Our young Squire's sister seemed quite devoted to his service; and, under the disguise of gratitude for her recapture, contrived to overwhelm him with compliments, some of them fulsome enough, which did not appear to go down quite so pleasantly as the wine. Her brother whispered to me, "look how the pea-hen chuckles! If the Captain does not keep a look out, he will be in danger from a masked battery!" The Clergyman had become very soci-

able; before, we had found him a humane and good man; but it generally holds true, that common danger often produces a certain degree of union between minds otherwise little disposed to assimilate. The Surgeon, whose prospects had begun to brighten, was peculiarly cheerful. Captain L., though at first rather melancholy, resumed his usual hilarity, and ultimately drew this very judicious and obvious conclusion, that although things were not exactly as he could have wished, yet still, they might have been much worse; and that, at any rate, the Hebe was better in Harwich than in the harbour of Dunkirk; and he was much more comfortable here, than he should have been eating *soup maigre* in a French prison.

We did not think of breaking up till a late hour, and parted with Captain Delville and his officers with sincere esteem. All of us expressed our gratitude for the hospitality we had experienced. The old lady invited the Captain to Tillyfrowthy—the young Squire added his invitation, includ-

ing all the officers, and, particularly insis-
ing upon Lieutenant Fenwick's spending
week or two with them, on his first visit
Scotland. Young Miss reiterated, again
and again, her mother's invitation to Cap-
tain Delville, with a slight and very reserved
nod to Lieutenant Fenwick, which, cir-
cumstanced as she then was, could not very
easily be avoided.

We resolved upon taking post-chaise
next morning; but here a new difficulty
occurred—a post-chaise would only hold
three; now there were four females, includ-
ing the servant-maid, for one chaise, and
three gentlemen for the other. Madam and
daughter were not inclined to part with
their servant on the road, and I declared my
determination not to leave Mrs Fenwick
behind; upon which, our fine ladies again
began to vent their spleen, for their good
humour had vanished with Captain Delville.
It was at last carried, by the not very polite
eloquence of the young Squire, that the
servant should come with the stage-coach
and join her mistress at Edinburgh.

We arrived in Edinburgh without being either overturned or attacked by highwaymen, of both which accidents our fine ladies were in great fear; it being always with difficulty that we were allowed to be upon the road after sunset.

It would have suited me better to have left my companions before reaching Edinburgh; but I had promised to my friend Captain L. to wait on his lady, and inform her of his safety, with such other particulars as she might be anxious to know.

I lost no time in performing this duty; and after seeing Mrs Fenwick safely lodged with her friends in Edinburgh, I arrived at Hawthorn-lodge, with a jumble of accidents and circumstances floating in my brain, of which I was hardly capable of giving a ready and coherent relation, for they had succeeded each other with a rapidity to which I had been unaccustomed. It is unnecessary to say, that my welcome was equal to the hazards which I had experienced.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

CAMPBELL;
OR, THE
SCOTTISH PROBATIONER.

CAMPBELL;

OR, THE

SCOTTISH PROBATIONER.

A NOVEL.

Hard is the Scholar's lot, condemned to sail,
Unpatronised, o'er life's tempestuous wave :
Clouds blind his sight ; nor blows a friendly gale,
To waft him to one port—except the grave.

PENROSE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

•

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CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Fancy from joy still wanders far astray,
Ah, Melancholy! how I feel thy power;
Long have I laboured to elude thy sway,
But vanquished now, I can resist no more.
The traveller thus, that o'er the midnight waste,
Through many a lonesome path condemned to roam,
Wilder'd and weary, sets him down at last;
For long the night, and distant far his home.
BEATTIE.

I HAD settled Mr Belfield's business to his entire satisfaction; and we now enjoyed ourselves, for some time, in talking over storms, sea fights, and the many other incidents of my

journey, till they began to lose the zest of novelty, and the calm uniformity of domestic life gradually succeeded.

I had not been many weeks at home, when I received a packet from my friend Colonel Maitland, enclosing a presentation to the kirk of ——. This was no other than the parish where I had first officiated as an assistant, and from whence I had been forced to depart abruptly, in consequence of my unfortunate sermon on Liberty of Conscience, already mentioned. Although I had signified to my friends my willingness to accept of a living in the church, yet I now almost felt, like a celebrated literary character, that

“ Preferment came a day too late.”

The coincidence of my being presented to this parish, was also a very singular circumstance; but whether it was to be productive of triumph, or mortification, to me was yet problematical. I had been long absent from that part of the country, and was totally ignorant whether the violent opposition to my principles were still alive, or whether the

majority of my parishioners were become more moderate in their opinions.

The time, however, approached, which was to put this to the test : I had accepted of the presentation, and the day came that a call was to be moderated for me, according to the forms of the Church of Scotland. Of three heritors, residing in the parish, only one signed the call, and only three householders. Mr Belfield had a small estate in the parish, and had offended the other heritors, by refusing to join them in some political measure. I was his protégé, and they wreaked their resentment on my head. The principles of the parishioners, in general, were not yet altered ; and even those few who were more liberal, wanted firmness to shew themselves in opposition to the multitude.

An affair of this kind always makes a great noise in a parish, and the more it is discussed, the greater ferment it occasions. Patronage, like all other human institutions, has its advantages and disadvantages. After its introduction, it met with long and strenuous opposition, which is now considerably

I venerate
 Whose life
 Coincides
 That has

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clerical emoluments. Upon communicating this resolution to some of my reverend friends, they opposed it most strenuously, asserting, that such a step was adding fuel to that flame which had so long existed, and would be a source of additional encouragement to every refractory parish throughout the kingdom. I admitted that all this might be true; but felt that I could have no real happiness in the discharge of my duty, among those who exhibited so determined an opposition to my settlement. I had never considered the office of a parish minister as a sinecure; and could not reconcile it to my own conscience, to hold a situation in which I could not be useful. In that case I was not only to receive wages which I was not earning, but was in fact keeping out another, who, either from superior qualifications, or being less opposed to the prejudices of his hearers, might be better adapted to be their instructor. They admitted that all this was cogent reasoning; but argued, that, by accepting the charge, and doing my duty, I should ultimately succeed in removing their prejudices—acquire their esteem and af-

fection, and be the happy means of removing that bigotted and intolerant spirit, for which they had long been conspicuous. To this I replied, that such a result was to be wished, rather than expected; and there was no reason for indulging the hope, that, during the few years I might live among them, either my precepts or example could be successful, in eradicating prejudices, which they seemed to possess as a hereditary right; and that I should only be sacrificing the repose of my own mind, in a futile attempt to promote what I believed to be the good of others.

These opinions and feelings, I stated at full length, in writing, to my friends Dr Stanley and Colonel Maitland, soliciting their unbiased advice. I had also several long and serious interviews with Mr Belfield on the subject. All of them were of opinion, that whatever might be urged against my resignation, by those who were anxious to support their ecclesiastical privileges, still I had an unquestionable right to consult my own happiness; and, from their knowledge of my feelings, they were persuaded that it was a duty which

I owed to myself to renounce the presentation. With the sanction of such friends, I did not hesitate a moment; and thus relieved myself from a state of mind, which had become more painful than any I had hitherto experienced. Hence this incident may be considered as an important era in my life, and was productive of much serious reflection.

I began now to take a retrospective view of my life, from my earliest recollections, and turned from it with sickness of heart. I had wasted a number of its best years in acquiring an education which had produced no adequate advantage; and this had been done at an expense, which my parents could but ill afford. The greatest part of my life was now past, and what place in society had I filled? In regard to general utility, for what purpose had I existed? Except the time that I had passed in the instruction of youth, no part had been of any real service to mankind. The bread which I had eaten, and almost every comfort which I had enjoyed, were not earned by my labours. I had been an oppressive burden upon parents, bowed down with

age and poverty; and was convinced that the evening of their days was rendered still more gloomy by my dependent situation. Had it not been for one or two most unexpected and romantic incidents, I should long ago have been degraded into insignificance—an object of contempt. When I looked around me, and saw the peasant guiding the plough, and raising food for those about him; the artisan constructing the implements necessary for the comfort and convenience of man, aiding the manufacturer in attaining greater perfection in his business, or diminishing the quantity of human labour; when I reflected, that, by the industry and skill of these men, the wealth and luxuries of the most distant climes were wafted to our shores, and Britain aggrandized and supported, as empress of the sea, and dictating to Europe; then I sunk still farther in my own estimation, and, with bitterness of heart, lamented the foolish ambition of my mother, whose doting fondness prevailed upon my father to give me an education which had disqualified

me for labour, and rendered me dependent for life :

“ Be that the moral of my *humble* tale.”

However true all this might be, it was now too late to think of any alteration. My recent effort to acquire a livelihood, and be useful to society, had been unsuccessful : I could do no more. From indigence and want I was secure ; but how ? By the bounty of others—a kind of eleemosynary bounty,—the result perhaps of whim. This was a most galling idea. It had always oppressed my feelings to be dependent ; but to think that I owed all the comforts of my situation, not to any merit which might have procured me the esteem of my benefactors, but to some capricious inclination of their own ;—alas ! my pride revolted at the idea. So powerful was this impression upon my mind, and so unremittingly did it haunt me, that I deliberated whether I should not renounce all that I enjoyed, teach the school, and live upon bread and water when I could do no better.

Such were the ravings of a morbid sensibi-

lity, which most powerfully operated on my mind. My recent disappointment had roused all the latent pride in my bosom, and it was now subsiding into sullen despondency.

It is true, there were what I may term lucid intervals, during which I felt, lamented, and resolved upon correcting this unmanly objection; but again the sadness would return, and I became gloomy, unsociable, and melancholy. It was winter. I would sit for hours at my window after twilight, and listen with delight to the tempest howling in the woods which surrounded my dwelling, and fancy that I heard "the angry spirit of the waters," in their awful roar. When I went to bed, I drew aside the curtain of the window, that I might see the glaring meteor as it shot along the sky. I listened with strange delight to the withered leaves fluttering in the blast, and the driving rain pelting on my casement. When the sad and joyless morning arose, I wandered in the woods, and saw, with perverse satisfaction, trees shivered or overturned; the rifted rock and the mossy bank hurled from the heights, and obstructing

the path in the valley. I gazed with insatiable eye on the torrent, foul and terrible, tumbling from the mountains, overspreading the valley, and sweeping resistless along. In short, every thing that indicated the decay of nature, or the ungovernable fury of the elements, gave a gloomy pleasure to my soul. In my calmer hours, I wrote letters to my country friends, which, after perusal, I destroyed; for, in spite of all my efforts to disguise them, the prominent features of my mind were traced by my pen; and I could not for a moment endure the reflection, that any one should discover the mental disorder under which I laboured; for such I knew it to be, although I believed it incurable.

Mr Belfield had observed the approaches of this melancholy, and most assiduously had he endeavoured to counteract it. He contrived to decoy me from school, at least one day every week, when we had a ride over part of the adjacent country. In the evenings, we conversed, or played at backgammon; in short, he tried every art to sooth my feelings, and keep me from brooding over my imaginary

woes ; but (I speak it to my shame) I continued sullen, and repelled even his kindness. Still his efforts were unremitted, and he occasionally succeeded in lighting up a temporary sunshine in my soul.

Some time before this, Mrs Belfield had met with an accident, which occasioned her confinement for several weeks. She was now so far recovered as to see her friends ; and Mr Belfield believed that her amiable smile and winning manner, would lure me from my solitude, and awake the gentler energies of my mind. He contrived to interest my feelings for his Anna, described the great danger she had escaped, and her now progressive recovery. On the first evening that she had been able to see a stranger, I was introduced to her. The delicacy of her frame, the hectic tinge upon her cheek, that blended itself insensibly with the surrounding whiteness of the lily, pictured to my fancy almost all that I could imagine of mortal beauty adorning angelic purity. Her manner was at all times endearing ; but never had I thought her half so amiable ; her eye beamed benignity, and her

smile was fascination ; but it was the fascination of one whom I revered, and was consequently unblended with any degrading passion. Mrs Belfield, in a voice of seraphic sweetness, expressed her regret at having been so long deprived of my company ; and added, that as she was now recovering rapidly every day, my presence would enliven their little circle, and thereby promote her convalescence. I afterwards discovered, that Mr Belfield had apprised her of my situation ; and she thus kindly endeavoured to “ win me from my evil thoughts.”

When I retired on the evening of this first interview, I could not forget Mrs Belfield's appearance : the seraph-like countenance and slender form, with which my fancy had invested her, still dwelt upon my mind.—I went to bed—insensibly, the image changed to that of Maria B. ; Elysium smiled around her ; all was cloudless and perfect felicity ; and I passed a night in visions of delight, which cannot be described, and can never be forgotten.

Mrs Belfield sung charmingly ; and was

also an exquisite performer on the harp, which she accompanied with her voice. Soon after her marriage, I had, at her request, written a song for a favourite air, to which she had no appropriate words. Now that she was recovered, she one evening turned to her harp saying, she again wished to hear its tones.

Whether from accident or design I know not, but she sung the air, with the words which I had written for her. Never till now did I think highly either of the words or music. The air was plaintive; the delicacy of her cadences, and the languor of her appearance, operated powerfully upon my imagination, and my faculties were absorbed in attention. She saw how keenly I was delighted; and that, I presume, suggested the request that she made to me before I retired, by saying, that in her musical selections there were several favourite airs, the words of which she somehow disliked; and as I had once already obliged her in that way, it would be conferring a very particular favour, now that the weather and her unconfirmed health kept her within doors, if

I would endeavour to supply her with more appropriate words to a few of these airs.

Mrs Belfield knew, that any request of hers had hitherto met a cheerful compliance from me; and she therefore thus kindly endeavoured to divert my mind from that melancholy which was making inroads upon my happiness.

I set about the important task of song-writing with all the ardour of a youthful poet; and in the course of a week became so intimate with the Muses and poetical criticism, that

“ Loathed Melancholy, of blackest midnight born,”

had entirely vanished. For six hours every day, I attended to the duties of my school; scribbled for another hour or two; and in the evening, Mrs Belfield sung, smiled, and talked so pleasantly, that I returned home, at peace with myself and all the world. Such is the boasted being Man; and so much is he the child of circumstances, that over the passions and operations of his own mind and feelings he seems to have no control.

The renovating breath of Spring had diffused a smile over the face of Nature; we walked abroad, and every sense was regaled. Seated on the mossy bank, beneath fragrant birches, which shaded the delicate primrose at our feet, we inhaled the odours which the light breeze wafted around. Above, the dappled sky exhibited an expanse of light and shade, which art must ever despair to imitate, while the lark, invisible to the eye, poured his cheerful warblings, and every thicket resounded with the song of love and joy. At the bottom of the bank, the murmuring stream spread itself into a calm and limpid pool, where we beheld inverted groves and flowering shrubs, mingling in rich confusion, as the surface of the water dimpled to the breeze. From the crystal bosom of the pool, the wanton trout would jump, the golden specks on its back shining in the sun-beam. Mr Belfield's little boy would gambol on the bank, fill his little lap with flowers, lay them at his mother's feet, or attempt to twine them in her hair, clamber on our knees, and endeavour to imitate every rural sound that echoed from the rocks.

All this gave a temporary oblivion to care ; but, like the intoxication of strong liquors, when the stimuli ceased to operate, it was succeeded by languor and debility of mind. I would then inquire of myself, whether these were occupations worthy of a dignified and rational being? and what was their tendency beyond that of killing time? Despondency summoned around me a host of fancied but undefined evils, and I concluded that my present pursuits were a degradation of intellect.

After a day passed in hopeless melancholy, I retired early to rest. Nature, harassed and worn out, sunk me in perturbed slumbers, from which I deemed it happiness to awake. While the impressions left on my mind were still haunting my imagination, I wrote the following lines.

TO

THE SPIRIT WHO PRESIDES OVER DREAMS.

THOU pleasing, painful, secret power,
Whom I can neither see nor shun,
Though oft at midnight's silent hour
I feel thy mystic reign begun ;

Where is thy seat? and whence thy might?
Who placed the sceptre in thy hand,
That spectres dire, and seraphs bright,
Arise beneath thy magic wand?

Art thou a phantom of the brain,
Produced by humours ill-refined?
Or one of Fancy's fairy train,—
A wandering meteor of the mind?

Mysterious power—to me unknown!
Art thou an intellectual ray,
A harbinger from Reason's throne,
As morn precedes the blaze of day?

Whate'er thou art, my slumbers spare;
Capricious painter, close the scene;
Long time condemned thy freaks to bear,
Permit me now to sleep serene.

There was a time—long since gone by,
When thou, my nightly pillow near,
Would'st trace scenes fair in Fancy's eye,
And whisper transport in my ear!

If chance in thy fantastic mood,
In lonely deserts lost I strayed;
Or, struggling, stemmed the rolling flood,
To save my loved, my peerless maid;

Thy rich reward was ever near:—
Maria met me in the grove:
By hedge-row green, or streamlet clear,
We whisper'd soft the tale of love.

But now, the victim of thy wrath,
 I toiling climb the mountain steep ;
 Through tangling thorns attempt a path,
 Or o'er departed pleasures weep.

Yet I would meet thy nameless woes,
 Thy phantoms formed by midnight gloom ;
 Would'st thou, before my eyes unclosed,
 Paint her I loved, in beauty's bloom.

Enchanter ! if such power be thine,
 Again portray Maria's charms !
 The fancied bliss that once was mine,
 And place her blushing in my arms !

Then seal my eyes—shut out the day,
 Nor let the dear illusion fly,
 Till months and years shall roll away,
 While I the cares of life defy.

In my calmer hours, I was ashamed of myself, and would often resolve to vanquish the demon of melancholy, who, I felt, was rapidly destroying both health and happiness. Within the last twelve months, I had written to the poor unfortunate in America, from whom I now received the following letter.

“ New York, March 179—

“ DEAR SIR,—Do not accuse me of ingratitude, in not replying sooner to your last kind

and friendly letter : Often do I think of — never can I forget you. The circumstances under which our acquaintance commenced : interwoven by fate with my existence ; and I feel, that while memory holds her seat, this will haunt my recollection. This will be a dull epistle ; but having so long neglected my duty, my heart reproaches me, and I sit down to discharge a task for which I feel myself ill prepared. You say that you expect to hear of my increasing prosperity and happiness. The expression is kind, and I am satisfied : it conveys the wish of your heart. If success in business were all that is wanting to produce felicity, I have no cause to complain. In this respect, Providence has been kind to me, far beyond my deserts. But, alas ! my dear friend, more, much more is required ; and I now feel that the happiness, with the prospect of which I once flattered myself, can never be mine. There is an arrow in my bosom, which even your lenient hand wants skill to extract.

“ The errors of my youth rise up against me, and I find, by dire experience, that they can never be forgotten. What avails change

of place to him who carries the enemy of his peace within ! What although I have made restitution to all whom I injured,—I feel that my good name, my honour is wounded. It is in vain that you tell me I and my errors are forgotten : I cannot persuade myself of this ; and even were it possible, keenly do I feel, that there is one who cannot forget !

“ Were the fabled Lethæan waters in existence, most cheerfully would I travel to the farthest extremity of the globe, to partake of the salubrious draught.

“ You may think it strange, but the words Scotland and Scotsman, although not hateful, are truly painful to my ear ; and I feel a chillness at my heart, when any friend proposes introducing me to a countryman newly arrived, being tortured with the apprehension, that he has brought the tale of my disgrace along with him. Even in my happiest hours, either in company or alone, when I have totally forgotten my griefs, some associating idea wakes the disturber of my peace.

“ In a former letter, a slight hint escaped me of a tender attachment, and you kindly hope

that it has now produced a lasting and happy union. Yes, my dear friend, I feel that I love ardently as ever poets painted, and I have the consciousness that the passion is mutual; but I cannot, must not marry! My mind is restless, and my temper is soured: I feel that I can never be happy, and am incapable of communicating that blessing to another. I begin to imagine that my health is impaired, and sometimes think, that if I could see her whom I so fondly adore well matched with a worthy man, I would leave all that I possess to her family; and then I could with pleasure quit this vain and wearisome scene of mortal existence; but still my heart recoils at the idea of that lovely woman ever becoming the wife of another. In a word, pity me, my friend, for I am a poor, dejected, isolated being. If the maxim be true, that 'virtue is her own reward,' I feel, bitterly feel, the converse, that 'vice is her own punishment.'

"So successful have I been in business, that my neighbours term me, 'the lucky Scotchman.' They express their surprise at my not

marrying ; and, I believe, think me a miser, with some strange eccentricities of mind ; for my temper is unequal, and I now seek opportunities for laughing, as the best means to prevent me from crying. Were it possible, gladly would I exchange situations with the porter who cleans my shop ; or the jovial and thoughtless sailor, who every day risks his life at sea. Yes, I would be content to live as ignorant, and toil as much, could I escape from my own recollections. But it cannot be : I must bear the punishment of my crimes ; and, like Cain, I fear there is a mark upon me, by which I shall yet be known, even in this strange and distant land.

“ Will you, my honoured, my worthy friend, write to me soon after you receive this ? Methinks I feel my mind more at ease, now that I have unfolded its sorrows to you ; it enjoys a temporary calm, but the tempest will return. It is not that hurricane, which carries immediate destruction in its train ; but it is like a river too much swelled for its channel, and imperceptibly undermining its banks, from which, at no distant period, the tree that

spreads its verdant branches will fall prostrate, never to rise. If any one upon earth can afford me consolation, it is you ; you know my soul, and all its secret griefs.

“ I ought to write to Mrs Maitland, but find myself unequal to the task. I never pray for myself, without petitioning Heaven for blessings upon her and you.

“ If my brother is still near you, let me know what he is doing ; if you think that two or three hundred pounds would be of real service to him, say so. O that I had earned this money sooner ! but I can neither recall nor forget the past. All that I have, I owe to you ; but you have already silenced me on that head. I wish also to hear of my sisters, and will assist them ; for I now can do it honestly.

“ Do not communicate the contents of this letter to my brother. He has only to regret youthful follies, while I pine under the recollection of deliberate crimes. He, I hope, is happy : if he is nearly so, it would be cruel to disturb his peace with the knowledge of my uneasiness.

“ I am conscious that I ought not to intrude my sorrows upon you ; but without confiding them to some friendly bosom, I believe they would be insupportable. I know that you cannot respect me ; but, if you do not absolutely hate me, write, my dear Sir, to your afflicted, but ever grateful friend.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

Marrying for beauty only pleases me,
Obliges her, and keeps her humble too.
'Twould be injustice to all human kind,
If still the rich should only wed the rich ;
The world would then only consist
Of usurers and beggars.——
Young and handsome is portion enough
To him that needs not any: I hate constraint
In any thing, and in love above all things.

EARL OF ORREY.

It will not be supposed, that the preceding epistle had any tendency to exhilarate my spirits. I had felt a warm interest in the fate of the writer, and now sincerely sympathised with him in his melancholy. Yet, after deliberate reflection, and comparing his situation with my own, I saw much cause for being satisfied with my lot. He was richer than I, but riches had failed to procure peace

of mind. There was a rankling wound in his heart, for which gold could purchase no balm ; “ an arrow in his bosom, which the hand of friendship wanted skill to extract.” Mine were the pinings of discontent ; his were the upbraidings of self-accusation.

I shewed his letter to Mr Belfield, who agreed with me, that it might be well to get a remittance for his brother and sisters, particularly the latter, who were more in want of it than Roger ; and I wrote accordingly, recommending that measure.

My health began now to be seriously affected, most probably from the indisposition of my mind ; and, at the earnest solicitations of my friends, I discontinued my labours in the school ; Mr Belfield kindly contriving to lead me into such scenes, either of business or amusement, as appeared most likely to command my attention and divert my melancholy. But such was the morbid state of my feelings, that every exertion made by him had an effect opposite to what he wished, the moment that I discovered his intentions. I writhed in mental agony at the dependence in which

I was placed ; believed myself degraded, and considered every act of kindness which I received, as increasing the load of obligations under which I had so long groaned.

About this time, a letter was received from Colonel and Mrs Maitland, conveying the agreeable intelligence, that they might be expected at Hawthorn-lodge in a few days after, on their way to Bramble-brae ; adding, that they intended making a tour through the Highlands, and expected Mr and Mrs Belfield and me to accompany them. They arrived soon after, stopped for a few days, and insisted that we should set forward on our tour.

Mr and Mrs Belfield had no inclination to visit Bramble-brae, and for me it had no attractions. It was therefore arranged, that we should proceed to Dunkeld, afterwards separate, and again meet at Taymouth. A day or two was to be spent in Edinburgh *en passant* ; and we set off, attended by an English servant of Colonel Maitland's, and Mr Belfield's servant, Donald M'Donald. Mr Belfield had kindly taken him on the tour, that

he might have an opportunity of paying a visit to his parents, who lived in that part of the Highlands which we proposed to visit.

On arriving in Edinburgh, we stopped at Dumbreck's Hotel, and walked over the town for amusement. Having a call or two to make, a curious coincidence of circumstances introduced us to a strange and unexpected scene; for the better explanation of which, it will be necessary to take a retrospective glance at some characters, mentioned in an early part of these Memoirs.

It will be recollected, that Sir Peter Lightfoot of Bramble-brae had resolved upon establishing his second son in commerce. For this purpose, Dick was, at fifteen years of age, sent to a respectable counting-house in Leith, to acquire the initiatory parts of his practical education.

The natural avarice of Sir Peter was, in some degree, counteracted by the vanity of supporting his title and rank, and Lady Lightfoot was dotingly fond of her children. A handsome premium was therefore paid for Dick to his employers, with an express stipulation, that

he should not be confined to the desk, nor obliged to submit to the control and privations which apprentices generally experience; in fine, that he should at all times be treated like what he was,—the son of a country gentleman, who had been knighted by his Majesty.

The consequence of this may easily be anticipated. Young Hopeful had rather an obtuse intellect, and hated the drudgery of application. The elementary parts of his previous education had been very imperfectly acquired. In speaking, the endeavours which he used to disguise his vernacular idiom, only served to render his affectation more conspicuous. He wrote a bad hand, and could not form one sentence grammatically; he was neither a correct nor expeditious accountant, and utterly void of that taste which prompts to neatness or elegance in execution. Hence, what he performed at the desk, was executed in a slovenly manner; and neither his accuracy nor attendance could be relied on. His pockets being full, and his head empty, he soon found a set of idle and dissipated companions in Edinburgh, who assisted him in

passing the evenings in a style that consoled him for the drudgery and disgrace (for such he considered it), which he was obliged to undergo during a few hours of the day.

Things went on in this way for some time ; his master vainly endeavouring to fix his attention upon the principles of commerce, and to inspire him with a taste for business. These were soon found to be hopeless efforts ; and the worthy man saw with regret, that his apprentice, however deficient and inattentive to the duties of his profession, was making rapid progress in the accomplishments of a gentleman blackguard. Advice, remonstrance, and threatenings, were progressively, but ineffectually, tried ; and it was at last intimated to Sir Peter, that it would be prudent to withdraw his son from a quarter, where his improvement was as hopeless, as his confirmed depravity seemed unavoidable.

This occasioned an acute pang to the knight ; although such was the vanity and folly of both parents, that they considered their son's dissipation, when confined within certain bounds, as giving a necessary *eclat* to the family. Unfor-

tunately, however, Dick had rather overstepped the limits of what are considered genteel accomplishments and fashionable follies. The tavern, gaming-house, and brothel, were alternately his haunts; and in all of these he had exhibited feats of brutality and low cunning, which were sometimes about to involve him in serious consequences; and as he was known to be a coward, he oftener than once saved his person at the expense of his purse.

These circumstances transpired; and he received a peremptory command from his father to resign his situation, and repair immediately to Bramble-brae. This mandate he knew was irreversible; and accordingly, although with much reluctance, turned his back on the *bon vivants* and *filles adorables* of Edina, to encounter the ceaseless garrulity of his mother, and the severe sententious lectures of Sir Peter, upon the hateful topics of interest and worldly prudence.

Dick was prepared for a severe reprimand, heard it gravely, put on a penitential face, promised amendment, and begged that they would not again recur to the subject. But

the lady continuing to scold, and the knight to moralize, Dick hummed a play-house tune, took up his gun, whistled on his pointers, and sallied forth to seek relief from the din of his mother's tongue, among the grouse on his father's heath.

Sir Peter, finding it impracticable to make him a merchant, proposed getting him into the army. The fop was fond of a red coat and an epaulet; but had no great inclination for a trip to the continent, where there was a probability of meeting the hero of Marengo and his myrmidons. His mother also was dreadfully alarmed at the idea of his entering the regulars: pretending to despise the danger, he talked of it in such a manner, and so frequently, as to impress its terrors upon her imagination; with some indirect hints about the easy and genteel life enjoyed by militia officers. The doting mother took the bait; and, by importunity and clamour, obtained Sir Peter's consent, that he should have a commission in the militia. This was obtained; and he now brandished the sword

instead of the quill, shining a hero at parades, reviews, and assemblies.

The head quarters of the regiment was, in a short time after, fixed in the vicinity of Edinburgh ; and our hero, with delight, saw himself again in the emporium of pleasure ; but he recollected that he was now a military officer, and found it necessary, for the preservation of his dignity, to avoid many of his former associates. It was no very difficult task for him to procure new companions ; he was easily seen through, and his own penetration was not very keen ; hence, although politeness and military etiquette procured him civility from the most respectable officers, yet his intimates were men of habits and principles similar to his own.

Lieutenant Lightfoot (as he was now termed), although much of his time and attention had been devoted to the fair sex, was an entire stranger to love ; but he now began to imagine himself deeply enamoured of Miss Harper, a performer in the Edinburgh Theatre. She had a good stature and agreeable face ; sung and danced upon the stage

with a degree of ease and gracefulness quite adapted to the Lieutenant's taste; for, in forming his opinion of the lovely and amiable part of the creation, his connoisseurship extended no farther than externals. Fame had never whispered aught against Miss Harper's reputation; or, if this officious chronicler had ever done so, the echoes of her trumpet had never reached the ears of the Lieutenant, and Miss Harper became his favourite toast at the Bacchanalian orgies where he presided.

On an occasion of this kind, when the third bottle had produced an elevation of soul and volubility of tongue, quite beyond the conception of those who drink water, or even venture to sip an occasional glass of whisky toddy, the Lieutenant called for a bumper, and toasted Miss Harper. An Edinburgh buck, at the bottom of the table, hinted his surprise, that charms which had ceased to please in Dublin, should have so powerful attractions in Auld Reekie. Dick demanded an explanation: this was declined, with some expressions of contempt for the lady in ques-

tion. High words ensued, and some threatening expressions being used by the Lieutenant, the buck told him, that his courage was about equal to Miss Harper's reputation. This was too much for the soldier, who tossed a glass and its contents full in the face of his antagonist. A challenge was the immediate consequence, which Dick, though not over anxious of smelling gunpowder in the hostile field, felt himself obliged to accept. They met next morning in Bruntsfield Links, when Dick received a ball in his side. He was carried home, and his fate pronounced doubtful, the ball not being extracted for several days after.

Advice was sent to Bramble-brae. His fond mother was unable to visit him; but she immediately despatched his sister, Miss Lightfoot, to be his attendant. Miss Harper, the cause of this rencontre, had a brother who also trode the Edinburgh boards, with whom the Lieutenant had been forming an acquaintance for the sake of the sister. The hero of the buskin considered himself bound to send a card of inquiry for the defender of his sis-

ter's reputation. He was invited to call personally, and an intimacy was soon formed between the parties.

The Lieutenant was now pronounced out of danger, and progressively recovering. He wisely enough considered, that this affair would give some eclat to his name, and perhaps forward his views with Miss Harper; for this purpose he cultivated the growing intimacy with her brother, who now spent all the time he could spare from duty in the Lieutenant's chamber, their *tete a tete* being only interrupted by Miss Lightfoot, who joined them occasionally, and seemed to take much pleasure in the player's conversation.

Although no beauty, Miss Lightfoot had something agreeable enough in her face—was of a gay, careless turn, and sufficiently forward in her manner; fond of admiration; not over scrupulous about the opinions of others; and heartily tired of pining out her youthful days among the bleak mountains surrounding Bramble-brae. Her brother was now so far recovered as to be able to walk out to parades, and visit the Theatre in the

also a little taken by surprise. Colonel Maitland was the first to speak, saying,

“ Miss Lightfoot, I presume, brother ? ”

“ Mrs Lightfoot, if you please, Colonel ! ”

“ Ay, Dick, you have stolen a march upon us ; to start from the grasp of death, and clasp a young girl in your arms, is indeed a valorous feat ! ”

“ Why, Colonel, you know short sieges are best.”

“ Yes, yes, all's fair ! I wish you joy ! ”

After some introductions and formalities, which this little colloquy had interrupted, Mrs Maitland inquired for her sister : the Lieutenant replied, that he believed she was gone out, and might be expected immediately ; but this was only the maid's account ; for, to be candid, he was just newly returned with his bride, and did not know exactly when Miss Lightfoot went out.

We continued to chat for a considerable time, Mrs Lightfoot appearing more at her ease than any one of the company. She began to talk ; but I fancied that there was a species of theatrical affectation in her man-

ner. Twilight approached—a carriage drove up to the door, and immediately after a gentleman handed Miss Lightfoot into the room. The Lieutenant started—a sudden flush overspread his face; and he cried, “Sister, what is the meaning of this? Where the d——l have you been?”

“A short jaunt with your friend!”

“Miss Lightfoot, I do not well understand this!”

“Mrs Harper! Sir, if you please,” rejoined the gentleman.

“Death and furies, Sir!—Are *you* married to my sister?”

“Blood and thunder, Sir!—Are not *you* married to mine?”

“My sister married to a player!”

“Her sister-in-law is an actress!”

“Sir, you shall repent this!”

“Do you mean my words or my marriage? The sooner you give me cause to repent talking in this style to you, so much the better; as for my connection with this lady (seizing his wife’s hand), I hope it is what I shall never repent.”

“How did you dare, Sir, to come here?”

“Come, come, brother—it is in vain to be angry—the die is cast—the fates have decided our destiny, and you set us the example.”

Conceiving it probable that the people would sooner come to an understanding, and be left to themselves, and that our presence was only adding to their embarrassment, we took leave, and went to our lodgings.

Mrs Maitland made some observations on the result of Sir Peter's wise system of education; adding, that she knew her mother was also to blame; but as this was a delicate subject, and the consequences quite irremediable, we allowed it to drop. Believing that a pretty general conversation next day, without any inducement to protract our stay; we therefore set forward on our tour early next morning.

Proceeding to Perth, where we stopped that night, we were informed that, by the direct road, our distance from Dunkeld was only fifteen miles; but it was recommended that

we should make a circuit through the vale of Strathmore, and come down upon Dunkeld, more to the eastward. This was a very pleasant excursion. The valley is intersected in different directions by the Isla, a beautiful river, which, after many turnings, joins the Tay some miles above Perth; between that and Dunkeld, the Tay also takes many a winding sweep, and is embellished with several beautiful villas on its margin. Upon gaining a height on the banks of the river, almost close to the bottom of the hills, Dunkeld burst upon our view, and the *coup d'œil* was delightful indeed. We sat still and gazed on the scene before us. From a deep and beautiful valley, the Tay came rolling almost to our feet, and passed on our left at a great depth below us. On the left bank of the river, in the very bottom and centre of the vale, stood Dunkeld, its white-washed walls reflected from the stream, with the gray venerable spire of its cathedral peeping from the trees; the back ground rising rapidly, its acclivity waving with verdant woods, and the summit crowned with the bold and frowning rock.

So completely is Dunkeld surrounded with hills, that we had some difficulty in discovering where the Tay entered, to embellish this fairy scene. Mr Belfield, who sometimes utters felicitous and expressive similes, said, that the vale might be compared to a punch bowl, with a landscape delineated in the bottom, exhibiting the town and river, while we the spectators might be supposed to be seated on the rim, admiring the scene below. The Duke of Athole has a seat here, which has no claim to particular notice; but the pleasure grounds around are extensive, and laid out with great taste. Strangers are not only allowed to visit them, but also meet with respect and attention from his servants.

The walks along the river, overshadowed by majestic trees, extend to a considerable distance, amidst an infinite variety of landscape. I cannot however help observing, that, amidst the wild and sublimely beautiful, false taste has introduced an ornament, which is far from being in unison with the scenery around: I allude to the Hermitage, or Ossian's Hall, as it is frequently termed. After crossing the

Tay, a short and pleasant walk conducted us to the banks of the river Bran, which has its junction with the Tay a little below. The Hermitage is built upon an acclivity, which overlooks a beautiful cascade on the Bran, upon which the eye lingers with delight. The antichamber of this building is plain, its only ornament being a very beautiful painting from Ossian. While the spectator is examining the picture, the attendant touches a spring; the painting, which is upon a sliding pannel, starts aside, and the interior apartment bursts upon the view, with an effect not easily described. The side walls and roof being covered with mirrors, the cascade before mentioned seems to pour its waters from above, around, and in all directions; while the spectator is apt to imagine himself in fairy land, or realizing the fabled scenes of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. All this is very pretty, even fine; but it breaks the train of ideas that one likes to indulge amidst the sublime and beautiful of Nature. Art, invention, and mechanism, are too conspicuous; and produce an effect upon the mind, similar

to what we should feel, if instantly removed from an eminence, where verdant lawns, clustering cottages, lofty spires, shady groves, distant mountains, were scattered around, placed in the centre of some citizen's garden, half an acre in extent, decorated with straight-lined boxwood walks, yew trees pruned into fantastic forms, with the pink tulips blooming in regular parallelograms, while a leaden triton squirted muddy water from a pool of twenty feet by fifteen. Let not be understood as ridiculing the decorations of Ossian's Hall; they are beautiful and well imagined; but they are not in unison with the beauties of Nature around them. Should I were I to make a tour of pleasure to any spot that I had already visited, Dunkeld would have the preference.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old ;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day.

SCOTT.

AFTER leaving Dunkeld, we proceeded to the pass of Killicrankie, celebrated as the spot where the famous Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, defeated General Mackay, but fell in the action ; his death ruining the hopes of King James in that part of Scotland.

The scenery here is rudely sublime, and delightfully romantic. Passing a little farther onward, we reached a small but pleasant valley, watered by a rivulet issuing precipitously from the neighbouring mountains. On the left bank of this stream, we observed a hamlet situate on a gentle slope, the inhabi-

tants of which might be considered as isolated and sequestered from the world around them.

Mr Belfield said, that although it would be impossible to load the sheep, which we beheld nibbling on the hills, with gold and precious stones; yet he could most readily suppose this happy spot an El Dorado, where the inhabitants, accustomed to patriarchal simplicity, enjoyed the necessaries of life, without pining for its luxuries.

Colonel Maitland replied, that he was very doubtful whether life could be termed *enjoyment* with them; more probably it was only *existence*. He would admit, that, in a state of nature, the wants of man are few, and easily supplied; but his enjoyments are proportionally limited in their number, and unrefined in quality: "however," said he, "let us approach, and try to judge from what we may see or hear." We entered the village by a sweeping turn, after crossing the rivulet, and observed an old man seated upon a hillock, beneath the shade of a broom shrub in full blossom. He appeared to be tending two

cows and a few sheep grazing near ; while some children were amusing themselves with his dog, by tossing sticks and stones into a pool, which the sagacious animal swam or dived for, bringing them to land, and laying them at the children's feet.

Upon approaching the old man, his days seemed to have been protracted beyond the period of threescore and ten years. The snowy tresses of age adorned his head with venerable luxuriance, as he uncovered it on our approach. He was dressed in the costume of the country, every article of his apparel being tartan, and uniform in pattern. The kilt, or philabeg, which did not reach his knee, shewed limbs still muscular, and indicated that his youthful form had been manly and athletic ; his stature had been at least six feet, but was now somewhat lowered by a slight bend in the shoulders. Our salute to this mountain-patriarch was returned with ease and respectful confidence. After some common-place observations, we inquired concerning the population, employment, and comforts of the vil-

lagers. From his replies, we understood that their situation

“ Just gave what life required, but gave no more ;”

that although their wants and desires were limited indeed, still they were subject to many privations, which would have produced not only inconvenience, but distress to persons accustomed to the artificial wants of society. To our inquiries whether he had been born here ; he replied, “ No ; I came from the north about forty years ago.” “ Are you happier here ?” “ Yes.” “ It must be a poor country you have left, when you find this a better ?” A slight hectic tinged his furrowed cheek, and he replied : “ My own country was once better—but the time is now past—it bears the marks of the spoiler’s hand, and I wish to forget it, if possible !” We found that we had conjured up painful recollections, and changed the subject. “ Are these your own children ?” “ No ; I am their grandfather : their father died in America, fighting for a King, whom, although I have never opposed, my heart has never acknowledged. I

have seen my rightful prince, and my chief, ruined at Drummossie-muir. I have left my native spot, wandered long, and at last settled here, to linger out a life, which, although I have no right to pronounce unfortunate, has disappointed my fondest hopes." Such were the feelings and painful reminiscences of a man, whom prejudices, which he had imbibed from the cradle, had rendered unhappy.

We inquired whether there was a clergyman or schoolmaster resident in the village; and if there was any inn, or house of entertainment for travellers. He said, the clergyman lived far distant, and he knew little about this corner of his parish, and they as little of him—there was a schoolmaster, who lived hard by; as to an inn, it would be useless, for they saw not a stranger, except two or three, sometimes, in the fine season: but if we would so far honour him, he would, with sincere pleasure, give us Highland fare,—bannocks, cheese, and whisky. His hospitality was proffered in such a manner, that we felt our refusal would give real pain. We therefore cheerfully accepted of his invitation,

and requested him to lead the way. The schoolmaster met us, and our venerable host invited him to bear us company. The economy of a Highland cabin has been often described; suffice it to say, that the furniture was scanty and simple, but every thing appeared to be clean. The whisky was dealt round in a small wooden cup, termed a *queigh*, built like a cask, with staves of different colours, placed alternately, having two ears, and hooped with silver. It was pressed upon all of us, and recommended with such respectful earnestness, that even the ladies could not resist the kind entreaties, with which our host and his wife proffered the cheering beverage. When we offered payment, his eye flashed with the fire of better days. "No, no!" said he, "I have been without money, meat, or friends; but now, thank Heaven! I have sufficient for myself—a friend, and the stranger, who is always welcome!" The children were assembled about the door with faces of inquiring wonder, and after leaving among them what our hospitable Highlanders refused to accept, we took our departure.

The schoolmaster, who accompanied us across the glen, to point out the way, was an intelligent man, and well acquainted with the manners and customs of the country. On the way, he entertained us with the history of our gray-haired host, whose name was Allan M'Leod. When a young man, he had followed his chief to Culloden, in the station of piper—was wounded, and left among the killed—escaped in the dark, and after a fruitless search for his master, and enduring innumerable hardships, a regard to personal safety obliged him to leave the country. When he returned, he found the mansion of his chief and master destroyed, and could obtain no tidings of him, to whom his attachment was unalterable. Spiritless and dejected, he wandered from his native glen to this spot, where he fell sick, and was received into a family, whose daughter he afterwards married, and settled here. A most remarkable and affecting incident afterwards happened to him: "büt," said the schoolmaster, "as the story was turned into verse, by a gentleman who was here in the shooting season, and as I happen to have a

copy in my pocket, if you will accept of it—may perhaps amuse you.” On taking leave the schoolmaster, our curiosity prompted to a perusal of the verses he had put in our hands, and we read the following interesting but affecting story.

THE WANDERER.

THE sna' was deep, the wind was cauld,
An' haffins past the winter day,
As helpless, hameless, poor, an' auld,
A wanderer sought his weary way.

His thin gray locks waved in the wind;
An' mony a deep indented trace,
That shewed the world had been unkind,
Was marked upon his manly face.

His plaid, of Scotia's mingling hues,
He clasped, to shield him frae the storm;
His feeble limbs, in tartan trows,
Could ill support his bending form.

He turned around, his breath to draw,
Ere he should face the blast again;
An' gladly viewed, o'er glistening sna',
The blue smoke curling up the glen:

It issued frae a hamely cot ;
Its humble roof wi' heather clad ;
The weary wanderer bless'd his lot,
An' slowly sought its peaceful shed.

He brushed the snaw-drift frae his face,
While feebly tottering to the door ;
An' thus, with mild, but manly grace,
He spoke, slow passing on the floor :—

“ A good New-year—God bless you a' !
Excuse a stranger, poor an' auld ;
The days I've seen are now awa',—
My blood's but thin, the weather's cauld.”

It was a patriarchal prayer ;
An' here it was not poured in vain :
Though Highland hills are bleak an' bare,
Yet there the social virtues reign.

“ Come in, goodman ;—Jean, tak' his arm :
Oh ! willawins ! he's auld an' frail !
Haste, beet the fire, an' lat him warm,
An' frae his bonnet shak' the hail.

“ Now lean you down an' rest a wee ;
(Ye royt smatchets, cease your din !)
Auld man, the tear stands in your e'e,—
Cheer up, an' ken you're welcome in.

" The day's but short, an' closin' fast,
An' three miles aff's the nearest farm,
You cou'dna thole the norland blast,
Sae just sit still an' had you warm.

" Ay, Jean, that's right ! set down the chees.
Come, friend, your health, an' blythe New-year
An', lass, put on anither bleese,
Syne drink the stranger's welcome here !"

" O welcome is a kindly sound,
When utter'd frae a heart sincere ;
But lang the poor man's heart may stound,
Ere he its gladsome echo hear.

" Yet now, sae gentle is the smile
That dimples in your Jeanie's cheek,
I'll e'en forget my griefs awhile,
An' at your kindly ingle beek."

" Whare is your haddin', honest frien',
That now you're forced to wander out ?
For better days I'm sure you've seen,
You've ance been buirdly, stark, an' stout."

The stranger sighed—it was a sigh,
The prelude to a mournful tale :
The big tear trembled in his eye,
A hectic flushed his cheek sae pale.

“ Alas !” said he, “ should I impart
What now compels this tear to flow,
My hapless fate would wring your heart ;
For, sooth, it is a tale of wo.

“ Yet there is something undefined,
That speaks your sympathy sincere ;
I feel an impulse of the mind,
As if I were no stranger here.

“ I seem'd talk of former days,
An' fain would I forget the past ;—
Though bright on me the morning raise,
My day was soon with clouds o'ercast.

“ Life's gloamin' was baith lang an' drear ;
I'm wanderin' now in midnight gloom,
An' hope the happy hour is near
Will end my sorrows in the tomb.

“ Anes plenty smiled around my hame,
An' pleasure sported in my ha' ;
Baith far an' wide was kent my name,
An' servants answered at my ca'.

“ The beggar, wanderin' frae my door,
Wad turn an' sigh a silent prayer ;
But lang thae happy days are o'er,
Since poortith left its blessing there.

“ Love buskit up my marriage bower,
An’ fair was she, who sat within ;
Sweet as the summer-scented flower,
Whose dewy head nods o’er the lian.

“ You’ve seen the lily’s bosom spread,
Pure as the mountain drifted snae,
An’ sighed, to view its sickly head
Among the dust condemned to fa’ :

“ So fell, before her bloom was past,
My lovely Anna’s angel form :
Untimely was the bitter blast,
That laid her lifeless in the storm !

“ I kiss’d her cheek, she could an’ pale,
(Her lip nae langer whispered love,)
An’ cried, ‘ O bear her to the vale,
Where fondly we were wont to rove !

“ When laid beneath our favourite thorn,
My wonted tryst I’ll fondly keep ;
I’ll watch her till the dewy morn,
An’ then—so soundly’s we shall sleep !”

“ Alas ! my heart o’erlooked a pair
Of younglings, nestling by my side,
Who, lisping, claimed a father’s care ;
For they had been my Anna’s pride.

" Have you not seen twa rose buds spring,
 Ae slender stalk their prop an' stay,
While westlin' winds, with ruthless wing,
 Would shake them on their slender spray?

" Such fate was theirs—and could I go
 An' leave my prattlers thus forlorn?
I heard a voice, which answered—' No !'
 'Twas whispered from my favourite thorn !

" Ah me ! my tale is full of grief,
 And why should I your bosom tear ?
• But yet it gives my heart relief,
 To pour my woes in Pity's ear !

• • • • • • •
• • • • • • •

" Ay mirk and mirker grew the gloom ;
 Pale sickness made love's pledges fa' :
So violets droop in early bloom,
 When freezing winds around them bla'.

" I saw the hapless victims pine,
 I saw th' unequal conflict o'er ;
Death closed their eyes—so stars decline,
 To rise on some far happier shore.

" A grassy turf was o'er them spread,
Their sainted mother sleeping by;
I felt that every joy was fled,
And wondered how I could not die !

" Life lost for me its every charm ;
I wished the feverish dream to close ;
My joyless heart, nae langer warm,
Now languished for its last repose.

" While thus that heart was dead to a'
That floated o'er my vacant mind,
One morn, I frae my window saw
A banner waving in the wind ;

" An' mony a chieftain thranged around,
Frae mountain cove an' Highland glen ;
Of glad huzzas they raised the sound,
Till ilka rock replied again.

" Forth stept a stately blooming youth ;
My trembling hand he fondly press'd,
An' spoke of valour, faith, an' truth,
An' clasped me to his princely breast.

" My heart, that had sae lang been dead,
With olden tales began to warm ;
His banner waved aboon my head—
I yielded to the witching charm.

" I bound his badge around my brow,
 (For hame had nae delights for me,)
An' something bade my bosom glow
 With fancied triumphs yet to be.

" To share my fate young Allan came,
 An' nane but me his worth could prize :
In serving weed, pure friendship's flame
 Beamed ardent in his youthful eyes.

" He lang had sought to sooth my grief,
 An' tried my tedious hours to cheer ;
When a' had failed to bring relief,
 I've seen him hide the starting tear.

" O'er plashy muirs and mountains red,
 We rushed upon the Lawland fields :
Peace, frightened, flew, and Valour bled,
 And kindred blood bedewed our shields.

" As down Schihallion's steepy side,
 The gathering sna'-ba' rows along,
So, thicker still, in kilted pride,
 The feudal clans around us thrang.

" Loud raired the awesome din of war !
 Hope cheered us on with glamour vain—
At last, up rose the baleful star
 That beamed aboon Culloden's plain.

" I saw my friends around me fa',
My Prince and leader forced to flee!
I rushed where thick the bullets fla',
But ball and braid-sword lichtlied me!

" It was my faithfu' Allan's post,
With soul-inspiring pipe to cheer,
And when he saw the day was lost,
His e'en like fire-flaughts bruinded clear.

" He rushed into the thickest thrang,
He urged them on with heart and hand;
He blew a pibroch loud and lang—
The trembling cowards wadna stand!

" I sought him on the gory plain,
His pipe nae langer echoed there;
'Midst livin' crowds, an' heaps of slain,
In vain was a' my anxious care."

The landlord started from his chair,—
Again sat down and looked on Jean;
He sighed as if his heart was sair,
Held down his head, and dight his e'en.

The salt tear blinded Jeanie's e'e,
That gazed upon the stranger's form;
" Auld man, proceed,—Och hon o' rie!
You've suffered sadly in the storm."

" Alas!" said he, " a tale of pain
Is a' remains for me to tell!
Why did I leave Drummoisie plain,
Where many a clan and kinsman fell?"

" Though life had nought that I could prize,
Yet there my heart refused to stay;
It shuddered at the mournful cries
Of friends, who round me gasping lay.

" With him whose hopes were ever lost,
I clamb the hills of heather brown;
My native glen we silent crossed,
And 'mang the bushes laid us down.

" I teetled through my garden door—
Alas! I durstna venture in;
For there I heard loud riot roar,
And shuddered at the mairthful din.

" I mused upon my wayward fate,
The tear was trembling in my e'e;
Now lurking thief-like at the yate,
The hame my fathers left to me.

" And he was cowering at my side,
Whose early hopes were crossed for ay;
Yet, 'midst the wreck of princely pride,
His mind was calm baith night and day.

" I tried to check the rising sigh,
And turned my head to dight the tear ;
But ilka weel kend object nigh,
Was to my recollection dear.

" The woodbine budded round the bower,
Whose twigs my Anna's hands had twined ;
The green bank smiled with mony a flower,
Where we in happier days reclined.

" My faithful dog, who'd missed me sair,
By secret instinct kent me near ;
He barked—approached our hidlin' lair—
His presence filled my heart with fear.

" There was a life more dear than mine,
And Oscar's love might that betray !
Another bark, one grateful whine,
Might lead the hunters to their prey !

" Yet he was dear—in happier hours,
He fondly jumped by Anna's side ;—
I drew my sword—O gracious powers !
For Oscar I would gladly died !

" I raised my arm ;—he creeping fawned,
And by my side lay stretched along ;
In silence licked my trembling hand,
And saved my heart one bitter pang.

" Red rose the braid moon through the trees,
But redder was the light we saw,
When, like the sheeted lightning's bleeze,
The fire came bruinding frae my ha' !

" I heard the flame, like mountain blast,
Sheugh loudly through the darkened air ;
While fiery flaughts around us passed ;
Nae wonder though my heart was sair !

" The bleeze had banished midnight gloom ;
It flashed upon the mountain side ;
It scorched the trees in vernal bloom ;
Stern Ruin spread his havoc wide.

" Destruction's work was scarcely done,
When dawned the smile of early morn ;
Her beam, that on the mountain shone,
Saw me beneath my blooming thorn.

" The grass was green on Anna's bed ;
I drunk the dew-drops glittering there ;
Upon her turf I laid my head,
And soon forgot all earthly care !

" Long was the time I lingered near,
Though short and sweet it seemed to me ;
For she, who had been ever dear,
Still hovered near our favourite tree.

" I twined the woodbine o'er her head;
The primrose pale, and violet sweet,
Their fragrance on her bosom shed;
The wild-rose blushing at her feet.

" When cold the night-dews fell around,
I laid my head on Anna's breast;
My bed was soft, my sleep was sound,
And heavenly visions made me blest.

" I know it was my wandering brain;
But why did reason e'er return?
I ne'er shall be so blest again;
Why did I wake alone to mourn?

" Like him who fearless led me forth,
I wandered now without a home;
An outcast from my native North,
And traitor branded on my name.

" The withered fern has been my bed,
And mountain berries a' my fare;
The sea-beat cave my wintry shed,
My couch its polished pebbles bare!

" 'Twas not because I wished to live;
I languished to resign my breath,
And scorned each joy that life could give,
But would not die a traitor's death.

" Now hushed the din of party-strife,
 I seek the cheerful haunts of men ;
 In hope my lengthened thread of life
 Will guide me to my native glen.

" 'Tis not the mansion I possessed,
 Nor lands around, that claim my care ;
 A lovelier house, of holier rest,
 Awaits my weary footsteps there !

" 'Tis where the hawthorn's branches wave,
 I'll there the load of life resign ;
 And, laid in Anna's peaceful grave,
 Her mouldering dust will mix with mine !"

* * * * *

" O, dinna rend your Allan's heart !
 Come to my arms, my master dear !
 Though late we've met, nae mair we part,
 Till death the tender tie shall tear !

" They dragged me frae Drummossie-muir,
 Wi' bluidy head an' heart fu' sair ;
 I pined upon a dungeon floor,
 Till life seemed hardly worth my care :

" Set free, I wandered up an' down,
Through dowie strath an' dreary glen;
Frae Highland hut to Lowland town;
In hope to meet you anes again.

" My house, though sma', is cosh and clean;
You'se neither want for meat nor claes:
When summer comes, my kindly Jean
Will lead you to the gowany braes:

" There, seated in a lythic nook;
You'll tent my twa-three lammies play;
And see the siller burnie crook,
And list the laverock's sang sae gay.

" In winter nights, when I'm set down,
Auld-warld tales will time beguile;
And seasons, aft revolving round,
Shall see my good auld master smile!

" And if I'm spared to close your e'en,
I'll lay you in your favourite glen,
Beneath your Anna's turf of green,
Till you together wake again!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Throughout the lanes she glides at evening's close,
There softly lulls her infant to repose ;
Then sits and gazes, but with viewless look,
As gilds the moon the rimpling of the brook ;
Then sings her vespers, but in voice so low,
She hears their murmurs as the waters flow ;
And she, too, murmurs, and begins to find
The solemn wanderings of a wounded mind.

CRABBE.

AFTER parting with the schoolmaster, we took the nearest course to Loch Tay. The weather continued fine, our society was peculiarly agreeable, and I felt an elasticity, both of body and mind, to which I had long been a stranger. It was twilight when we arrived at Kenmore ; we had made a long stage, and the ladies were a little fatigued ; we therefore retired at an early hour.

My bed-chamber had a commanding view of Loch Tay; the evening was serene, the sky beautiful, and the moon, full-orbed, ascending the azure vault amidst a few thin fleecy clouds of snowy whiteness, formed a fine contrast to the western twilight, which varied in a diversity of shades, from a pale gold colour to the deepest purple. A line of silver light seemed to run across the lake, occasionally broken, when a cloud intercepted the moon's rays. I felt no inclination to sleep, and wrapping myself in a *robe de chambre*, I sat down at the window to admire the beauties of the surrounding scenery. All was still around me: I had nearly half an hour enjoyed this pleasing solemn state of nature, when the impressive silence was interrupted by notes of plaintive wildness, which not only melted upon my ear, but thrilled into my heart. Starting from my reverie, and, perhaps, prepared by the visionary ideas I had been indulging, I at first imagined the music to proceed from some aerial inhabitant of this romantic region; but, after listening a little longer, I was convinced that they were

uttered by a female voice, and were the effusion of passion and feeling. It is impossible for me to describe the modulations of sound, and the melting cadences, as I felt them at the time; even now, at the distance of years, I can still imagine them falling on my ear. They ceased; but I still sat in anxious expectation that they would be resumed. After a pause of about five minutes, the same voice again began, apparently in another direction, and, as I believed, nearer than before. So interested did I feel in the sounds, that I was afraid to breathe, lest I should lose a note. The music, as I have said, was impassioned; and it may be conceived how much my interest in the unknown songstress was heightened, upon hearing it accompanied by the following words:

The mavis is silent, the blackbird is still,

The cushat nae langer is heard to complain;

There once was a time, when, as fearless of ill,

I lay down as light, and rose blythely again:

Ah! poor hapless Flora!—thae days are awa'!

And peace to my bosom will never return;

Nane dights the salt tears on my bosom that fa';

Nae tongue whispers hope as in anguish I mourn!

The head of the muir-fowl is wet with the dew,
 Yet calmly she sleeps on the brown mountain:
 She thought of chill gloamin', and homeward she
 To cover her younglings that cower in their nest
 Bright morning will rise, and they'll meet her with
 I, too, am a mother—yet nightly I weep;
 Though pressed to my bosom—ay could it my boy
 O wauken, my Colin! ye've ta'en a lang sleep

There was a plaintive wildness, and irregularity in the air, to which these words warbled; and the pathos of the whole so melancholy, that my feelings were completely overpowered.

I had still kept my eye fixed upon the spot from whence these mournful tones had proceeded, when, just at the angle of a garden wall, the moon-beams fell on the face of a female, as she slowly turned the corner.

Anxious, but afraid to lift the sash, lest the noise should alarm her, I had only an imperfect view through the glass; but I imagined that her complexion was pale, and her countenance forlorn: her hair was dishevelled, and hung in irregular tresses on her neck and shoulders. Her dress it is impossible to de-

scribe ; some fantastical ornaments appeared to adorn her head, and her whole costume was such as I had never before seen. She seemed to hold something to her breast with anxious fondness, and as she stole along, glanced wistfully around her ; then, looking with an air of disappointment, she mournfully ejaculated, " No, no ! hush, Colin, hush !" and laying her hand gently on what I conceived to be a child, pillowed on her bosom, vanished with a quick and sudden step.

I continued at the window, expecting that she would return ; but all remained silent. Although I never felt less inclination to sleep, yet the chillness of the night air warned me to retire ; and I went to bed, my mind agitated with feelings so keen (although I hardly knew why), that I could not sleep. It was late in the morning before I fell into a slumber, and when I came down to breakfast, my countenance was so pale and rueful as to alarm my friends. In reply to their anxious inquiries, I related my nocturnal adventure, upon which they rallied me not a little ; and while they admitted that the out-

line might be correct, insisted that my keen sensibility, aided by imagination, had given the whole that colouring, which appeared to have operated so powerfully upon my mind. We at length resolved to call the landlord, and inquire whether he could give us any information upon the subject.

When the ladies had retired, we requested his attendance. I had stated only a few particulars, when our host exclaimed, "Oh, poor thing! it is Flora M'Donald."

"And who is Flora M'Donald?" we all eagerly inquired.

"A poor unfortunate lassie."

"Unfortunate she must have been! Do you know her story?"

"God bless you, gentlemen, it is rather a melancholy tale; the more's the pity to be sure. I can hardly give a reason why, but indeed I never like to tell it; for, to be plain, I feel such an inclination to curse the author of her misfortunes, that I wish (if it were possible) to forget him altogether. Flora M'Donald's parents live about half a score of miles from this, on the estate of Glenbeath.

Her father being a very steady, active man, and servant to the laird, had given his daughter a good education ; his neighbours said it was above her station. She could read, write, sew, and several things more, I believe ; but Flora deserved it, for she wrought like a negro, sang like a *lintie*, was always contented and cheerful ; and, although her hand was at every job, she was as clean and neat as a new pin, every time she had occasion to go an errand. Her mother took it into her head, that if she could get the lassie into the Lady of Glenbeath's service, it would be a desirable thing. The place was obtained, and much ill-will did it cost her from the neighbours ; for although none of their daughters were half so well qualified, they could not see that, and their envy was equal to their ignorance and disappointment :—but I am afraid I shall become tiresome, although I wish to state the causes of the poor lassie's fall." We entreated him to go on.

" Well, gentlemen, this was about four years ago ; Flora was then as cantie a strap-pin' cummer as ever speeled a brae ;—her age

about fifteen or sixteen. She filled her place with great credit to herself and satisfaction to her lady; attended her to church on Sunday; sat next her during the service; and walked out with her evenings and mornings; read, sung, and did every thing to please and amuse her mistress; when, lack-a-day for poor Flora! her good lady was suddenly seized with a disorder, which carried her off in a few days. The laird was a poor, silly, helpless creature, and had been so much accustomed to the attentions of his lady and Flora, that the lady, on her death-bed, entreated Flora not to leave him. Her father wished her to go home, making excuse to the laird that her mother required her assistance. The laird, crying like a child, sent for her mother, and entreated her to leave Flora, and he would provide for her. The mother, vain to see her lassie of so much importance, and perhaps thinking to better her fortune, allowed her to remain.

"A little after, the young laird came home from college—a genteel strappin' blade, with a fine face, and winning address, and—you will

anticipate the consequences. Within about a year after, poor Flora fell a prey to the young laird—rascal! that I should call him so. I need not be more particular : the moment that her father heard it, the poor old man sent for her to the garden, where he was at work. Her appearance confirmed the tale : trembling with grief, and scarcely able to stand, he contrived to lead her home. When tears would allow him to speak, he inquired whether the young laird was her seducer. She confessed that he was ; but that he had promised to marry her.

“ Next day, the old man waited on the heir of Glenbeath, who, denying any such promise, first attempted to sooth, and then insulted the disconsolate father, and turned from him with contempt. The scandal now became public. The parson of the parish is a man, rigid both in the doctrines and discipline of the kirk. Flora was summoned to the Session: she went, accompanied by her father ; and on examination, having acknowledged her crime, was ordered to appear three successive Sundays, to do public penance in the church, that the whole congregation might

take an example, and be edified by her disgrace.

“ The poor creature fell upon her knees before them, and, sobbing in agony and bitterness of heart, exclaimed, that she would beg pardon of all of them, as she had often done already of God Almighty, for the crime which she had committed ; but, clasping and wringing her hands, most earnestly entreated that they would not insist upon her appearing before the congregation. The minister was inexorable ; and she was told, that no deviation could be made from the rules of the kirk, and that she must appear, or undergo the pains and sentence of excommunication. Although the poor lassie did not exactly know what this imported, she considered it as replete with horror and punishment, which she trembled to contemplate. From that time, to the first Sunday of her penance, she hardly spoke, and seemed lost in thought. Her mother had promised to accompany her to church ; but before the important day, sickness had laid the old woman low, and it was essentially necessary for her husband to stay at home

and attend her. Application was made to some of the people in the village; but neither maid nor matron would accompany poor Flora;—they had all before envied her, and now, with the meanness of little minds, they triumphed in her fall.

“ She sat by her mother’s bedside until all the congregation were assembled; then rose without speaking—shook hands with her mother—hastily flung on her mantle, and, rushing out of doors, proceeded to church. The audience was very crowded, and the worship begun before her arrival. With the hood of her mantle drawn over her head, so as almost to cover her face, she proceeded, with faltering steps, to the penitential chair, *alias* the cutty stool, which, I presume you know, is a small seat appropriated to this purpose, distinct from the others, and placed in a conspicuous part of the church.

“ Although not daring to look up, a general stir in the assembly informed her that every eye was directed towards her; those who were seated near her, observed that she continued to tremble during the service; and

when called upon by name to stand up, she twice attempted it, and as often sunk down: at length, by a kind of convulsive effort, she grasped the front of the seat with both hands, and rather leaned than stood—the trembling victim of austerity and malignant scorn.

“ The proud expounder of the law began with the recital of her crime, aggravated, he said, by the rank of her partner in iniquity, who was no match for her in lawful wedlock. This Boanerges then proceeded to pronounce the fulminations of the moral law against her; and, far from imitating the example of his blessed Master, in a case of more aggravated guilt, told her, that he would speak no peace to her soul, till she was farther humbled in the sight of God and man ; and concluded by ordering her to continue her appearance next Sunday.

“ Again she sunk trembling on her seat, covering her face with her hands. When the congregation dispersed, it was observed that she did not come out. At length an old woman, on whom the majority of the village

had charitably fixed the epithet of *witch*, had the compassion to re-enter the church, and look for her. She found the poor girl, not absolutely in a faint, but in a stupor, sunk motionless on the seat. After a little attention, she so far recovered as to be able to stand when assisted to rise, and soon after to walk. She allowed the old woman to lead her, without either declining her assistance, or thanking her for her kindness. On arriving at home, she flew to the bed where her mother lay, covered her face with the clothes, and burst into a flood of tears. She retired early to bed, and was never again seen out of doors, till she became the mother of a boy, about three months after her appearance at church. Her mother had continued ill, and Flora's recovery was very slow. A message was sent to the young squire, who despatched a servant and nurse to receive the child. It was lying on its mother's bosom, and drawing that nourishment from her breast, which nature has so kindly provided: the unfeeling messenger attempted to snatch it from her—Flora held it with convulsive struggle—

they loosed her hands—removed the infant—she shrieked and fainted away. She recovered from the swoon, but her reason was gone: she cried incessantly for her child, and blamed every one who entered the house for carrying away her Colin.

“ Her restoration to health was now rapid; but every ray of reason seemed to be lost, except that she still retained the recollection of her baby, and called for him almost incessantly. As this idea haunted her day and night, utterly preventing sleep, it was suggested that a large painted doll should be substituted, in hopes that this would pacify her; and the scheme succeeded beyond expectation. From this doll she never parts; it rests on her bosom night and day, sleeping and waking; she dresses and undresses it ten times a day; sings it to sleep; chides it that it will not awake, and complains of its being always cold.

“ For several months they succeeded in keeping her at home; but since that time she has wandered over the country, dressing herself fantastically, singing and crying alternately. She will often be whole weeks ab-

ment, but has never been known to ask a morsel of food. She will at times seek conversation with strangers, but generally shuns them. From some interviews that we have lately had with her here, she does not appear to me quite so insane as she was formerly, and will sometimes converse with an appearance of rationality.

“ Such, gentlemen, is poor Flora’s unhappy story, about which there has been no little talk in this country-side. Some people blame her mother, for allowing her to stay at the squire’s after his lady’s death : many sensible and respectable folks think, that the parson shewed more zeal than Christian meekness, in refusing to dispense with her public appearance, when she exhibited such strong signs of repentance on her examination ; and they do not hesitate to say, that his dragging her forth as a public spectacle, is the principal cause of her present melancholy situation. For my own part, gentlemen, I am inclined to think they are not far in the wrong ; and I am rather doubtful whether, upon the whole, cutty-stools do not occasion more harm

than good. As an individual, I have no cause of private dislike to them, and therefore bear them no malice, as one may say ; but it has often occurred to me, that the dread of public shame has produced still-born children, oftener than it has prevented the crime. I am no philosopher, gentlemen, and cannot pretend to explain the operations of the human mind, as it is done in some books that I have read ; but, indeed, I somehow think that my opinion is right, although I cannot well express all that I feel on the subject. But I beg your pardon, gentlemen, and shall conclude poor Flora's unhappy story, by informing you, that the old laird of Glenbeath died this spring. His son is now laird ; and every body expected that he would do something to make the poor lassie more comfortable in her melancholy situation ; but he appears to be an unfeeling dog, and, caring for nobody's opinion, is generally despised. The folks around have often talked of sending the poor girl where she would be properly taken care of ; but the expense would be heavy, and nobody has ever made an attempt to set

on foot a subscription, which is indeed a pity—a very great pity! Her mother, it is believed, will never again rise from her bed; and poor Colin M'Donald, her husband, can do little more than wait upon her: were it not for the kindness of a few, they would suffer much indeed."

At the name of Colin M'Donald, Mr Belfield immediately recollected, that the name of his servant's father was Colin, and that he resided somewhere in this quarter: he therefore expressed his apprehensions, that Flora was Donald's sister.

"Pray," said Mr Belfield, "do you know whether they have any sons?" "Yes," replied the landlord, "they have a son, Donald, a stout lad, who went south some years ago, and, I have heard, is in a gentleman's service in the low country."

Mr Belfield, who had a humane and feeling heart, appeared much agitated. After a few general observations, the landlord left the room.

As we were to spend two or three days here, Mr Belfield had proposed to give Donald liber-

ty this day to see his parents ; and as there was now hardly a doubt, that Flora was his sister, we were all much interested in the affair, and afraid that the news had already reached him, or that he might even have seen his sister. Wishing to ascertain the first circumstance, as the landlord had shewn himself a sensible man, we again called him in, and inquired, whether he thought he would know Flora's brother. He replied in the affirmative. Our fears were then communicated to him ; a pretence was found for calling in Donald, that the landlord might see him ; and, upon his retiring, the landlord said, he was perfectly satisfied that Donald was poor Flora's brother. He recollected hearing it mentioned, that the father had been anxious, that his son should not hear of his sister's misfortune, until they should see what turn things might take. The landlord further added, that it was reported, and very generally believed, that the squire was soon to be married to a young lady, somewhere near the low country.

On the landlord's departure, Donald was again sent for : his manner shewed that he

was yet ignorant of the matter. He was told, that he was to have that day to visit his parents; but, in the mean time, he was so employed, that there was no chance of his obtaining any new information for some time; and we sat down to deliberate what should be done.

After serious consideration, it was resolved that Mr Belfield should ride out, take his servant with him, communicate the story in the gentlest manner possible, and take the father's house in their way. They accordingly set off together.

We were now joined by the ladies, to whom we related the particulars of hapless Flora's misfortunes, which, it is unnecessary to say, awakened the tenderest feelings of their amiable minds, and bathed their cheeks in tears. To remove, in some degree, the melancholy impressions which our communication had made, we walked out, and chose a rather sequestered scene, where there might be less chance of meeting strangers. Having proceeded about a mile, surrounded by some very pleasant plantations and shrubbery, we reached a point,

where the path turned round a clump of trees and winded along a declivity, thickly covered with ornamental shrubs, except where the gray rock thrust up its head. As we stood admiring the scene, "Hush!" said Mrs. A. field, "I hear a voice!" We listened, and heard it distinctly. "It is Flora M'Donald," cried I. Having understood, from the landlord, that she was timid, and perfectly harmless, I told them there was nothing to fear, and following the sound, we approached her with light and cautious steps. An angle of the shrubbery was between the poor man and us; and we contrived to have a good profile view of her, at not more than twenty feet distance, with hardly any risk of being seen by her.

She sat on a mossy hillock, in the position of holding a child to her bosom, which she tenderly patted, singing a plaintive lullaby. Her dress consisted of a tartan wrapper, which although of an uncommon make, appeared neat, and even elegant. A tucker, which was supposed to be lace, was fantastically arranged about the neck and breast; but we afterwards

discovered, that it was white paper, cut with a regularity and taste that were truly astonishing. Her fine auburn hair floated negligently over her shoulders; a small gipsy straw bonnet, tied on with a black ribbon, was nearly covered with wild flowers of almost infinite variety. Her complexion, although sun-burnt, was wan and faded: she had never been what would be termed a beauty; yet there was a very pleasing expression and delicacy in her features; her nose was slightly aquiline, and her eyes black and piercing.

While we continued to observe her, she appeared to fondle her child, clasping it to her bosom, and crying, "Hush, hush, Colin! shall I sing to my baby?—Hark to the linnet and the sky-lark!—there! tira-lira-lee-lee-lira-lira;" and she imitated the notes, with a beautiful wildness of manner and sweetness of voice. Again she continued: "That's my sweet deary!—never mind the meikle dog of Glenbeath!—he daresna bite little Colin—we'll keep awa' till he's dead—syne dawtie—ay after that—we'll see—we'll see!"

" O Martinmas wind, when will ye blaw?
' An' shake the green leaves frae the tree?
I wish I were in a green grass grave,
For a maid again I'll never be !"

No language can express the pathos with which she sung these simple lines ; they thrilled through our hearts like electric fire. Anxious to approach, and yet afraid to alarm her, we stept gently round the corner, which, by the time we had turned it, placed us quite near her. Upon hearing us, she gave a sudden start, and turned her head.

" How do you do, F'lora ?" said Mrs Maitland, extending her hand, as we approached her.

" 'Thank you ! thank you !" said Flora, court-seying, for she had risen from the bank.

" Give me your hand, Flora."

" No, no, lady ! it is impure !—no lady will touch poor Flora now !"

The ladies offered her some confectionaries

" Dear, good ladies, ye dinna ken that Flora broke her mither's heart !—give them to Colin—he's a good boy."

Colonel Maitland and I had stood at a lit-

the distance : upon our approaching nearer, she started with frightful wildness, and screamed out, " Ah !—the meikle black minister !" and she trembled in every limb. I was dressed in black, and she doubtless conceived that I was the clergyman, who had so dreadfully frightened her. I retired, and Colonel Maitland, stepping up, solicited her hand.

" I never speak to gentlemen now—but you are old—Have you a son ?—Was you ever in love ?—Do not touch me—I have that disease—They took me to that ugly minister—he cannot cure love—but, O dear ! dear ! how he frightened poor Flora !"

" But, Flora, I am a doctor ; let me feel your arm,"

She held it out, and stretched her taper fingers, one of which was ornamented with a ring. As Colonel Maitland held her hand, she lifted it, and laid it on her heart, crying, " There, there ! my pulse is there !—the black minister drove it there, and it has never been quiet since !" Indeed, it palpitated violently,

“ You have a ring, Flora,” said Mrs Belfield ; “ will you accept of another from me ? ”

“ From you ! ” looking with astonishment, “ Would you too marry poor Flora ?—I got this ring from my husband !—they say he is dead—but they mock poor simple Flora—He is not dead—I see him often ! ”

“ Where do you see him, Flora ? ”

“ He comes as soon as I fall asleep, and folds me and little Colin in his arms—but he leaves us the moment I awake, for fear of the minister—I know I am a poor simple lassie, but I think—were that frightful minister dead—perhaps—there might yet be peace in the world for poor Flora.

“ O, but I’m weary, weary wandering !

O, but I think it lang !

Balloo, my boy, lie still and sleep,

And dinna wauken to hear me weep ! ”

After crying bitterly for some time, as Mrs Belfield was wiping her tears with a handkerchief, she sobbed out, “ O, I am a silly fool, and giving good folks much trouble ! ”

“ Will you accept this handkerchief from me, Flora ? it may be useful afterwards.”

“ Thank you kindly ! you will be as good as my lady—if you live as long ! ”

“ Was your lady kind to you ? ”

“ O, good, good !—But she is gone to heaven—she shook my hand, and said, ‘ Farewell—be a good girl, Flora ! ’ O that she had taken me and little Colin with her !—The minister says, I have been bad, bad ! and that I will not get to heaven :—

“ O, lat me in this ae night !
This ae, ae, ae night ! ”

The wild notes, which she occasionally and so unexpectedly warbled, were indeed heart-piercing.

“ Where is your home, Flora ? ”

“ Far, far away,

“ O’er the muir amang the heather.”

“ Where do you sleep at night ? ”

“ With the cock on the mountain, the lamb on the lea !
Under the greenwood, greenwood tree ! ”

Observing Mrs Belfield turn round, as if about to go, she seized her hand, and cried,

"Will you leave me too?—A' body's
poor Flora now!

"The trees are high, and the leaves are green
The days are awa' that I have seen!"

Then heaving a deep sigh, she continued
varying the air,

"O Willie's rare, and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonny;
And Willie promised to marry me,
If e'er he married ony!"

The variations of her countenance, the
sparkling of her eye, and the wild pathos
her voice, affected the feelings so much,
the two ladies wept bitterly.

"O, good ladies, why do you weep?
Were you at the kirk?—Did the black-
nister scold you?"

"Dinna greet to grieve me, lassie! dinna greet to grieve
me!

Whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad!"

"O, dinna be angry, ladies; Flora would
fain laugh, though her heart's sair.

"I am a poor maiden forsaken, yet I bear a contented
mind!"

This scene, although highly interesting, was become too painful ; yet we hardly knew how to leave her. It then occurred to us, that she might be prevailed upon to accompany us to the inn, and take a comfortable meal.

Mrs Belfield again addressed her : “ Will you go with me, Flora ? ”

“ O, dinna mock me !—I canna trust gentle folks, since my good lady died—there was ane that said he liked Flora—Hush, Colin ! we’ll see him again yet—at night, when the moon shines.”

“ No, Flora, I will not mock you ; come away, my love ! ”

“ Ah ! *my love* ! that’s just what he said—I maunna believe you ! ”

After some soothing, however, she accompanied us, singing and talking to her doll. She was brought into a room, and tea made for her. She placed the doll upon a sofa, pillowing its head, and covering it with a shawl ; sat down to breakfast, and helped herself to bread and butter, with an ease and propriety scarcely to be exceeded ; talked with considerable coherence ; and we began to imagine it

very possible, that, with proper management she might still be restored to herself and world.

We solicited, and obtained her promise to stay at home, and we would visit her in a few days. She was further prevailed upon to employ a guide from the inn to accompany her to her father's.

It was night before Mr Belfield and his servant returned. Donald had been much agitated at the relation of his sister's melancholy situation, and returned with his master in a very thoughtful mood.

Mr Belfield listened with much interest to our detailed account of our interview with Flora, and expressed his wishes, that she could be placed in some asylum, where, with proper attention, there might be a probability of the poor girl's recovery.

Next morning, such articles of clothing as the ladies could spare from their wardrobe, and some other little things to be had at a bargain, were made up in a parcel, and given to Donald, who had solicited leave to ride off to gain to see his sister, knowing that she was

now gone home. The poor fellow set out with a grateful, though heavy heart. We endeavoured to pass the day with cheerfulness; but the recollection of Flora interrupted every effort to enjoy ourselves.

Night came, and Donald did not return; but, as we supposed that he had stopped all night with his parents, his absence did not alarm us. Another day, however, passed; and as he did not make his appearance, we began to be rather uneasy, although hardly knowing what to fear.

On the following morning, while we were at breakfast, a gentleman in the neighbourhood sent in his name, and requested to see Mr Belfield. After being introduced, and understanding that we were all of the same party, he thus addressed Mr Belfield.

“ I presume, Sir, I am correct in supposing that you are the master of Donald M'Donald; and I have also reason to believe, that you are already acquainted with the melancholy story of his sister Flora?”

Upon Mr Belfield's replying in the affirmative, he continued:

“ I last night witnessed such manly conduct in your servant, in behalf of his unhappy sister, as impelled me, although a stranger, to call this morning, and introduce myself, that I might inform you of the particulars.”

Having been rather surprised by Donald's absence, we expressed our anxiety, and begged the gentleman to proceed.

“ It seems,” said he, “ that Donald was sent by you to his father's, where he had an interview with his sister ; and her piteous situation, with the distressed state of his parents, had completely overpowered his feelings. He stopped all night, and next day rode to Glenbeath, to obtain an interview with her seducer. On arriving there, he found the squire was not at home ; but, obtaining some information of his tract, he followed him, and soon learned that he was gone to Glenbracken, where there was to be a ball that evening.

“ The poor fellow's mind was probably more heated with resentment, when he thought of the despicable seducer's engaging in such amuse-

ments, while the hapless victim of his villany was in so deplorable a state. On arriving at Glenbracken, he put up his horse, knocked at the door of the ball-room, and inquired if Mr R—— was there. The servant who answered told him, that he was gone out with his master, and some other gentlemen, a little ago, to an inn a few yards off. The agitation of Donald's face and manner did not escape the observation of some persons who passed him at the ball-room door; and he was also recognised as the brother of Flora M'Donald. The tale soon circulated in the room, where every one knew and commiserated the poor girl; but, before this, Donald had gone to the inn.

“Suspensions arose in the company, that some disagreeable occurrence might take place; for your servant, when in this quarter of the country, was known to possess both a brawny arm and an independent mind.

“Along with a few others, I hastened to the inn, and, by a little address, succeeded in obtaining admission into a room adjoining to that which Donald had just entered with squire R——, and separated only by a wooden

partition. We could distinctly hear all that passed, and were just in time for the commencement of the following dialogue.

‘ Are you Mr R—— of Glenbeath ?’

‘ Yes, Sir.’

‘ I am Flora M‘Donald’s brother.’

‘ Well—and what then ?’

‘ Is she not the mother of your son ?’

‘ I am not to be questioned by a servant in livery.’

‘ I shall see that.’ And we heard the room-door immediately locked.

‘ Sir, this is very extraordinary—please to recollect, Sir, that I am a gentleman.’

‘ I wish you had recollected that yourself, Sir, when you seduced and ruined my sister.’

‘ Why, young man, I cannot say but that I am sorry, very sorry, at the turn things have taken ; it is more than I expected.’

‘ No doubt, you expected, because my sister was poor, and her parents helpless, that no one would dare to say you had done wrong. She is now a poor forlorn wanderer, lost to herself and the world ; her mother is stretched on a sick-bed, broken-hearted by the fate of

her daughter ; and my father pining under poverty and a wounded spirit. And all this is your work !”

‘ I have often thought of inquiring after them ; but something shall be done to relieve them.’

‘ And what is it you intend to do ?’

‘ Why, they shall have a little money.’

‘ And my sister ?’

‘ If she does not get better, she must be sent to an asylum, where she will be cared for, and under proper management.’

‘ And if she does get better ?’

‘ Why, then, she may do very well.’

‘ As how ?’

‘ She may perhaps get a husband.’

‘ I am glad to hear you say so, and to find that you intend making her all the recompense in your power.’

‘ Indeed I was always fond of Flora ; and were an offer to come in her way, I would not hesitate upon giving her and her husband a little trifle to furnish their house, and set them down comfortably.’

‘ So, you wish my sister to marry another ?’

‘ I do not understand you.’

‘ Did not you promise to marry Flora?’

‘ Young man, you surprise me ; I thought you had common sense!’

‘ Come, come, Sir; no trifling—to the point at once. Did not you promise to marry Flora M'Donald?’

‘ When? where? produce your witnesses!’

‘ Lay your hand upon your heart, Sir: there you will find a witness, who even now tells you, and will upon your death-bed tell you, in a voice of thunder, that you seduced my sister under promise of marriage!’

‘ Young man, be calm ; consider who I am.’

‘ I am afraid I know that too well already—but I degrade myself by holding longer conversation—So, in one word, Mr R——, will you marry my sister, provided she is restored to her senses?’

‘ Why, Sir, I believe you are now as mad as she!’

‘ This from you, Sir! However, that I may not be deemed unreasonable, will you give me a written obligation to marry her upon

the recovery of her senses? I would ask your word of honour; but that is forfeited long ago.'

'No, Sir, I will never marry her!'

'Well then, Sir, you are a scoundrel!'

'Sir, this language cannot be borne!'

'Well, Sir, although degraded from the rank, you perhaps still expect the privileges, of a gentleman. Here are two pistols—take your choice.'

'What! fight with a footman—a groom?'

'No words, Sir,—take a pistol!'

'No!'

'Will you not fight?'

'Not with you, Sir!'

'Then, Sir, you are a mean, dirty, cowardly scoundrel, and I shall treat you accordingly.'

"On his saying this, we heard a whip smacking about the shoulders of the squire, while he capered round the room. When satisfied with the chastisement he had bestowed, we heard Donald unlock the door, and again address him.

'Now, Sir, I have been told that you intend marrying into a respectable family; but

you would be a disgrace to any family; therefore I shall take care that they know you; and be assured, I shall renew my discipline, wherever I have the chance to meet you. In the meantime, I shall conduct you to your friends.'

"He then opened the door, seized Mr R—— by the nose, led him out of the house, and gave him a hearty kick on the seat of honour, which made him tumble among the crowd whom curiosity had collected at the door.

"Donald was now become an object of general interest, and every one pressed forward to see him; but the poor lad's feelings were so much agitated, that he burst through the crowd, ran to the stable, and, before any one could get time to address him, mounted his horse, and went off at full gallop."

CHAPTER XXXV.

“ To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege ; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack.

“ To die is the fate of man ; but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly.”

JOHNSON.

THE gentleman, whose name was Mr M'Alpine, appeared to take no small interest in the misfortunes of poor Flora ; and expressed himself highly pleased with the conduct of her brother, which certainly did him credit, and had the effect of increasing the concern which we all felt in this unhappy case.

Mr Belfield had not yet seen Flora ; but, from the relation of our interview with her, he was most anxious that measures should be adopted for her recovery. Mr M'Alpine said,

that he would, with readiness, join in any scheme that might be adopted for that purpose; and it was agreed, that an immediate application should be made to some friend in Edinburgh, to get her lodged in a respectable asylum; and we resolved to prolong our stay till an answer should be received.

Mr M'Alpine dined with us, and we spent a most agreeable afternoon. During this period a circumstance occurred, which, although in itself trifling, is illustrative of the customs of that part of the country, and shews the effect of habit on the human constitution.

Having found our landlord a shrewd, intelligent man, we asked his company over our bowl of whisky toddy. When pushing round the glass, he declined taking his proportion of toddy, saying that it would soon intoxicate him. We ridiculed the idea, and told him, that as this was the land of whisky, he must be well accustomed to that beverage. "Yes," said he, "to whisky, but not to toddy; and if you permit me to drink my own way, I shall keep you company with much pleasure."

This being agreed to, our landlord again joined us, and at every round took a glass of genuine undiluted whisky, instead of toddy; yet, when we rose from the table, he exhibited no signs of intoxication.

The ladies having promised to visit Flora, next day was appropriated for that purpose, and we engaged to dine with Mr M'Alpine in the afternoon. We found Flora at home, and dressed less fantastically than before. She immediately recognised us; but continued to shew her aversion to me, calling me the ugly black minister, and clinging to the ladies for protection.

Her mother appeared in a very bad state of health, and exceedingly melancholy. Her father, with some improvement in dress, might have represented one of Ossian's heroes. We communicated our proposal for recovering his daughter to reason, and expressed our sanguine hopes of the result. He was silent; but the tear of gratitude rolled down his time-furrowed cheeks. Flora was reluctant to part with us; and I believe we could have taken her any where.

After leaving Colin M'Donald's, we were met by Mr M'Alpine on the way, and conducted to his hospitable mansion, where we continued for two or three days, very agreeably entertained, and delighted with the wild and romantic scenery around.

An answer arrived from Edinburgh, that a situation had been procured for the poor maniac; and we immediately set about arrangements for her removal. As Flora still knew her brother, and was fond of him, it was determined that he should escort her, and Mr M'Alpine prevailed upon one of his servant-maids to accompany them as her attendant. A chaise was procured, and they set off next day.

Colonel Maitland and his lady, who, instead of visiting Bramble-brae in our progress northward, had deferred it till we should return, now parted with us, and took the road for Bramble-brae; but they proposed to take Hawthorn-lodge on their way to Wales.

This journey had added both to my health and spirits; and the change was so obvious to my friends, that I believe it augmented their

own happiness. The Colonel and his lady arrived in less than a week after they left us ; but Mrs Maitland, whom I had always seen the soul of every friendly circle in which I had met her, appeared more grave and thoughtful than usual. This, she next day explained to us, by stating the situation of her mother, which was far from pleasant.

The account given by the fellow, whom I had met with in the stage-coach, on my way to London, concerning Lady Lightfoot, was not exaggerated. She and Sir Peter had long ceased to respect each other ; and it was now difficult for them to meet each other with common politeness ; for, between Lady Lightfoot's personal infirmities, and her propensity to private tippling, she had certainly lost every power of attraction.

Mrs Maitland had also discovered, that it was to her sister, Sir Peter's youngest daughter, that the laird of Glenbeath had been paying his addresses, and that the match was nearly concluded. When she related the story of poor Flora M'Donald, her sister, with becoming resentment, declared, that

should he again visit her, of which she was in daily expectation, she was determined not to see him but in the presence of her father, to give him his final dismissal. This had produced a quarrel, not only between Sir Peter and his daughter, but also with Mrs Maitland. The knight affirmed, that the laird of Glenbeath was rich, and might make a very good husband, after all that had happened. Mrs Maitland maintained, that although a man might make a good husband after a similar mistake, no one who had a good heart could have deserted, and then totally neglected, the woman whom he had ruined, especially in such circumstances as those in which Flora M'Donald was placed. She most warmly supported her sister, and entreated her, neither to be won by flattery, nor intimidated by threats, from the resolution which she had so prudently formed; affirming, that it was better to continue a spinster for life, than become the wife of such a cold-blooded and unfeeling villain. Such was the state of affairs at Bramblebrae when Mrs Maitland left it, without ei-

ther being desired, or wishing to repeat her visit.

Colonel and Mrs Maitland spent two weeks at Hawthorn-lodge, and, upon their departure, urged me to accompany them into Wales; from whence, the Colonel said, he would join me in a visit to Dr Stanley. I complied with his request, and after staying some time in Wales, we proceeded to Yorkshire.

Our reception from the venerable Doctor was what we expected; but he was more infirm than when I last saw him; yet still cheerful, and in the full possession of all his intellectual faculties. He entered into conversation upon the politics of Europe, with the energy of a patriot, and the information of a statesman. In literature, he was acquainted with the character of almost every new publication; and related many pleasant anecdotes of living authors, exhibiting a degree of liberality in his criticisms and sentiments, hardly to be expected from so veteran a disciple of the old school. At his age, the powers of his memory appeared surprising, and we complimented him upon the

probability of his enjoying many subsequent years.

“ Ah, no !” said he, “ I have recently felt strong and evident symptoms of decay, and am persuaded that I have nearly finished my journey : I have also a presentiment that Providence will be kind ; that I shall not linger long in pain or helpless imbecility. You have come very opportunely, for I was about to solicit a visit from both of you, and if Mr Belfield had accompanied you, so much the better. To be plain, like many other old men, I have delayed what might and ought to have been done long ago—I have made no will ; but I am resolved it shall now be done without further delay.

“ This is perhaps the more necessary, as I have no *near* relations ; and such relatives as I have are by no means in want : I can bestow my little savings, where I think they will tend more to produce happiness. My heir at law is rich, and, I am sorry to say, is a blackguard ; to him my property must not go. I have arranged in my mind some legacies to my relations and servants, also a few

tokens of affection to those whom I love ; and for the poor girl, Flora M'Donald, whose melancholy story you told me last night, something must be done. After these bequests, there will still be a sum left, which I wish to bestow on some public charity, and to apply it in such a way as shall be of most utility. Will you both assist me with your advice ? And, finally, will you allow me to nominate you as my executors ? When I obtain your consent, I shall take upon me to join our absent friend Mr Belfield in the trust." After some further talk, and a little deliberation, we agreed to the good Doctor's request ; and next day, after breakfast, was appointed for some discussion on the subject.

At the time agreed on, we met in the library, where the Doctor informed us, that his property in the funds was worth something more than £10,000, and that he intended the half of that sum for me. This I immediately opposed in the strongest and most decided manner, saying that, like himself, I was an old bachelor, and would never have any family ; that I enjoyed all the comforts of life

in my present condition, and therefore begged that his property might be appropriated in some way more beneficial to the public.

With difficulty it was then settled, that I should have an annuity for life, the principal of which was, at my death, to go to the fund of some public charity, and this was determined to be two schools for poor children ; one in the parish where the Doctor resided, and the other in that where he was born.

We calculated, that the property set apart for that purpose would at first pay two teachers an annual salary of £100 each ; and, after the different annuities should fall, would be perfectly competent to the erection of two substantial and convenient school-houses, with suitable accommodation for the teachers.

A letter was despatched to his attorney at York, requesting his attendance, two days after, to extend the settlement ; and now, said the benevolent old man, to-morrow after breakfast, I shall beg your indulgence, while I retire and arrange the particulars of this subject, that the attorney may have no-

thing more to do than to put them in a legal form.

Next day, the Doctor joined us before dinner, saying, with much cheerfulness, that he had extended the necessary *memoranda*, and wished to think no farther on the subject at present.

A few gentlemen from the neighbourhood were invited to dinner, which was served in a style of elegance calculated to do credit to the Doctor's hospitality. Our venerable landlord was also more than usually cheerful, and exhibited a sprightliness of remark, which formed a striking, but pleasing contrast to the snowy locks that thinly covered his brow. The company broke up at an early hour, and we retired to our respective apartments. Next morning, the Colonel and I took a walk before breakfast, and upon coming in, were informed that our landlord was not yet stirring. This was considerably beyond his usual hour; however, we believed it probable that last night's indulgence had fatigued him more than usual. After waiting a full hour, we became rather alarmed,

and rung for his servant, who also expressed his apprehensions, and proposed visiting his master. We requested him to do so, but he returned with most alarming looks, and terror in his voice, begging of us to come up stairs.

We entered, and found the Doctor stretched on his back—alive—but speechless. We found, after a little examination, that he had experienced a paralytic stroke, and was quite incapable of moving either hand or foot. His eyes were open; he seemed still to retain his sense of hearing, and gazed on us with calm, but mournful looks: it was a sight painful to behold, and more humiliating to the pride of man than even death itself. He several times vainly attempted to lift his arm, and heaved a deep sigh. Medical aid was sent for, and the physician soon arrived, who, after a little reflection, told us privately, that there was no hope; and that although he might drag on a feeble existence for days, or even weeks, yet the probability was, that the attenuated thread would snap, and the machine stand still. At any rate he

would stop till next day, and by that time he expected to be able to speak with more precision.

The attorney arrived a little after this; and, as he had long been Dr Stanley's intimate friend, claimed the privilege of seeing him. He was introduced—his presence seemed to give the Doctor much pain—he fixed his eyes on me, and the tears flowed copiously. It was considered proper that the attorney should not leave the house till next day; for we still indulged the hope, or rather the wish, that the good man would recover a little. .

Alas! his days were numbered; and before the morrow's sun arose, the eyes of this venerable man were closed for ever. The attorney, in presence of the physician and us, went through the necessary process of sealing up, &c.; and intimation was sent to the Doctor's connections, including the heir-at-law, who arrived soon after.

We retired with the physician, until the day of the funeral. The attorney, who accompanied us, expressed his regret that our

departed friend had so long delayed settlement of his affairs. The Doctor said, had often talked of this subject; there was no doubt that the delay proceeded from a want of being able exactly to determine how his property should be applied; but he was much afraid that the whole would now fall into the hands of the heir-at-law.

The day of the funeral arrived; it was attended by almost the whole of his parishioners; and every face exhibited, more or less, an expression of silent sorrow: if there was any exception, it was in the bloated and delirious visage of him who was legal heir to the deceased. When the funeral was over, and the seals removed from the Doctor's scrutoir, the first paper that presented itself was entitled, "Memoranda for my will, to be attended by Nathan Collins, attorney."

These memoranda were to this effect: To two servants, a man and woman, annuities of £50 each for life; to other two, annuities of £20 each; to sundry relatives, legacies amounting to £500; to Flora M'Donald, while in her present situation, an annuity of

5, to be applied for her comfort in the asylum; and, in the event of her recovering her reason, a legacy of £500, clear of all deductions, to be paid first quarter-day after her discharge from the hospital. His executors to be two gentlemen, his neighbours, in conjunction with Colonel Maitland, Mr Belfield, and myself; the first four to receive a legacy of £500, and a ring, value ten guineas each, for their trouble. To me, there was an annuity of £100 sterling for life; a ring; fifty books, of my own selection, from his library, and his gold watch; after which, each of the other executors was to have three books of his own choosing. One hundred pounds were to be divided, immediately after his funeral, among the poor of his parish, and the reversion of his property was to be applied to the establishment of two schools, as before mentioned; the teachers to be appointed, and their salaries to commence, within twelve months after his death.

These notes were evidently in his handwriting; but had neither date nor subscription. The heir-at-law had an attorney with

him, who, being informed that we were the persons named in the foregoing memoranda, inquired, whether we, as the friends of the deceased, knew of any will. Upon our replying, that we conceived the paper just now read, was the only will left by the deceased, he promptly replied, that it was virtually and legally nothing; that, at the best, it was evidence only of an intention to make a will; therefore, unless a legal will were produced, he would take immediate steps for vesting his client in the property.

Mr Collins drew us aside, and said, it would serve no good purpose to litigate the matter: and it was therefore better silently to acquiesce.

The heir began a rude speech, about beggars and officious meddlers cajoling an old man, and insinuating themselves into his good opinion; but thanked Heaven their machinations had been disappointed.

As this was neither the proper time nor place for repelling such abuse, we took our departure, deploring the infatuation which had prevented a scheme of benevolence, the

benefit of which would have been reaped by future ages.

In so far as I was concerned, the disappointment was light ; for I considered my income adequate to my wants ; and my only regret was, that I was thus deprived of the means of extending my benevolence ; for the world afforded many opportunities, the value of which I had learned by experience.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy,
Which is emulation ; nor the musician's,
Which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's,
Which is pride ; nor the soldier's, which is
Ambition ; nor the lawyer's, which is politics ;
Nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's,
Which is all these : but it is a melancholy
Of mine own, compounded of many simples,
Extracted from many objects ; and, indeed,
The sundry contemplation of my travels,
In which my often rumination wraps me
In a most humorous sadness.

SHAKESPEARE.

I ACCOMPANIED Colonel Maitland to Wales;
and after staying there for some time, returned
to Scotland. On arriving at Hawthorn-lodge,
I learned that Mr Belfield's son, and only
child, was dangerously ill of the measles, and

that his parents were much alarmed on his account. Their anxiety I knew must be very great ; for Mr and Mrs Belfield's hopes of an addition to their family had more than once been disappointed, and Mrs Belfield's health was in consequence become very delicate. The boy's danger increasing, she persisted in watching him night and day, till the crisis of the disease was past, and some faint hopes were entertained of his recovery. He lingered a long time, and for some weeks his fate was uncertain ; but at length the tender frame was exhausted, and he breathed his last in his mother's arms.

This was a sad disappointment to the fond hopes of the parents, and a most severe shock to their feelings. The fatigue which Mrs Belfield had experienced, during her boy's illness, operated so far upon a frame naturally delicate, and a mind, whose sorrows the gentle hand of time could not obliterate, that she became seriously ill ; and her physician expressed his fears of a consumption.

This was a fresh cause of sorrow and alarm to Mr Belfield, whose care and assiduity

nothing could exceed. He one day said to me, "When you came to Hawthorn-lodge, I believed, that I wanted no other companion to make the time pass agreeably, and even happily; but I now find, that without my Anna, this world would be to me a wilderness. She is almost all that unites me to mortality; and although I wish, Heaven knows how anxiously! to enjoy many years with her, yet I have no desire to live a day behind her. When she dies, I pray to Heaven that one turf may cover us."

Dr G—— of Edinburgh was consulted; and he, without hesitation, pronounced her disorder a decline, from which there was no hope of recovery, except in a warmer climate.

From the state of Europe, the mild air of Montpellier was inaccessible to Britons; but as the port of Lisbon was open, it was determined to carry her thither without delay, and Mr Belfield was to accompany her. The greatest activity was exerted in expediting their departure for London, from whence they were to sail with the first vessel for Portu-

It was arranged that I should superintend Mr Belfield's affairs until his return ; but that, in the meantime, I should accompany them to London. Notice of the journey being sent to Wales, Colonel Maitland and his lady met us at Litchfield, which Mrs Belfield had reached by easy stages on our way to London. The meeting of these friends, under such circumstances, was painfully tender, and their parting full of mournful anticipations.

When Mr and Mrs Belfield went on board, I accompanied them down the river. The blush that had mantled the cheek of beauty, was now faded into a languid paleness, except when a transient hectic diffused its lively red, which appeared more vivid from the delicate whiteness by which it was surrounded. When she stretched forth her hand, so finely transparent was the skin, that her veins appeared like azure streams wandering in a field of snow.

The vessel was to join convoy in the Channel, and I passed a night on board with my friends. Mrs Belfield expected to bear the voyage with tolerable ease ; and I saw, with melancholy pleasure, that every cheerful ex-

pression which she uttered, produced a gleam of hope in the eye of her affectionate husband. After taking a tender and affectionate farewell, I kissed the hand of Mrs Belfield, pressed that of my friend, and without venturing to look them in the face, stepped into the boat, and returned to London.

My presence being necessary at Hawthorn-lodge, and having neither leisure nor inclination to stop in the metropolis, I instantly set out for Scotland, and reached home, without either any accident or adventure worth mentioning.

After my return, how gloomily did the hours pass ! for I was not only deprived of the society of my friends, but in constant anxiety for the fate of Mrs Belfield ; well convinced that, should her indisposition prove fatal, the happiness of her husband could never be restored.

I had now no society, except that of Roger, and the clergyman of the parish, with whom I had an occasional interview. I contrived, however, to divert my thoughts, by taking a sincere interest in the affairs of my friend.

Mr Belfield had some improvements going forward on his estate; his tenants on the heath were active; and it gave me a sincere pleasure to observe them gradually acquiring the comforts of life.

In about two months after the departure of my friends, I received advice of their safe arrival at Lisbon. The voyage appeared to have had a perceptible and salutary effect upon Mrs Belfield; and her husband fondly cherished the hope of her renovated health. They had resolved upon passing the winter in Portugal, and expected to return to Scotland in the ensuing summer.

Although, as I have already said, time seemed to pass slowly, yet the bustle of harvest, and other cares incident to the charge which I now held, kept me generally occupied; and it was only when the winter evenings began to steal on, that I felt my situation solitary and dull. I could not apply myself to study; books failed to interest me; for, though I formerly delighted in studying the sciences, and keenly relished the Belles Lettres as a relaxation, my only relief from melancholy was now

playing at backgammon with Roger. But I soon found that this sedentary life did not suit; I began to think, when I ought to have gone to rest; and thus my nights passed without sleep, to procure which I took exercise, out of doors, even to fatigue. Still the demon of melancholy haunted me; and, amidst the silence of night, the phantoms of imagination only changed place with those gloomy ideas, over which I had brooded during the day.

One evening, while endeavouring to amuse myself in Mr Belfield's library, I took the Poems of Ossian from the shelf, instead of another book, and carried them home before I discovered the mistake. I had long ago looked at this work, but could not relish it; and had settled my opinion respecting its authenticity, without having perused the famous controversy which it had occasioned. I sat down, and began to skim over the pages in the indifferent manner of one who reads merely to kill time. As I proceeded, the sentiments seemed to breathe a pathos and sublimity, of which I had hitherto believed

them destitute. Next evening, I continued my perusal, and proceeded with a species of gloomy delight. Many of Ossian's expressions were so much in unison with my own feelings, that I appropriated them to myself. His lamentation for Oscar came home to my heart: "Fingal is the last of his race. Mine age will be without friends. I shall sit a gray cloud in my hall; I shall not hear the return of a son!" "The life of Ossian fails; I begin to vanish on Cona. My steps are not seen in Selma. Beside the stone of Mora I shall fall asleep. The winds whistling in my gray hairs shall not awaken me. The night is long; but my eyes are heavy! The thistle shakes its beard to the wind; the flower hangs its heavy head; it seems to say, I am covered with the drops of heaven; the time of my departure is near, and the blast that shall scatter my leaves." "The daughter of the snow left the hall of her secret sigh; she came in all her beauty, like the moon from the cloud of the east. Loveliness was around her as light. Her steps were like the music of songs. She saw the youth, and loved him.

He was the stolen sigh of her soul. Her blue eyes rolled on him in secret. Pleasant be thy rest, O lovely beam, soon hast thou set on our hills! The steps of thy departure were like the moon on the blue trembling wave. But thou hast left us in darkness, first of the maids of Lutha. I think of the times that are past, and sweet is the joy of grief to my soul! This was touching the most delicate chord in my heart. "Beloved Maria B." said I, "thou hast fled to the chambers of light, and left me to wander alone, like a stranger on the dreary heath, in a moonless night! Who cares for me? or why should I linger behind thee? I am like a tree that has been left alone in the field; its buds blighted by the frost, and its branches broken by the storm; its trunk is drooping in decay, and its form is ungraceful. Already it is deemed a cumberer of the ground; and in a few years, at most, it shall fall to rise no more!"

Having for sometime indulged in similar meditations, before retiring to rest, I wrote the following

INVOCATION TO DARKNESS.

TAPER, cease thy trembling light,
I am sick of all I see;
Come, thou raven-pinioned night,
Welcome is thy shade to me!

Thou canst veil the joyous face;—
Hide the sports I cannot share!
Mirth with all her gambols chace,
While I court each hour of care!

Hush the busy hum of men!
Bid the watchful dog be still!
Sooth the night-bird in the glen!
Silence yonder murmuring rill!

Let the cricket's cheerful note,
Lost in midnight stillness, die;
Whispering zephyrs, as they float,
Hush their sweetest, softest sigh!

Hush the sky-lark's matin lay;
Sweeter far is balmy sleep!
Echo, 'midst yon ruins gray,
Let her, lost in silence, weep.

Haste, and bring the drowsy god,
His the stillness of the grave !
Dear the magic of his rod,
Let it o'er my temples wave !

While he fans my aching head,
On my downy couch reclined,
Gentle slumbers then may shed
Moonlight halos o'er the mind—

Halos, pure as morning's ray,
Sparkling in the crystal stream ;
Soft, as when the star of day
Shoots from heaven his evening beam.

Scenes by early hope pourtrayed,
May their rainbow tints expand ;
Haunts where Love and Beauty strayed,
Sweet retreats of fairy-land :

Sweeter still my dreams may prove,
Lovelier visions floating near ;
Gliding from the realms above,
Whispering to my watchful ear.

Yes, Maria, sainted maid !
Leave thy blest abode a while ;
Thou canst banish midnight shade :
Rapture hails thy seraph smile.

Thou hast seen the tears I've shed ;
Thou hast heard my secret sighs ;
Nightly hover o'er my head,
Till we meet above the skies.

Winter lingered on with slow and sullen pace ; yet I saw the return of spring without joy : the song of the sky-lark and the thrush, were to me less pleasing, than the wintry tempest raving in the woods, and the long deep echoes of the torrent dashing over the craggy steep. When I brushed through the withered leaves of the forest, I felt a gloomy pleasure in thinking, that, like them, I should soon fall and be forgotten ; but the expanding bud and early blossom, brought to my recollection days of happiness, which I wished to forget ; because I felt they could never be recalled.

By letters from Lisbon, I learned, that Mrs Belfield, although not worse, had not derived that advantage from change of climate which was once expected ; therefore all thoughts of return were abandoned for the present.

Summer again approached ; the season was uncommonly pleasant ; and I believe that, had my friends been about me, it would have been peculiarly delightful ; but this could not be, and I lived without present enjoyment, a pleasant anticipations of the future.

About this time I received a packet from my unfortunate friend in New York, containing letters to his brother Roger, and to his sisters ; and covering drafts on a house in London in their favour, for one hundred pounds each. His letter to me was short, and much of the same nature as those which I had formerly received from him.

He hinted, that for some time he had been in bad health, and seemed strongly impressed with the idea that his dissolution was not far distant, at which he expressed a sincere satisfaction, since life had for him no charms : having wantonly blighted his best hopes, he could never cease being his own accuser : he had destroyed his father, disgraced his family, and degraded himself : the thought being too much, he was weary of the burden ; and his

only consolation now was, that in a short time he should lay it down for ever.

When I compared this man's situation with my own, I was ashamed of my gloomy and melancholy disposition. I had no painful recollections to harass my thoughts; while this man, though persevering, without deviating, in the path of rectitude, was tormented by the remembrance of former guilt.

Flora M'Donald, who had been carefully attended, and most humanely treated, had exhibited such symptoms of recovery, that it was expected, if her convalescence continued, she would soon be discharged, and restored to her friends. This pleasing intelligence I communicated to her brother, who was attending his master in Portugal; Mr Belfield having been solicitous to have at least one servant about him, upon whose fidelity, and other good qualities, he could rely.

So ardent was the friendship which subsisted between Mrs Belfield and Mrs Maitland, that the latter prevailed upon her husband, the Colonel, to go with her to Lisbon; for she was persuaded that Mrs Belfield would

never return, and she could not be happy without seeing her friend once more. Colonel Maitland, although rather reluctant to the journey, consented to the wishes of one so dear to him ; and they set off together, having previously apprised Mrs Belfield of their intended visit.

Colonel Maitland and his lady, on their arrival at Lisbon, found their friend considerably improved in health ; but, as winter was again approaching, it was resolved that she should not encounter the cold and inconsistent climate of Britain till the following summer.

I continued at Hawthorn-lodge, without experiencing any vicissitude worth relating. The discharge of my official duties, during the fine season, kept my mind employed, and assisted in expelling that morbid sensibility which corroded my peace ; although, at the same time, I looked forward to the approach of winter with painful anticipation ; feeling that I was alone, and doomed to pass my hours “ unblest and unblest.”

Shortly after Colonel Maitland's arrival in

Portugal, Mrs Belfield's health was so much improved, that they were receiving and paying visits. They made several short excursions into the country, by which her spirits had been elevated, and her constitution apparently improved. To this happy change, Mrs Maitland had materially contributed, by her unremitting cheerfulness, and playful sallies of humour. After the arrival of Colonel Maitland, their circle of acquaintance began to extend: he met several gentlemen there who had been his companions when in the army; and this unexpected meeting, after so long a separation, naturally occasioned an intimacy, and a frequency of visits, which added greatly to the hilarity of their social circle.

Mrs Belfield found her fair friend so great an acquisition, that she solicited her, in the most earnest manner, to spend the winter in Portugal. Mrs Maitland, always the kind friend and obedient wife, referred her to the Colonel, who, anxious to oblige Mrs Belfield, and thinking that it might promote her convalescence, gave his consent. Perhaps he made no great sacrifice of his own inclinations;

for, by this time, he was become very fond of associating with his old companions; and it was no uncommon thing for him to engage in their parties, while his wife was devoting her hours to short walks, or little convivialities, with Mr Belfield's family.

About the close of autumn, I received a letter from Mr Belfield, intimating, that Mrs Belfield still gave indications of returning health, and expressing his gratitude and obligations to Colonel Maitland and his lady, whose company had been of such incalculable benefit to his Anna. At the same time, he insinuated something, which I did not very well comprehend, expressing his most anxious hopes, that this act of friendship in Mrs Maitland would not be attended with any consequences disagreeable to herself, or prejudicial to the family.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

“ Oh! this infernal vice! how has it sunk me! a vice whose highest joy was poor, compared to my domestic happiness. Yet how have I pursued it! turned all my comforts to bitterest pangs, and all my smiles to tears. Damned—damned infatuation !”

MOORE.

I PASSED another tedious winter at Hawthorn-lodge, without any remarkable occurrence; and, early in spring, received a letter from Mr Belfield, of which the following is a copy :

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will, I am certain, warmly sympathise in my affliction, when I inform you that my dear, my affectionate Anna, whose health and happiness are to me above all price, is now much worse.

She is so weak, that, even in her easiest moments, she can hardly walk across the garden. Think, my dear friend, what I must have felt, when two days ago the physicians candidly told me, that they entertained no hopes of her recovery ; adding, that as she constantly expressed a desire to return home, it would certainly be prudent to prevent the irritation of her mind, and comply with her wishes, while she had strength to bear the fatigue of the voyage. We shall, therefore, if Heaven spare her so long, leave this in a very short time ; but you shall again hear from me before we set out.

“ Though it is almost impossible to add to my present distress, yet there is another cause of vexation, that I am sorry to communicate to you ; but as it cannot remain long a secret (perhaps it is already public), I am sure that your feelings will accord with mine. when you hear that Colonel Maitland is ruined by gaming.

“ I have already informed you, that he met with several of his old military associates here ; and their attachment grew every

day stronger. The Colonel had been gay, and even imprudent, in his youth; his old propensities only wanted incitements to be revived, and during the winter, he continued to drink deep, and play high. His lady had suspected it for some time; but delicacy, and the respect that she always entertained for her husband's principles and judgment, prevented her from making any observations to him on his conduct.

“ I am unable to speak with certainty as to the extent of his debts, but I have good reason to believe, that Maitland-place, and all his property, must inevitably come to the hammer. What a stroke for our dear friend, Mrs Maitland, and her lovely infants! Deeply would I have regretted this, although I had been in no degree to blame; but how much more severe must be my feelings, when I reflect that the kindness of Mrs Maitland to my Anna has brought upon her this cruel misfortune. How bitterly do I reproach myself, for soliciting them to stop in Lisbon during the winter! But this is not the worst; for the Colonel is a high-minded man, and,

from some symptoms which I have observed I shudder to contemplate the result. His lady seems to bear up surprisingly, and is exerting herself, in every possible way, to reconcile him to himself and his fallen fortune. She tells him, that she can live in a cottage, not only contentedly, but happily, so long as he will continue to be a companion and protector to her and their children. My mind is so much exhausted, that I cannot continue the subject. You shall hear again from me soon, with further particulars. Meantime, adieu !”

Such were the contents of this melancholy letter : the happiness of all those whom I most esteemed on earth was blighted and destroyed,—those who had so unremittingly exerted themselves to promote my felicity, were wounded to the heart’s inmost core.

Although it would be difficult to say for which of the parties I felt the greatest interest, I considered Mrs Belfield as the happiest of the party. She was apparently about to enter into a state, where suffering and sorrow would be no more ; and it appeared to me very doubt-

ful, whether even the comforter Time, could heal the wound, which her death would inflict on her fond husband.

Mrs Maitland had strong claims upon my gratitude. The Colonel I had ever found most friendly and warm-hearted. He possessed a high sense of honour; and I trembled for the consequences to himself and family. I did not feel at liberty to whisper the tale to mortal ear; and although I had no associates, except the clergyman and Roger, yet I was now afraid of seeing them, fearful lest my countenance and manner would betray the anguish of my heart.

Day after day passed in a state of anxiety and painful suspense; and two tedious weeks had come to a termination, when I at last received a letter;—my hand trembled, and my heart palpitated, as I broke the seal. Mrs Belfield had experienced no change, except an increased solicitude to return home. Colonel Maitland's affairs, after minute investigation, were found so desperate, that the sale of his estate was unavoidable. Mrs Maitland had frankly offered to give up

her portion, which, at their marriage, the Colonel had prudently secured to her and their children ; she had even pressed him with earnestness to accept of it, and to rest assured of her love and affection ; but it was found, that even this sacrifice was inadequate to extricate him. The Colonel had sunk into lowness of spirits, bordering upon melancholy stupor : his lady endeavoured now to be constantly with him, and displayed a degree of cheerfulness and gayety, which she hoped would produce the most beneficial effects.

Three tedious weeks more dragged heavily along, and another letter arrived, announcing that my friends were to sail from Lisbon without delay, accompanied by Colonel Maitland and his lady, who, it was supposed, would stop in London till some arrangement of their affairs took place. Mr Belfield requested me to meet them in London, and I set out on the journey next day.

When I reached London, they were not arrived. For the sake of amusement, and as far as possible to relieve the melancholy which I could not shake off, I accompanied an acquaint-

ance to Woolwich ; and while we viewed the stores, and other things worthy of notice, the evening stole on apace ; but as the night was fine, we resolved on proceeding to London without stopping.

We had not left Woolwich more than half an hour, when, in turning a corner between two hedges, a couple of footpads sprung upon us from a ditch, and one of them knocked down my companion with a bludgeon. The other was proceeding to serve me in the same manner, when, "Avast there!" was called out, and at the same instant my antagonist received a stroke from some unexpected hand, the force of which compelled him to measure his length beside my unfortunate companion. All this was the work of an instant, and performed in far less time than I have taken to relate it. Upon turning round, I perceived that my unknown deliverer was a little man, apparently a sailor, whom we had passed upon the road, just before turning the corner of the hedge. The footpad groaned most piteously ; his companion had by this time leaped over the hedge ; and, as it was now the dusk of

evening, fairly escaped. My friend, who had contrived to rise, said, that he believed he had received no very serious injury, further than being stunned with the blow.

We now endeavoured to raise the foot-pad, whose head bled profusely; but he could scarcely stand. "Come, brace up, you dog!" said my deliverer, "for if you can't make sail, we must take you in tow!" He then grasped the thief by the collar, calling out to me to brace his arms, and requesting my friend to rummage his lockers, lest he should be provided with stern chasers, with which he might pop out our brains in the dark. A pistol was found in his pocket; but, upon examination, it was discovered not to be loaded. The sailor drew from his jacket a piece of rope-yarn, with which he said he would make fast his braces in a twinkling. The fellow being bound, the sailor now proposed that we should hold a council of war, whether it were better to carry our prize into harbour, or unship the rudder and set him adrift. "In the one case," said he, "we shall be entitled to forty pounds for capturing

a pirate; but still it is in some sense the price of blood; and although I could without hesitation pop down a Monsieur *Parlez Vous*, or blow out a Don Whisker's brains, when yard-arm and yard-arm, yet it goes against my stomach to be the means of hanging a fellow-creature in cold blood. And, on the other hand, should we let our prize escape, the next that falls in the rascal's way, may be first murdered and then robbed; for that appeared the mode of their going to work with you. Besides, if any note of this were discovered on the log-book, we should be found liable to the Commodore for allowing a prize to sheer off, after she has struck her colours. But, I beg your pardon, gentlemen, my opinion ought to have lagged astern, till I had heard yours; you were the party attacked, and are besides two to one."

Before we began to reply, the robber whined most piteously, saying, that he also was a seaman; that he and his confederate belonged to a transport from Liverpool; had come into harbour—got into bad company when here on a cruise—had been plundered of their last

shilling, and wished merely to pick up as much as would carry them to town.

“ Belay there, you lubber ! tip me none of your fresh water lingo !” cried our little champion ; “ Did ever a British seaman disgrace his colours ? I’ve a good mind to have you hung at the yard-arm for calling yourself a tar ; d——me, even the name of the thing would be an insult to the whole navy ! What do you say, gentlemen—shall we give him a salt eel to supper, and set him adrift to scud under bare poles ?” By no means wishing to have the poor wretch’s blood on our heads, and foreseeing much trouble and detention to ourselves, if we delivered him up to justice, we warmly recommended that he should be set at liberty. To this Jack instantly agreed, but declared, that before they parted he would first have the pleasure of dusting his jacket with an oaken towel : on saying which, he let go his hold, and began to wield his sapling with most hearty good will ; but the culprit sprung off at a tangent, and took leave, without the ceremony of bidding us good-night.

My companion now felt a warm moisture oozing down his neck, and said he believed that he was cut on the back part of the head ; but as it was now dark, and we could neither see the wound, nor find the means to dress it, we proposed to push on to the first house on the road, that the nature and extent of the injury might be ascertained.

A few minutes walking brought us to the door of a tolerably decent-looking house ; and no sooner were lights placed in the parlour, than the naval hero and I began to utter mutual exclamations of surprise ; for he was no other than the reforming schoolmaster, who has already appeared with some notoriety in our history. “ Ah ! my worthy friend ! ” cried he, “ excuse my freedom for the appellation ; I have long been under very considerable obligations to you, and am indeed exceedingly happy to meet you ! ” I replied, that the obligation was on my side on the present occasion, as he had in all probability saved my life. “ Not at all, not at all,” said he ; “ the utmost would have been a crack on the crown ; however, I am glad on’t. I should have done

the same for any fellow-creature ; but it gives me a most heartfelt pleasure to find, that I have rendered you a service, however slight ; for I am not ignorant, that to you alone I owe my present liberty ; for which accept the thanks of a blunt sailor. But we must reef in our jabber, till we see whether the seams of your friend's head want caulking !”

We proceeded to examine the wound, which, though very small, had bled profusely. The clotted hair was cut away, a plaster, such as could be procured, applied, and it gave no further uneasiness.

When I saw the danger over, I began to feel not altogether satisfied with the new acquaintance I had formed. To be sure, I had no objections to it in the hour of peril ; for at that time I neither knew nor cared about the character of the man who was willing to act as an ally ; but now, although this little hardy tar had been my deliverer, my former impressions of his character were still uppermost in my mind, and I could not bring myself to consider him as a

proper companion. Perhaps he perceived this, and addressed me thus:

“ I presume, Mr Campbell, that it is from delicacy to me that you are making no inquiries about my adventures and present situation. I do not care now for speaking much of myself; but with you (to whom I owe so much) I can have no reserve. You know how and when I entered on shipboard, where I had little opportunity, and no great inclination, to look at the past; for you know, Sir, that I had been a sad dog—both fool and knave—but let that pass; I was willing to forget the world, and anxious that it should also forget me. I had entered upon a new scene, where my duties and associates were equally strange to me; but I resolved, if possible, to know my duty properly, and to discharge it with alacrity and fidelity, as the only sure means of making my situation agreeable. I have succeeded beyond my expectations; have been in some smart actions; and had the honour of assisting in two captures, from which I expect some prize-money. One of them was a frigate with dispatches, which she hove over-

board before striking her colours : I happened to observe this, and, leaping into the sea, with some difficulty recovered them. I received the thanks of my captain for this gallant exploit, as he was pleased to term it : he reported me to the Admiralty ; and, I had some reason to expect promotion, as it was known that I wrote a good hand, and was master of accounts. But there are always officious people ; and my previous character and opinions stood there in array against me, highly coloured. My captain regretted this, but bade me not despair : ‘ Persevere,’ said he, ‘ and something may yet be done for you.’

“ This is my situation ; and my captain, who is friendly, makes my duty as light as possible. I go to sea again in a few days, and shall think of this meeting with much pleasure. Should Fortune follow up her dawning smiles, there are some debts that I yet hope to discharge ; others, of more importance to my own peace, I never can in this world, although I find it impossible to forget them.” After settling our reckoning, we proceeded to

London, where we parted with our little hero, and arrived safe at our lodgings.

In the course of next day, advice came of a fleet being in the chops of the Channel, and I constantly looked for the arrival of my friends. Although all my anticipations were painful, still my solicitude to meet them was extreme; but as I knew that an interview with Colonel and Mrs Maitland would produce only painful sensations, I wished that it had been possible to avoid it; for I had no assistance to offer, and knew not how to frame my speech to the language of consolation. As soon as I learned that the vessel was in the river, I hastened on board; where, although I had calculated upon meeting only sadness and sorrow, yet the picture that now presented itself, exceeded all that my imagination had formed.

Mrs Belfield was stretched upon a couch in the cabin, her once blooming cheek blanched like the alpine snow, except in the centre, where an infant rose-leaf seemed to blush amidst a bed of lilies. Her lips were thin and colourless, while, with faded lustre, her eyes appeared

sinking in their sockets. On my entrance, she extended her hand, which, as I pressed it, seemed that of a corpse, had it not been for the cold moisture which I felt on the fingers that feebly returned my pressure: as she spoke, her voice was tremulous and hollow; it seemed as if issuing from the tomb. The tints which the fervour of the moment had called forth on her cheek were so pure, that she appeared rather an embodied spirit, than a being formed of similar matter with those around her. The tears burst from my eyes, as I gazed upon the form before me; I could not disguise my emotions, and turned away my face, that I might in some degree recover my composure. Mr Belfield sat beside her; Colonel Maitland was seated near the cabin window. If the features are an index to the mind, his might be calm; but it was the sullen apathy of one who despised the world and all its concerns. If there was any expression in his countenance, it seemed to say,

“ Man delights not me, nor woman neither.”

Mrs. Maitland was reclining beside Mrs. Bel-

field; her face still indicated buoyancy of spirit and serenity of mind, which was probably the effect of resignation; while her sympathy for Mrs Belfield seemed to absorb the concern which she might have been expected to feel for her own situation. During all the time that I staid, her attentions were divided between the Colonel and her sick friend; and I particularly remarked, that although her anxiety about her husband could not be disguised, her attentions were not in that particular manner as if she conceived him in want of consolation, but quite in her usual free and easy way; nor did she ever in the slightest degree allude to their misfortunes; and had I not been previously informed of her condition, I should not have imagined that one care occupied her mind, except for Mrs Belfield.

When we got on shore, Mrs Belfield was conducted to her mother's house, and the Colonel and his lady went to a hotel, to which I accompanied them. During the evening, the Colonel began to assume some apparent cheerfulness; but I regretted to see that he

swallowed his wine with avidity, and kept the bottle in motion. After the second bottle was finished, he called for another, which I most decidedly declined. "Come, come," said he, "Mr Campbell—no flinching, we must have some conversation; you have not yet had the news of Lisbon. Do you know that I am pigeoned, gulled, ruined? Yes, Sir, irretrievably ruined! and I am ashamed to look a friend in the face; for I have been a fool—a dolt—an ass—an idiot! Were none to suffer but myself, I could bear all the misery which must follow with stern indifference, as I have deserved it; but how can I bear, that the amiable woman who has just left the room, and my dear infants, must be the sufferers for my egregious folly. Oh, Sir! I never knew half the worth of Mrs Maitland till now. Her attention, her love, and tender affection, have, if possible, become more ardent, now that I am totally 'unworthy of them, and add to my agony of mind. Yes, every smile, every glance, tears my aching heart, and racks my frame with pangs unutterable. Would she upbraid me—threaten to leave me

—or hold me in scorn, I think I could feel more easy ; for, although I have injured her, I would then have that palliation to my guilt, of not having sinned against such excellence. Add to all this, my feelings as a man and a soldier. The world will view me as I am, forgetting what I have been ; will hold me up as a mark at which to wag the finger of contempt ; prudent fathers will hold me up as a beacon and a bye-word to their thoughtless and extravagant sons. I, who have been courted as the companion and counsellor of the rich ; looked up to, and solicited, as the protector of indigent merit, and the friend of the helpless ;—I must now lend my name

“ To point a moral, or adorn a tale !”

“ Already have I seen those who, not many months ago, thought it an honour to sit at my table, when they have met me, like the priest and the Levite, pass by on the other side. The shades that gave me birth, the home of my happiest hours, I must know them no more ! The spirits of my ancestors are riding on the winds that whistle among

its waving woods, execrating and pouring indignant contempt upon him who has disgraced their name. My dear, my beloved Charles, who now clambers on my knees, asks why his papa will not smile; then, kissing me, inquires when we shall be in Wales; for he longs to see how large the lime-tree is that I planted at his birth. Oh! every endearment of his is as the sting of a scorpion to my bosom. Poor fellow! hapless innocent! the day is approaching when he will curse the name of his father,—banished from his country, a needy child of Fortune; or pining at home, neglected and a beggar! Ah! my dear Sir; it is too much! fallen! fallen! fallen! Pride whispers that I ought to quit the scene:

“When honour’s lost, ’tis a relief to die;
Death is a sure retreat from infamy!”

Still I acknowledge, that reason tells me I have duties to discharge—that I am a husband and a father!”

“Yes,” cried I, eagerly seizing an opportunity of interrupting him, “there are others

who have claims upon your life, and therefore it is not at your own disposal. Granting that you have already diminished Mrs Maitland's happiness, would you not inflict agony, infinitely more poignant, by abruptly leaving her for ever?

“ Your Charles, whom you adore, would indeed have occasion to blush when he thought of you, could it ever be told to him, that his father first threw away his fortune, and afterwards his life. He is yet a child under your protection. You are not, cannot be in want; Mrs Maitland's dowry will always preserve you from penury; when cherished by paternal love, all his best affections will cling around you; and, by the time that he is a man, he will hardly ever reflect upon what he has lost. Besides, you acknowledge yourself a soldier—Is not every British soldier a hero? And shall a hero finally desert his post, because he is conscious of having neglected his duty? or because he has more enemies to encounter?

“ When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death—the brave live on !”

If this life were the whole of man's existence, and if after death he ceased to be, perhaps he might say, 'I am sick of the banquet, I am surfeited with the feast!' But even then, might not this be a proof of pœevish caprice, rather than of profound reflection? How often have the wisest of us been disposed, in a fit of spleen, to throw up some good, merely because it was blended with a transient evil; although we have afterwards found it productive of much enjoyment? But, believing as I do, and as I flatter myself you also do, that our present situation is only a state of trial and probation, and that we shall, after having resigned this mortal frame, experience a mode of existence, more refined in its nature, and also more permanent in its duration—why should a man, by one rash and irremediable act, disqualify himself from entering into that state of perfection for which he is destined?"

With these, and similar common-place topics of reasoning, was I attempting to reconcile the Colonel to his misfortunes, when he interrupted me by saying—

“ My dear Sir, all this is very fine ; but it will never do ! How can I appear in public ? The sight of Maitland-place would wring my heart ; and to leave it, as I must soon do, would be still more dreadful. Where can I appear, that I am not or would not soon be known ? Towns I detest, and I cannot live degraded in the country ! ”

Happy in finding that he could so far think of living, as to deliberate upon where he could fix his residence, I replied, that if it were found indispensably necessary to dispose of Maitland-place, why, let it go—for with the remains of his fortune, and Mrs Maitland’s dowry, he could still live comfortably in a cheap part of the country.

“ Remains of my fortune ! ” cried he, with bitterness of spirit ; “ All that I can command or realise, will not discharge my debts ! There is another, and to me not the slightest of agonies—

“ To have my doors dammed up with gaping creditors ; ”
to see my furniture exposed to the rabble—
Imagination sketches a picture, at which my

heart recoils! As for a cheap part of the country, Wales is the cheapest in South Britain; but there I cannot be—In short, were it not for Mrs Maitland, and my little ones, I would not live a day; yet, for their sakes, I wish that it were possible to reconcole me to the world.”

“ Let us drop the subject to-night,” said I, “and we shall resume it when our heads are a little more cool. What do you think of Mr Belfield’s situation? Is there, in your opinion, any hope of her recovery?”

“ None, I believe; the physicians have pronounced it next to impossible.”

“ Well,” replied I; “are you not convinced that Mr Belfield’s case is infinitely more distressing than yours? Were it in your choice at this moment, to be just in your present situation, the state of your feelings excepted; or to be in such worldly circumstances as you were a year ago, with Mrs Maitland stretched on a couch, from which fate had doomed her never more to rise, and clasping her infants to her bosom in a last embrace, her convulsive grasp pressing your hand, while the angel of

death hovered o'er her pillow, his icy hand half interrupting the last farewell that faltered on her tongue—"

" Oh ! for mercy's sake," cried he, " conjure not up a picture that my imagination shudders to contemplate; I could never have parted from her without agony, but I feel that it would now be insupportable !"

He was agitated to such a degree, that I became seriously alarmed ; and blamed myself for protracting a discussion, which I might have seen his mind could not support. In a little time he sunk into a calm, approaching to inanity, and I rung for Mrs Maitland. He started as she appeared ; but her easy and affectionate address restored him to tolerable composure ; and, after a few minutes conversation, I took leave, and returned to my lodgings.

Next day, when I waited upon Mr and Mrs Belfield, she expressed the most earnest solicitude to be at Hawthorn-lodge, and was with difficulty prevailed upon to stop for a day or two, after the fatigues of her voyage.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

" I wish I were where Anna lies !
For I am sick of lingering here ;
And every hour affection cries,
' Go, and partake her humble bier !'
I wish I could ! for when she died
I lost my all ; and life has proved,
Since that dread hour, a dreary void,—
A waste unlovely and unloved !"

GIFFORD.

THE interest which I took in the unhappy state of my friends, and the indelible impression which their miseries left on my mind, have inclined me to dwell upon the gloomy subject till it has probably become tiresome ; but the garrulity of old age is proverbial ; and grief, after having settled down to chronic melancholy, often becomes loquacious.

During our stay in the metropolis, Mr Belfield and I had an interview with Colonel

Maitland and his lady, when it was settled that they should, for the present, go down to Maitland-place, to make the necessary arrangements for their ultimate removal, and then retire to the continent.

Before leaving London, I received the following letter from my unfortunate friend at New York.

“DEAR SIR,—Since I last had the pleasure of corresponding with you, a considerable portion of time has elapsed, during great part of which I have been sick, very sick, both in body and mind. My recovery was reckoned hopeless, and I contemplated my departure with satisfaction. Will you believe me, when I say, that I felt disappointed when the physician pronounced that the crisis of my disorder was past? My recovery, I believe, was in a great degree owing to the kind and unremitting attendance of my partner’s daughter, who has for a long time past, without knowing the cause of my melancholy, endeavoured to enliven my spirits, and dissipate the gloom that hovered over my mind. I have in a former letter hinted my suspicions of a mu-

tual attachment, although I did not believe it could ever take place ; but, since my recovery. I conceived that such inviolable regard merited the best return which it was in my power to bestow. My suspicion was farther confirmed, when I saw her begin to droop, and become nearly as melancholy as myself. This was irresistible—I paid my addresses—and she is now my wife.

“ I know you will, in the common phrase. and I believe with much sincerity, wish me joy. Alas ! my dear friend, no such feeling can be excited by any event that happens to me here below !

“ Most perfectly am I convinced, that my faithful and affectionate partner is qualified to promote the happiness of any man, whose heart is capable of reciprocal kindness and innocent cheerfulness : but, alas ! mine never can be so. And, let me whisper it to you, most bitterly do I regret the hour that I married her ! yet I would die with pleasure to promote her happiness. For, O my friend ! the horror which I have so long dreaded, and felt by anticipation, has at last ap-

proached in painful reality; and at this distance of time and place, those who are my friends and neighbours in this remote region, must now soon know me, not for what I am, but for what I have been.

“ A few days ago, when passing along the quay, a stranger came up, and accosted me by the name which I bore in my native country—(Oh ! why did I ever expatriate myself!) The singularity of this address, from a man whose face I could not recollect having ever seen, threw me off my guard, and, perhaps with apparent confusion, I replied, that I believed he was mistaken. With a malignant grin, and an impudent familiarity, he whispered in my ear, that birds so long confined in the same cage, did not generally so soon forget each other; but that he would see me again, and try to revive my recollection. Confused and surprised, I hastily turned from him; and, on arriving in the street where I dwelt, found he was dodging me. I turned off in a different direction, and entered a house in an opposite quarter of the town, where I contrived to stay till his patience was exhausted. I

saw no more of him for two days, till he again appeared sauntering on the street, opposite to my door. He perceived me well, but made no attempt to address me ; and I, being engaged with some people in business, took no notice of him. Perhaps the perturbation of my feelings was not favourable, even to a momentary association with a man whom I now looked upon as my evil genius. Yesterday I received a letter from him, in which he states being in distressed circumstances, and finds that I am perfectly competent to relieve him. The sum which he demands, as the price of his silence, is very considerable ; and he even holds out threats in the event of my non-compliance. To my sorrow, I now know the man too well, and am convinced he will hesitate at nothing to effect his purpose. Could I by one transaction ensure his silence, I would stoop to the degrading compromise ; but he has me in his toils, and from thence I shall never escape : I must brave it out, or live the trembling victim of his avarice. Can I live upon such terms ? Can I see her name disgraced, and her spirit broken, who is dear-

er to me than ever life was in its happiest and most unspotted hours?

“ Oh! my dear, my benevolent friend, my mind is rent with dreadful forebodings. I have a sad presentiment, that this is the last letter you will receive from me. If ever Heaven heard and accepted the prayers of a guilty wretch like me for his friends and benefactors, may you and Mrs Maitland enjoy a perpetuity of felicity!

“ Should you live after my name and my sorrows are buried in the dust, I request that, for the sake of others, my unhappy fate may be made known to the world. I know that delicacy will induce you to suppress my name, and such circumstances as might wound the peace of those, who perhaps continue to reckon my propinquity a disgrace. But if only one generous, although thoughtless and giddy youth, can be saved from guilt and misery, such as mine, your labour will be amply repaid; and my errors, although fatal to myself, may serve as a beacon to others. I cannot write to my brother; say to him what your own prudence

suggests; and believe me, dear Sir, ever yours."

In a few days we set out for Hawthorn-lodge; and, travelling by easy stages, got Mrs Belfield safe thither, and without much apparent alteration; but in a short time a change for the worse was so very obvious, that we expected every hour to be her last. Mr Belfield hardly ever left her bedside; and I have every reason to believe, that he wished not to survive her, but to be laid in the same grave.

On the evening before she died, he sent for me, and after saying that there was no hope that his Anna would see another sun set, requested me to visit her. We went into her bed-chamber—her fine delicate frame was attenuated, beyond what I could have conceived it possible for human nature to bear, and yet continue in existence. Her cheek was still flushed with a gentle hectic, which, contrasted with the delicate whiteness that surrounded it, gave the idea of something more than mortal.

Unable to suppress my feelings, I turned round to the window, but, in a feeble and tremulous voice, she requested me to come near

her. "I know your feelings," said she, "and I am grateful for your sympathy; but sorrow not for me—I feel no pain—the thread will snap without suffering;—my mind, in all that concerns myself, is at ease; and for me, death has no terrors. Were it not for my dear Belfield, and a few friends, I could leave the world without a sigh."

She paused, for her respiration was difficult; Mr Belfield approached, and supported her in his arms. Grasping his hand, "My dear Belfield," said she, "the hour of my leaving you is at hand—our union has been happy—let not our parting moments be embittered with unnecessary and unavailing sorrow. For your sake, I could still wish to live; but I feel it impossible. I shall go before you, in the confident hope of being your happy harbinger to mansions of interminable felicity, where sickness, sorrow, and separation, shall be forever unknown.

"Although our union has been shorter than our fond hopes anticipated, yet we have no cause to complain; for on my part, I have found it productive of uninterrupted happi-

ness, and of love and kindness, my dear Belfield, on your part, perhaps in as great perfection as human nature is capable of, which it has been my unremitted study to merit and return—And, oh! if in any part, or on any occasion, I have fallen short, either of my duty or your expectations, I know you will forgive me—will attribute it to the imperfection of human nature, and not to any want of attachment to you, whose happiness has ever been so interwoven with my own, that they could not be divided.”

After pausing for some time, she again continued :

“ I said, my dear Belfield, we should meet again; but you are still a young man, and have many duties to perform in life—you have already been of great benefit to society, and much more is yet expected from you.

“ I believe that my loss will be long and deeply remembered by you; and ill must I have discharged my duty were it otherwise; but the society of our friend there, and mixing with the world, will banish that sorrow which is unavailing to me, and can only op-

press that heart in which I would wish to implant perpetual happiness. Perhaps you may yet meet with one to fill the void which your Anna will leave in your heart ; for there are flowers in the path of life, which I believe woman only can strew ; and should you meet with one qualified to make you happy, be to her what you have ever been to me—Oh ! may she always prove to you, what I would have been, had my power been equal to my wishes !

“ I know it is unnecessary to recommend to your attention, those who have long been the objects of our mutual friendships and attachments. Colonel and Mrs Maitland, of whom I cannot think without deep regret, whose friendship for us has been productive of sad misfortune to themselves—do not forget, do not neglect them ! And the little orphans, the objects of my charity—for my sake continue to protect them.”

It will readily be supposed, that there were many breaks and pauses in this address, which still added to the agitation of her exhausted spirits.

A little after, she requested to shake hands

with me, and said, " We have been much obliged by your kind services—I ought to have said, faithful friendship. Do not now forsake Mr Belfield ; be his companion—his comforter—his friend. Farewell, till we meet in happier regions !"

I escaped out of the room, for my feelings had completely overpowered me, and she expired before morning, in the arms of her afflicted husband.

It fell to my lot to make the arrangements necessary on this melancholy occasion. The day her mortal remains were consigned to the grave, was in the same season of the year, as when the lawn was covered with youth, and joyfully resounded to welcome her as Mrs Belfield ; but she was now to be borne across it, surrounded by weeping friends and sorrowful dependents. When the hearse, with its sable plumes, passed slowly through the gate, Memory recalled to view the nuptial chariot entering the same spot below a triumphal arch, the pillars festooned and decorated with all the beauty and fragrance of summer. What a contrast, and how humiliating to the pride of man !

Mr Belfield was for some time inconsolable ; and I conceived his grief as yet too recent, too sacred, for interruption. At last I believed it an imperious duty to see him, and endeavour, if possible, to allay his grief.

I succeeded so far, as to get him to walk an hour or two before dinner ; we then made a short and temperate meal, after which he always insisted upon retiring. I understood that his retreat was generally the library, where Mrs Belfield's piano forte and harp had been placed some time before her departure for Lisbon. Of this room he now constantly kept the key, and would not allow a servant to enter except in his presence ; and then, every book that Mrs Belfield had been using was interdicted from being touched. Music, printed and in manuscript, lay on her desk, just as she had left it ; and every thing was kept in the same state, as if her return had been hourly expected.

Colonel and Mrs Maitland, who had written to Mr Belfield, condoling with him on his loss, now wrote again, saying, that they were to leave Wales in a short time, most probably for

ever; and earnestly entreating him to pay them a visit. I had also letters to the same effect, urging me to use every endeavour to prevail on Mr Belfield to comply with their request. He required no solicitation, and we set out a few days after.

On our arrival, we found the Colonel's mind still far from settled; and few could have shewn equal address with Mrs Maitland, in soothing the minds of her husband and visitor, on this trying occasion.

I found that their resolution was to retire to Switzerland; but circumstances had recurred to prevent this plan from being carried into immediate effect. The Colonel having a sister in Ireland, wished to pay her a visit, and stop there till the sale of Maitland-place should be completed, and some other arrangements made. He most earnestly solicited Mr Belfield to accompany him, and there to take his farewell. Mr Belfield was for some time reluctant; however, in talking to me of the proposal, "How," said he, "could I for a moment refuse, when they wished me to go? Did they not come to Lisbon for the sake of

my Anna, and by that visit incur ruin? I will accompany them to the world's end, if they wish it!"

The necessary arrangements were made, and they were to depart in a few days. They proposed going by the way of London, for the purpose of visiting some friends, as they had little prospect of seeing them again.

This period of my history is too painful to dwell on; for the sensations which I felt, as Mrs Maitland was in the bustle of preparation, it is impossible to describe. Never since the death of Maria B. had I felt such an agitation of mind, and it had nearly overcome me, when Mrs Maitland led her little children down the steps at the gate. I saw, that even in her it required an effort to preserve the appearance of equanimity; but she was silent, being afraid to trust herself, in giving vent to the feelings which agitated his breast.

Colonel Maitland handed her and the children to the carriage, requesting me to take a seat with them, as he wished to accompany his friend Mr Belfield in another carriage.

During our ride, Mrs Maitland did not speak for several miles, and I kept prattling to the children about what they remarked on the road. After travelling nearly two hours, "My dear Sir," said she, "I observe how much you feel for us, and most sincerely thank you for the sympathy that you vainly attempt to disguise. Had you been less affected, I should have thought I had made a false estimate of your heart. I also have been endeavouring to disguise my feelings; some of these, I suspect, from not knowing them, you cannot enter into, and they are produced by different causes. I will not affect to say, that I am totally indifferent to our future fate. We are removing with a reduced establishment, at best, perhaps, to become wanderers in the world; but had I left Maitland-place, to take possession of the finest mansion in England, I believe that I should have felt nearly as I do at present. There are so many associations, that are for ever loosened, every one of which I conceive as a pleasure, or rather as a friend, torn from my heart; yet, while Colonel Maitland and my children are left me, I will not regret

any privation that we may have to encounter. He has long been a kind and affectionate husband; and at present, I am perfectly aware, that if he cared less for me, his sufferings would be incomparably lighter. Could I see his peace of mind restored, I am certain, all that we have lost would never exert a painful sigh from my bosom. We have still a competency left, and must now learn to exercise economy; it will only be sacrificing the superfluities of life; its necessities, and even its real comforts, are still within our reach. This reverse may be of the utmost utility to our children; they will be taught greater exertion, and to calculate less upon the fortuitous advantages of rank and wealth. For myself, I would not at this moment exchange situations with any individual of the Bramble-brae family, who are hated for their pride, flattered for their wealth, and scorned for their meanness. There is a dignity attached to the human mind, which I will still endeavour to support: it is only when I think of, or look at, the Colonel and my children, that I act the woman. A com-

bination of circumstances have this morning overcome my usual magnanimity; but the fit is now over, and if you please, we shall drop the subject."

After proceeding another stage, we stopped for the night. Next day, Colonel Maitland took his seat with his lady, and continued in the carriage with her till our arrival in London.

In a short time after they sailed for Ireland; I accompanied them down the river, and felt an oppression upon my mind, for which I was at a loss to account. When parting with Colonel Maitland and his lady, their assumed composure entirely forsook them; and the half convulsive pressure of my hand indicated the state of their feelings. Alas! although I conceived it doubtful, whether I should ever have the pleasure of again seeing them, little did I anticipate, that I held Mr Belfield's hand for the last time! He had given me some additional instructions concerning his business, with the key of the library at Hawthorn-lodge, to procure some papers, and spoke of returning in about two months. He again

pressed my hand as I stepped into the boat ;
and I endeavoured to console myself with the
pleasing hope, that the change of scene would
tend to raise the depression of his spirits.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Shed the bright spark of ventral fire
 In some suspended hour expire,—
 For my name, but not nature;
 And woman falls—or rise no more!

MOORE.

I RETURNED to London, but having neither leisure nor inclination to protract my stay, left it next morning. At the end of my first day's journey, I stopped at an inn of respectable appearance; and was just preparing to go to bed, when my host entered my room, and, with much politeness, inquired if I was a stranger.

The interrogation rather surprised me, and I asked his reason for the question. "Sir," said he, "my reason is neither unbecoming a

man nor a Christian : This afternoon, two gentlemen, one of them my landlord, brought a woman into my house, whom they had found upon the road, at a small distance from the town. She was very sick, and much emaciated, and as the parish-overseers could not be found to-night, they insisted upon my receiving her till to-morrow ; then sent for a physician, and ordered her to be properly attended. The doctor is with her just now ; he assures me there is no chance of her recovery. She is perfectly sensible ; but affirms that she is dying, and cannot leave the world in peace, unless she see a clergyman ; and has entreated both the doctor and me, if we have any feeling for a poor miserable sinner, to procure one for her as speedily as possible. Our curate is absent, and I do not know that another can be got within several miles. Now, Sir, I think, if you can speak peace to a departing spirit, you will not decline so humane a duty."

I was in a melancholy mood ; and although I had no wish to become a confessor, I was too much interested by the tale to refuse visiting a person just about to take leave of life

and all its concerns. I therefore requested the maid to conduct me to the room, where I found the physician, and the lady sitting in nurse.

The patient was apparently about forty-five or fifty years of age. Her face had once been fine, and her features were very expressive:—the marks of mental, more than bodily sickness, were visible in her countenance. Death laid his chilling hand upon her cheek, her eyes seemed no longer fixed on external objects, and she was lying upon the bed in a reclining posture. On my approaching her, she attempted to raise her eyes, and inquired if I was a clergyman: and upon being answered in the affirmative, she requested that the physician and I would sit down. “I feel myself dying,” said she, “and have no wish to live: but I believe that I shall leave this scene of trouble and sorrow with greater tranquillity, after having unburdened my mind.” A slight cordial was administered to her, and after pausing a little, she proceeded thus:

“I am the daughter of respectable parents, who, happily for their peace, are not alive

to witness my degradation. My father was a merchant, and continued to live in a style, which led the public to believe that he was in good circumstances; but his death, at an early period of life, left my mother with three children, of whom I am the youngest, without the means of supporting them. Soon after this, my eldest brother went out to India, and the other into a counting-house in London, from which he was sent to a commercial establishment on the Continent, where he died a few months after his arrival. My mother died when I was ten years of age. A paternal uncle took me under his protection, and in my fourteenth year bound me apprentice to a milliner in London. I continued with her seven years; and, along with a knowledge of my business, I learned to think and act very differently from the infant lessons which I had been taught by my excellent mother.

“There were several girls older than I in the shop. At first, the vivacity of their manners surprised me; but being naturally of a cheerful disposition, and without any fixed

THOUGH, AT SOME OF MY DANGER, HABIT SOON
 THROUGHT ME TO IRREGULARITIES OF BEHAVIOUR.
 WHEN I NOW LOOK BACKWARD MY FUTURE CON-
 DUCT I SEE WAS HAVE ULTIMATELY LED TO MY
 FALL. DO NOT THINK THAT I BECAME WHAT THE
 WORLD GENERALLY TERMS VICIOUS AND ABANDONED;
 NO I WAS AT THAT AGE, WHEN THE PROPRI-
 ETIES OF OUR NATURE TO BE CHECKED, RATHER
 THAN DISMISSED - IMPROPER ASSOCIATIONS. THERE
 WAS A EASY IN THE LANGUAGE, AND A FREEDOM
 IN THE MANNER WHICH WE USED, THAT TENDED
 TO THROTTLE REASON, AND LIMITATION OUR MINDS
 WITH SUBJECTS INCOMPATIBLE WITH VIRGIN IMMO-
 RALITY: AND SO LONG AS WE KEPT WITHIN THE
 BOUNDS OF MODERATE DECENCY, WE BELIEVED IT
 NECESSARY TO BE QUIET. INDEED, AMONG MY
 ASSOCIATES WERE ONE OR TWO, WHO, I WAS CON-
 VINCED, HAD NOT EVEN THIS MERIT; AND FOOLISH-
 LY COMPARING MYSELF WITH THEM, I FOUND THE
 BALANCE SO MUCH IN MY OWN FAVOUR, THAT I SET
 MYSELF DOWN AS A MODEL OF PROPRIETY OF CONDUCT.

- DURING MY STAY HERE, AMONG OTHER BOYS
 WITH WHOM WE DANCED AND GALLANTED, WAS A
 YOUNG MAN HARDLY SET UP IN BUSINESS, THE SON

of a respectable merchant in the city. He was genteel in his person, gay in his manner, and polite in his address; he professed a sincere and inviolable attachment to me, and sought my company frequently. I have already said, that I was not very scrupulous about decorum, and had no objections to the flirtations of my admirer; although I still exercised that degree of prudence, which repelled his freedoms so far, as to preserve my character unspotted, while my mind was polluted. This man, by idleness and dissipation, became bankrupt, and went into the army, before the expiration of my apprenticeship; at the close of which, I went into business for myself, and continued several years to succeed beyond my expectations.

“To my shame I acknowledge, that although during this period I conducted myself with propriety, yet I felt it a kind of restraint upon what was now become my natural disposition. Occupied in a respectable business, and possessed of a fair reputation, I attracted the notice of a gentleman who lodged in the same house, who was a man of edu-

cation and abilities; and, what I ought to have esteemed still more highly, I am certain he possessed inflexible rectitude of conduct. He was employed as corrector of the press to an eminent bookseller in the city. He paid his addresses to me in a mode of courtship less romantic than that of my former lover; but it was certainly more respectful. I was not in love with him, for he was considerably older than I; but having no objection to marriage, the match was concluded."

Here she paused, her exhausted strength being still farther weakened by the apparent oppression of her feelings, and at that moment, the thought darted across my brain, that this was the woman who had so infamously dishonoured my friend Tom Standish. I was about to inquire her husband's name, when it occurred, that I might so far betray my feelings, as to prevent the poor wretch from finishing her relation, the conclusion of which I was now very anxious to hear.

After taking a little wine, and pausing a few moments, she proceeded:

"My husband, I believe, had a most sin-

dere regard for me ; but there was a striking contrast in our dispositions ; I was still gay and giddy ; his affection was too rational—his want of fondness disappointed me—and without cause of complaint, I was unhappy.

“ A few weeks after our marriage, happening one afternoon to be out on business, I met, by mere accident, my old acquaintance and former lover, the military officer, who now styled himself Captain. We instantly recognised each other, and he addressed me with his wonted ease and familiarity ; made some particular inquiries, and appeared very much affected when I told him that I was married. I walked into the Park with him—gave him my address ; and, without the slightest apprehension that I was acting wrong, laid the foundation of my own infamy. In a short time after he called at the shop ; gave some trifling orders ; got into private conversation with me ; and, by the most insidious and villainous means, succeeded in persuading me, that I was united to one who had deceived me by the vilest hypocrisy ; who had left Scotland deeply in debt, after having robbed his

master; and, finally, who had a wife and daughter alive in that country. Although all this did not at first obtain full credit with me, I must acknowledge that my confidence in my husband was shaken. I had before imagined that there was an air of melancholy about him, which he vainly endeavoured to disguise; and this I now attributed to a consciousness of guilt. In short, I became every day more suspecting; and it is the nature of suspicion to create food for its own nourishment. One day my husband left his keys in his desk, and, prompted by my evil genius, I began to rummage among his papers, till at last I found a letter from Scotland, addressed to him by the title of dear husband, stating that the writer and her daughter were well; and signed his affectionate and ever-faithful wife. I was at first resolved to fly in a rage, and to tax him with his guilt; but, upon reflection, I determined otherwise. The Captain, who called in the afternoon, discovered my agitation, and, by a little address, made himself master of the whole. He affected no surprise, saying, it was what

he knew before from indubitable authority, and expressed his surprise how I could stoop to live with such a villain. He now, with many oaths, repeated his declaration of attachment to me, which he swore was unchangeable; and intreated me to leave my perfidious husband immediately, and to carry off all that I could; justifying the measure by this argument, that my property would go to pay the debts of a scoundrel."

Here the poor wretch fainted, and it was a considerable time before she could be recovered. Being at last restored, so far as to speak with difficulty, she continued her narrative with many interruptions, as follows:

"I adopted the plan of my infamous seducer—for such, alas! he proved; conveyed away the most valuable of my property; and defrauding my creditors, I robbed and deserted my husband, to elope with a villain, whom Heaven has made the instrument of its just vengeance, to punish my credulity and wickedness.

"He said that he was on leave of absence; that his regiment was lying in Dublin; and

proposed that we should set off thither without delay, by the way of Liverpool, where he had some respectable connexions.

“ By the property and cash which I had carried off, I put him in immediate possession of upwards of six hundred pounds, exclusive of jewels and trinkets, of which he was sole guardian.

“ After leaving London, he was in no hurry to proceed ; and it was nearly six weeks after that we reached within a day's journey of Liverpool. That evening he was, if possible, fonder than ever ; he plied me with wine, and pressed me to drink. When I awoke in the morning, I was astonished to find myself alone ; and jumping from my bed, I found a letter addressed to me on the toilet. It was written by my seducer ; and the tenor was, that he was a villain, and that I had been a credulous fool ; that as he had a wife in Liverpool, his conscience would no longer permit him to follow so vicious a course of life, and that it would be in vain to follow him, as before I could reach Liverpool, he would be under sail for the West Indies. He made

some lame apologies for the step he had taken with me ; adding a string of fulsome compliments to my beauty, and saying that my charms had bewitched him. He concluded, by recommending it to me to return to my husband, who, he believed, was a worthy and industrious man ; telling me, that I should find five pounds in the dressing-box to bear my expenses : ‘ or,’ added the wretch, ‘ should you feel reluctant to meet your husband, permit me to assure you, that we are not the only fools in the world ; and you have a face that will enable you to live anywhere.’

“ A moment’s examination shewed me, that he had robbed me of every thing, including my personal trinkets, and some fine laces which I had not yet disposed of. I had carried off my husband’s watch, of which this wretch had now plundered me. He had indeed paid the bill for our lodgings ; but left me without a shilling, except the five pounds above mentioned. Here was ‘ room for meditation even to madness !’

“ How shall I proceed ?—I thought the cup of misery, which I had prepared for my-

self, was full to the brim—but, alas! I still had much to suffer. I had left the path of rectitude; hitherto I might have wandered in the mazes of folly, but was never self-accused, or stung by conscious guilt, which, from the moment I am now speaking of, has never ceased to haunt my steps, and visit me nightly on my pillow.”

While she made this recital, it was impossible to look on her face, without feeling those strongest emotions of pity which penitent guilt can inspire. After recovering from her violent agitation, she continued thus:

“I must finish my melancholy tale—and my task is ended on earth.—To return to London was impossible—there was horror in the thought. I went forward to Liverpool, and tried to find employment; intending to lead a penitent and humble life. Alas! since that time, many and strange have been its vicissitudes—I have struggled with want—I have resisted temptation; nor did I yield, till I had been two whole days without tasting food—My self-esteem was then irrecoverably lost; and I have since lived sinning, re-

penting, and suffering. The scene is now about to close; and could I obtain pardon from Heaven and my much injured husband, I would bless the hour that will terminate my sufferings and sorrows!"

I now ventured to ask if her husband's name was Standish. She gave a wild shriek, and cried, "It is—it is! Do you know him?—Is he alive?—Where is he?" These questions were repeated with a kind of hysterical volubility. I deemed it unnecessary and improper, in her present state, to shock her agitated feelings with any particular account of Mr Standish; and therefore told her, that he was an old acquaintance of mine, but that I had seen him only once since she left him, and did not know if he was now alive.

She conjured me, if I could feel for the agony of a dying sinner, to endeavour to find him, and report her confession; adding, that dying as she now was, if she knew where to meet him, she would creep upon her knees to die at his feet;—that she was thus far on her way to London to seek him, but death had arrested her progress.

I addressed her in such language as I thought best suited to her situation, promising, if in my power, to communicate to her husband her sentiments and contrition.

I left her tolerably composed; but, next morning, was told that she had passed a sleepless night, and was much worse; and the physician, who again visited her, pronounced, that the effect produced upon her frame, by the recapitulation of her history and her interview with me, was such, as, added to her bodily weakness, and the fatigues which she had undergone, would unavoidably accelerate her death, which he thought would happen in the course of that day, or the night following.

I resolved upon stopping another day on this account; and, according to the physician's prediction, her sufferings terminated that afternoon. I now began to reflect upon my promise, of endeavouring to find Mr. Standish; but it required little consideration to satisfy me, that, although I were to return to London for that purpose, it would be a hopeless attempt. I therefore ordered a pa

vate, but decent funeral, for the poor remains of her who was now escaped beyond the scorn and suffering of the world. Having seen dust committed to dust, and discharged the necessary expenses, I next morning proceeded to Hawthorn-lodge.

CHAPTER XL.

“ The bridegroom may forget his bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been ;
The mither may forget the bairn
Sits saftly smiling on her knee ;—
But I’ll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a’ that thou hast done for me.”

BURNS.

A SHORT time after my arrival, I received a letter from Mr Belfield, announcing that he and his friends had arrived safe in Ireland, where he would endeavour to stay for some time, chiefly for the sake of Colonel Maitland and his lady, whom he wished as far as possible to reconcile to their misfortunes. The business that I had to do for Mr Belfield, was always too soon discharged ; as I felt it

my greatest relief from weariness and langour almost insupportable.

One day, when sitting in the library, arranging some papers, I took up a volume of the British Poets that lay on the music table : it opened at Shaw's Monody on the Death of his Lady ; and there I found the following copy of verses, in Mr Belfield's hand-writing.

ANNA'S HARP.

LET Pleasure tread the festive hall,
The voice of Mirth re-echo round ;
From Beauty's lip Love's accents fall,—
My soul would sicken at the sound.

Let splendid lustres light the dome,
And music charm the listening ear ;
But where my heart had fixed its home,
Lone Silence dwells in darkness drear.

Yet I will seek that sacred bower,
And breathe unseen my vesper prayer ;
And muse upon the twilight hour
When Love entwined his myrtles there.

But blighted now, the vernal scene,
Dark waves the gloomy cypress shade ;
And under Anna's turf of green,
My heart's best hope is ever laid.

Her tuneful harp neglected stands ;
The trembling strings in silence sleep,
O'er which I've seen her snow-white hands
In graceful motion lightly sweep.

How have I gazed with raptured eye,
To see her taper fingers move ;
How thrilled my soul with ecstasy,
When every chord was strung to love !

And when her gentle touch inspired
The notes to pensive numbers dear,
The eye that Love's own lightning fired,
Dissolved in Pity's softest tear.

No mortal hand has waked its sound,
Since Anna's angel spirit fled ;
Even babbling Echo sleeps around,
Still as the mansions of the dead.

And ever silent be the strings,
On which her ivory fingers fell !
Unless conveyed on viewless wings,
Young zephyrs teach the notes to swell.

At eve, the pale moon's mellow light
Soft on the chords is seen to fall ;
While sad I sit, and court the night,
Dim shadows flitting on the wall.

I, through the casement, mark the gleam
Of twilight, fading in the sky ;
Rapt in some visionary dream,
Of forms unseen that hover nigh.

Then Fancy hears a seraph choir
Awake the soft ethereal strain ;
My soul resumes its wonted fire ;
'Tis Anna's harp that sounds again !

When midnight slumbers seal my eyes,
Some gentle spirit sweeps the strings ;
Care from my downy pillow flies,
While on my ear its echo rings.

It mingles with the mountain blast,
When winter's ruffian tempests blow ;
When summer's thunder peal is past,
I hear its cadence murmuring low :

I hear its deep note's hollow bass,
When Ocean heaves his foaming wave ;
It whispers through the dewy grass,
That decks my Anna's early grave :

I know it is illusion all;
Yet listen and believe again:
The bliss that comes at Fancy's call,
Beguiles the heart of real pain.

Then blow, ye winds! ye tempests, roar!
Ye deep-toned thunders, darkly roll!
Ye foaming billows, beat the shore!
And sooth my sorrow-burthened soul!

Descend, dear visionary form!
And nightly pour thy heavenly balm;
For thou canst hush the mental storm,
That Reason wants the skill to calm.

And ever silent be the wire,
By mortal hand untouched for aye;
Since she, who could its notes inspire,
Is mingled with her kindred clay.

Breathe not again, ye sacred strings!
(For Anna's cheek has ceased to bloom!)
Till her loved shade, on angel wings,
Awake your echoes o'er my tomb!

This was evidently an effusion of Mr Belfield's, written since the death of his amiable and beloved lady. I took a copy, and replaced the original with the most scrupulous veneration.

Something more than two months had elapsed, when I received a letter, with the Dublin post mark, sealed with black, and addressed in a hand to which I was a stranger. I opened it with trembling hand, and read as follows :

“ SIR,—At the request of Colonel Maitland, I sit down to communicate an event, which has plunged him in the deepest sorrow, and will, I understand, be very afflicting to you. Most sincerely do I wish, that it had been my fate to have opened our correspondence upon a less painful subject ; but ‘ the ways of heaven are dark and intricate.’

“ Your friend Mr Belfield had been making a tour through Ireland, with Colonel Maitland, his lady, their eldest daughter, and a small party of friends, among whom I had the pleasure of reckoning myself.

“ We arrived a few days since at the seat

of a gentleman, in the vicinity of the celebrated Lake of Killarney; and the next day, after breakfast, it was proposed that the party should have an excursion upon the lake. We were in two small boats; in one were Colonel Maitland, four ladies, two children, and myself; in the other were Mr. Belfield, our host, a gentleman aged about sixty-five, Mrs. Maitland, her daughter, and other three ladies. We had rowed for some time, keeping at a short distance from land, admiring the wild and romantic scenery on the borders of the lake; when a breeze springing up, we hoisted sail, and were making considerable way—a sudden squall blew Miss Maitland's hat into the water; the poor girl, stretching hastily over the boat, attempting to catch it, overreached herself, and fell into the lake. Mrs. Maitland, with a celerity that none could prevent, sprung after her child. Mr. Belfield had no sooner witnessed this, than he made a sudden leap from the other side of the boat, struck his breast on the gunwale, and plunged after the unfortunate pair. The boat being under sail, each of the three was at some distance

from the other; and before the boat could shorten sail, she was still farther from the nearest.

“ Miss Maitland had already sunk, and her mother was just going down, when Mr Belfield reached her; but having lost all presence of mind, in the agony for her child, she grasped Mr Belfield in such a manner as prevented him from swimming, and, in the struggle, dragged him down along with her: they both again appeared upon the water, just as the boat reached them, and were with difficulty got on board, apparently lifeless; but Miss Maitland had sunk to the bottom. We were considerably to leeward, and only reached them as the sufferers were placed in the boat. All possible despatch was made for land; and before we reached the shore, both exhibited signs of life. No time was lost in procuring assistance; but Mrs Maitland continues speechless. Mr Belfield is quite sensible; but very weak, and complains much of his breast: The Colonel's situation it is impossible to describe.

“ Such are the calamities of an hour, I may say, a minute! All the party are plunged in

the deepest affliction. I am incapable of forming an opinion respecting the recovery of the sufferers.

“ Colonel Maitland begs, that you will excuse his not writing, as he is really incompetent to the task ; but requests, that you will rely upon hearing from him, as soon as he can perform the melancholy duty. You shall be regularly advised of any change that may take place. I am, Sir, your’s respectfully,

JOHN KING.

“ *P.S.*—Miss Maitland’s corpse was found about an hour ago.”

Four days after, another letter arrived, saying, that Mrs Maitland was a little better, and expected to recover ; but that Mr Belfield was in a high fever, and quite insensible, and that the physician had very slight hopes of his recovery.

Two posts later terminated my inexpressible anxiety and suspense, by the following letter from Colonel Maitland.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—Immersed, as I now am, in sorrow that reaches to the heart, if any thing could add to it, it would be that of in-

flicting such a wound on your feelings, as, I am aware, must follow when I inform you, that our dear and worthy friend Mr Belfield is no more—he breathed his last this morning.

“It is the opinion of the physician, that he had received some considerable injury when he fell in the boat, particularly as his breast was discoloured.

“In the last hour that he retained his senses, he pronounced himself dying, and requested that his remains might be carried to Scotland, and laid beside his Anna. He added, that he had still much to say and do; and requested me to have a notary in the house as early as possible. He was procured—but, alas! long before he arrived, our dear friend was in a delirium, which continued to his death. He talked often of Mrs Belfield, calling her always his “angel Anna;” and sometimes mentioned your name, Mrs Maitland’s, and mine.

“In compliance with his dying request, I have taken the necessary measures for carrying his remains to Scotland, as speedily as

possible ; and shall, if practicable, endeavour to accompany them.

“ I must leave to you the melancholy task of the arrangements necessary ; therefore you and Mr Belfield’s friends will act according to your own judgments.

“ Although I hardly know how I can venture to leave Mrs Maitland, yet, as my dear and lamented friend lost his own life endeavouring to preserve her for me, I find it an imperious duty, even if I were not prompted by the warmest friendship, to discharge the last offices to his remains.

“ I shall again write to you, fixing the time of our intended arrival.

“ For a long time past, my feelings have been fixed upon what now vanishes before me. What are wealth and honour, with all the baubles they can purchase, compared with love, friendship, and domestic felicity ? The dear partner of my heart, I now find, is to me beyond all that the world can bestow. Most willingly would I renounce a diadem, were it encircling my brow, in exchange for my daugh-

ter and my friend, could they be again restored to me.

“ But I feel that I am thinking too keenly on this subject, and my mind can rest on no other. Should my dear Eliza be torn from me, life would be an insupportable burden.

“ I am sure, your own feelings will excuse the abruptness with which this letter is closed by your afflicted friend,

G. MAITLAND.”

Painful was the interval of time, from the receipt of the letter announcing Mr Belfield's misfortune, till I received this last ; and, Oh ! dreadful was the consummation ! I sunk into a lethargic stupor, from which I awoke to incoherent ravings.

It was with difficulty I could calm my mind, to communicate the necessary information to Mr Belfield's friends, and request them to give directions for the funeral.

A special messenger was sent by Colonel Maitland the moment they had crossed the Channel, fixing the time of their arrival.

The neighbouring gentlemen went forward a score of miles, to meet the melancholy vehicle,

that conveyed the lifeless clay of one almost universally beloved and esteemed. His tenants, servants, and dependents, of almost every description, went the same distance, with expressions of genuine sorrow that could not be suppressed. Slowly, and with silent solemnity, the cavalcade passed along ; and when arrived at the confines of the narrow house, not a whisper was heard among the numerous crowd of spectators—the clods that fell upon the coffin echoed to the hearts of all present. The undertaker, who goes hand in hand with death, looked around ; sorrow had clouded every face, and the tear was trembling in many an eye ; he could not resist the infection, and, sympathizing with his fellow-mortals, he (although a stranger) mingled in the general grief.

Of my own feelings, I cannot speak—they were undefinable ; and what I have now related is from the information of others ; for of all that was then passing before me, I had very indistinct perceptions. My eyes were fixed upon the grave and its untimely inhabitant ; but my thoughts were wandering beyond the narrow bounds of earth and time ;

my mind was fixed on illimitable space and endless duration, but all was vagueness and confusion.

When my thoughts were to a certain degree collected, the sensations of despondency, hope, and sorrow, were so blended, that although I retained the consciousness of mortal existence, I had lost the power of reasoning: I felt not the earth on which I stood; and I saw my friends and acquaintance, like an undistinguished mass, floating before me. Light seemed to vanish; and I conceived myself immovably fixed in darkness and impenetrable gloom.

The clergyman and some other friends conducted me home; and endeavoured to recall my wandering senses, by intimating to me, that my presence and information would in all probability be necessary, among those who were now to enter upon the settlement of my departed friend's affairs. Colonel Maitland had accompanied the funeral; but was most anxious to return, and insisted so strenuously upon my accompanying him, that I could not refuse.

He urged the present state of my feelings, and how desolate I should deem the most comfortable residence at Hawthorn-lodge. The repetition of this name fixed my determination, and we set off next morning early. And so great was his anxiety again to see Mrs Maitland, that we posted it all the way, on both sides of the Channel. We found her progressively recovering, but still sadly distressed for her daughter. She became quite impatient to leave her present residence; for she could not walk to the window, without looking upon the lake, and its appearance had a dreadful effect upon her nerves. They proposed taking lodgings for the winter, and requested as a favour, that I would become their inmate: this, however, I in the most positive manner declined, being resolved upon returning to Scotland. I accompanied them across the country to the Colonel's sister's; our parting was affectionate and sorrowful, and again, after crossing the Channel, I arrived, a forlorn and isolated being, at Hawthorn-lodge.

The heir, who had taken possession of the mansion-house, had dismissed Roger from his

office ; and I could not help remarking, that he behaved with great distance and reserve to me at our first interview, which I observed to increase every time we met ; and in a few weeks after my return, he waited upon me, and rather rudely inquired, by what right or tenure I held the premises which I occupied. Upon informing him, that I had a lease from the late Mr Belfield, he requested to see it. I put it into his hands ; he perused, returned it, and went away, without making a single observation. In a few days after, he transmitted a letter to me, intimating, that the lease I held was illegal ; and that if I chose to remove quietly, it was well, as it would save me both trouble and expenses ; otherwise, he was determined to try the question at law, and I must abide by the result.

After what had recently happened, this was a trivial misfortune : Hawthorn-lodge had now lost all its charms for me ; and had the proprietor left me to myself, it is probable that I would have put him in full possession ; but, sunk in apathy and indifference to the world as I was, I had no inclination to be dragooned

into a measure merely by the threats of one, whose manner shewed, that he was alike incapable of treating either the memory of the dead, or the survivors, with common delicacy. I consulted a professional friend upon my situation, who, after a careful perusal of the lease, said, that some parts were not sufficiently explicit, and left special room for a quibbling lawyer ; that, although he would have no great fear of the issue, still it was doubtful ; and, in the event of my losing the cause, I would be subjected to a very heavy expense, as there was no doubt that he would directly carry it before the Court of Session, and protract the litigation as long, and probably carry it as far, as possible, rather than renounce his claim. But, granting that I were to gain the suit, it appeared exceedingly probable, that it would be procrastinated for a period equal to the length of my lease ; and, during that time, there was an incalculable number of ways in which my situation might be rendered inconvenient and disagreeable ; which, contrasted with what I had hitherto enjoyed, would aggravate my misery far beyond what I could

just now anticipate. I felt the full force of his reasoning, and without hesitation replied, that I would never enter the lists with an antagonist who possessed such power, and was apparently so selfish and devoid of every delicate feeling.

My friend recommended a compromise, saying that he had no doubt that the gentleman would give me a reasonable sum to remove, rather than hazard the issue of an uncertain litigation. He frankly offered to open a negotiation upon the subject. This proposal, at his pressing request, I accepted, and it was soon brought to a conclusion ; for my antagonist peremptorily replied, that he would enter upon no terms of accommodation ; that the property either was his or mine, and he would abide by the decision of law, to which he was determined to have recourse without delay. This threat he put in immediate execution ; for in a few days after, I was served with a summons to the Court of Session.

I was now sick of the world, and exclaimed, with the hapless bard of Ayrshire, “ Who would wish for many years ! What is it but to

drag existence until our joys gradually expire, and leave us in a night of misery; like the gloom which blots out the stars one by one from the face of night, and leaves us without a ray of comfort in the howling waste!"

CHAPTER XLI.

“ Alike if Folly, or Misfortune, wrought
These last of woes, his evil days have brought.”

LANGHORNE.

ALTHOUGH I had formed no determination where I should fix my residence, yet I was firmly resolved to remove as soon as possible. I therefore made arrangements for disposing of such moveables as I was not likely to have occasion for ; and, in the mean time, I took a trip to Glasgow to visit a friend, in some degree to relieve my mind from the oppression under which it laboured. I stopped about a month in that city, except a few days which I spent in Greenock ; where one day, as I was passing along the street in the twilight, I saw

a crowd collected, and, upon coming up, I found they had been attracted by an itinerant preacher, who had taken his stand at a corner, and was holding forth with stentorian lungs.

Impelled by curiosity, I approached nearer, and looking at the speaker, recognized both the face and voice of my old acquaintance Tom Standish, whose present strange and unexpected appearance, conjured up a host of no very pleasing ideas. However, recollecting the promise I had given to his lately deceased wife, I considered this a favourable opportunity for discharging it; and therefore resolved to wait the conclusion of his harangue.

I contrived to place myself pretty near him, yet beyond the reach of his observation, and listened with considerable attention. His discourse might have been termed a medley, in which the most discordant topics were blended.

He established some doctrines with a fertility of logical argumentation, exhibited a profound erudition in the illustration of some

passages, and appeared to possess a key to the passions, in portraying the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice ; while, in the midst of this fine declamation, he suddenly deviated into the controversies of the schoolmen, and from these the transition was easy to the labyrinths of metaphysica.

In fine, some of his corruscations of genius were like the meteors that illuminate a wintry sky, shedding a momentary gleam on the path of the bewildered traveller, and instantly leaving him enveloped in fogs and darkness. Not caring to address him in the crowd, I stepped into a tavern just by, and desired a servant to fetch him in, when he had finished the stave which he had just struck up, to the sublime tune of Walsal, or St John's.

Upon his being introduced, he gave a theatrical start, and saluted me with, " Most reverend signior, my very noble and approved good master !" I shook him by the hand, and, in a calm and grave accent, requested him to be seated, asking what he would choose to drink. He replied, that he had spoken a great deal, and being thirsty, would take a

glass of rum and cold water. While he was helping himself, I surveyed his dress, which was singular enough. He wore a large bushy gray cut wig; a white muslin cravat, which seemed to have been bordered with lace in days of yore, but was at present richly bedaubed with snuff; a coat of French gray, completely threadbare; the vest had once been black satin, and exhibited divers specimens of needlework, not exactly in conformity with the original; his linens did not rival the lily. Pantaloon of threadbare cassimere, supplied the place of small-clothes; they seemed as if made for a Patagonian, displaying rather a paucity of buttons, and, I am inclined to think, were a *succedaneum* for stockings; his shoes testified that he was industrious, travelling in his vocation.

I inquired after his health, and how he had been employed since our last interview. "In reply to your first question," said he, "you see I am well; respecting the second, a drink is shorter than a tale—Will you sup with me?" I gave a hesitating assent, observing which, "Ah!" said he, "you are afraid of

your dignity? Have you already forgot that I am a clerical character? Why, Sir, I have more occasion for respectability of character than you! Should I behave indecorously to-night, the crowd would desert me to-morrow—at least a certain proportion, the well-meaning ignorant vulgar—and they always pay best.”

“ Pray, how long have you practised the trade of an itinerant preacher?”

“ Ever since I renounced that of a strolling player.”

“ Ay! so you have been upon the boards!”

“ To be sure I have—and was very glad to get off!”

“ Did you find it unpleasant, or was it unprofitable?”

“ Both! I had a host of objections to it—They may talk of a player’s being an idle life; but, for my part, I would much rather be a drayman’s horse; for although I might work hard, I would fare well; but as a player, I toiled incessantly, and was starved into the bargain. Why, my dear fellow, you have no conception of what one like me, who has not,

as we may say, been bred to the business, must encounter. The difficulties are insurmountable, and the greater part of them insurmountable. A man must cry, when every muscle of his mouth is operating in a contrary direction, and must learn to command every spring in his face, whose impulse comes from the mind, as if it moved by clock-work ; he must have a memory that will retain a subject upon twice reading, and last for ever after. When he is wondering what he shall next procure to eat, he ought to be thinking what he is to say. If he happens to be out in his part, he is hissed by the audience, and scolded, probably threatened, by the manager. A strolling player, Sir, should be able, like the cameleon, to live upon air, with the exception of liquids ; for a savoury roast, or a plum-pudding, is out of the question. Again, if to raise his drooping spirits, he venture upon a little stimulant, and happen to hold the bottle a few seconds too long at his head, it has an effect upon an empty stomach, which is soon visible on the stage. And as the audience, and spectators in general, have a great aver-

sion to rotatory and zig-zag motions, the hapless performer is hissed and pelted with missiles of various descriptions.

“ Far different is the occupation of an itinerant preacher ; his audience pay nothing for admission, and may retire when dissatisfied ; but in general they listen with attention, and behave devoutly.”

Here the waiter entered with supper, to which Mr Standish did ample justice. When the cloth was removed, he ordered in a bowl of rum-punch, saying, that he had always the good luck to meet me, when he had a full pocket. He thus resumed his observations on itinerant preaching.

“ I said that my audience at a sermon are far less capricious than in the theatre. My sermons are all extemporaneous effusions, or nearly so ; and should I at any time talk myself out of matter on the subject which I meant to illustrate, or run aground in an argument, why it requires only a slight dexterity, and the necessary confidence, to introduce some other topic : and this has its uses ; it shews a range of information, and a versatility of

talent that strike with astonishment. Did you hear me to-night? Twice I lost myself—and once I deliberately dashed into metaphysical jargon. For in preaching to the mob, it very generally holds, that they admire most what they least understand; and there, if the speaker wishes to appear sublime, he has only to be incomprehensible. Another advantage which I find in preaching is, that if I happen to be seized with a vertigo (which is sometimes the case), I get my back to a wall, and, by a little address, can convert my deviations from a perpendicular position, into energy and action, resulting from my being warmed with my subject.”

He began now to push the glass across the table, with a rapidity of succession which rather alarmed me for the consequences. I therefore requested, that he would soberly and seriously tell me how he lived.

“Why,” said he, “I have told you already—I have spouted plays and distributed quack-medicines, before I entered upon my present vocation. Of all these occupations, the drama is the least productive; and of the two last, the

advantage vacillates between them, according to the quarter of the country where the scene is laid. The whig counties are the best for an itinerant; one can expatiate upon what are called high-flying doctrines, and talk of mysteries in endless succession of words, taking care occasionally to throw in a few cabalistical phrases, to season the olio. I have at this moment several counties of Scotland in my eye, where I think I can still live comfortably for a year or more. But I must avoid morality—it is legal and damnable doctrine! And now, Sir, to confess a truth to you, this is what creates my greatest aversion to my present occupation; for, conscious of my own deviations, I am the more enamoured with the beauty of virtue, and the more strongly impressed with the necessity of inculcating sound and strict morality upon every mind; for although I myself have wandered from the path which I feel it impossible ever to regain, still I wish others to avoid my course. But why should I descant on this subject? I am only a lump of animated clay, and exist for no other purpose but merely to live! Be it so!”

Concluding thus abruptly, he tossed off a glass, and again began filling.

I then asked him if he had ever seen or heard of his wife. "Confound her!" cried he; "let her go to the devil!" "Hush!" said I, "how do you know but she has repented long ago; or what she may have suffered?" "True," replied he; "but I never expect to hear good of her; and it is now too late, were she a Lucretia!" "Too late, indeed!" exclaimed I—and I told him the whole of her story, and delivered the charge she had given me. The poor wretch, after sitting for some time almost motionless, exclaimed with a bitter sigh, "Well, I hope God has forgiven her, as I do!" He reached across the table—seized my hand, and cried like a child.

When this ebullition of grief had exhausted itself, he said,

"Oh, Sir! I am a poor, lost, infatuated being—a wanderer—an outcast from society. I have no aim, no end in view, beyond that of prolonging a miserable and worthless existence. I neither believe, nor practise, what I generally preach; I have taken up the trade,

because I know no other by which I am equally certain of procuring subsistence. The public cannot despise me, so much as I loathe myself—therefore I am reckless about the opinions of others. I am aware that a few days here will render me the object of scorn, and even insult from the populace: What then! I must shift the scene; and, to speak freely, this is what exactly suits me. I can now form no friendships in the world; there is nothing that attaches me to life, or interests me beyond the present moment—I look forward without hope, and backward with sickness of heart. I am dwindled into a mere animal machine, having almost succeeded in banishing reflection: I neither court nor care for an enjoyment, beyond that of eating and drinking. I seek no man's esteem, for I feel it impossible to preserve it. Come, your glass!—Drink, and drive dull care away!"

He emptied his glass—filled another—gulped it up, and swinging the glass round his head, vociferated,

"Life is all a variorum,
And we care not how it goes!
Let them cant about decorum,
Who have characters to lose!"

At the same time tossing handfuls of copper, with some silver intermixed, on the table, "There," said he; "I have already to-day earned and paid for a good dinner, and that is the fruit of my evening labours; but,

"Why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?
For a light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,
Go through the world, brave boys!"

His extravagance increased every moment, and in a short time he became quite frantic. I had made several attempts to get away; and when he saw me determined, he at last seized both my hands, threatened, entreated, looked wistfully in my face, and blubbered like a school-boy when about to be whipped. Continuing to hold me fast with one hand, he seized the glass with the other, drank it off, and in less than two minutes sunk upon a chair in apparent insensibility. Glad to escape, I immediately withdrew, settled the bill in another room, and left the house, lest he should recover, and again fasten himself upon me.

After going to bed, I was prevented from sleeping, by ruminating upon this strange in-

terview—talents prostituted, and mind degraded: I felt strong emotions of pity, while, at the same time, it required an effort to restrain my contempt.

Early in the morning I proceeded to Glasgow; and next day received a card from Mr Shaw, a merchant in the city, requesting me to sup with him that evening. This was a gentleman whom I had met oftener than once at Hawthorn-lodge. I accepted the invitation; and Mr Shaw informed me, that having understood I was in town, he had taken the liberty to send for me, not so much from our previous acquaintance, as from what he had heard from our mutual and much-lamented friend Mr Belfield. We both joined in expressing our sorrow at his untimely fate, and talked of some things connected with his affairs.

Among other topics, Mr Shaw, in a very delicate manner, inquired, whether I continued to reside at Hawthorn-lodge; and I mentioned my intention of removing from it as early as possible. He asked me if I had fixed on any place where I intended to settle. Upon my replying in the negative, he said,

that he had three little boys, whom he wished I would condescend to take the charge of, if I had no better prospects, as it would oblige him much, and he would endeavour to make me comfortable. Before parting, I agreed to reside in Mr Shaw's family. His villa was situate at a small distance from the city; and, being a modern house, its splendour and elegance far outshone the modest, but venerable, mansion of Hawthorn-lodge.

Mr Shaw said, that although he could not expect to gain that place in my esteem and affections, which had been so long held by our departed friend; yet he hoped our attachment would mutually increase, and that he would find me a valuable friend. By his advice, I sold off almost every thing, except my library, and a few articles which I retained for the sake of the donors; and with many a painful recollection and tender association, took my last farewell of Hawthorn-lodge.

Could I have forgotten the past, the endeavours of Mr Shaw and his family were certainly adapted to promote my happiness; although there was much more bustle and

parade than I had ever been accustomed to in my late happy residence.

By degrees, a kind of mutual confidence took place between Mr Shaw and me. He one day led the conversation to my affairs, and inquired, whether I had disposed of all my moveables at Hawthorn-lodge, and how I had invested the money arising from the sale. I told him, that it was not yet all realized; but that I had previously saved a few hundred pounds, which were placed in the hands of a merchant, whom I named, for which he paid me five per cent. clear of all deductions; that I intended adding what little I could farther spare, and depositing it in the same hands. Mr Shaw said, so far it was well, and that I might do so; but hinted, that, in a short time, he thought I could make a favourable purchase in the Stocks, where I might receive a fair return, and have additional security. "Observe," said he, "I am far from insinuating any thing against the respectability of the gentleman who holds your little capital; but commerce is liable to many fluctuations; and although there is no probable,

there is a possible hazard : I would therefore recommend, that you invest your money in the public funds." I promised to follow his advice, and be guided by his counsel, when it was a prudent time to purchase.

I had continued about four months in this situation, when, one day at dinner, I observed Mr Shaw to be rather thoughtful. When the cloth was removed, and the ladies had withdrawn, " My dear Sir," said he, after a silence of a few minutes, " I am exceedingly sorry indeed to be the messenger of bad tidings to you ; but it is unavoidable—Your little fortune is lost—Mr Bond is a bankrupt ! I was to blame in not insisting upon your getting it up ; but I knew, or at least believed, that you could purchase stock more advantageously in a few weeks hence. It cannot now be helped, and you are not yet without a friend—God grant that you never may !" Mr Shaw seemed far less cheerful than usual ; and I attributed it to the interest he felt in my affairs.

" Brief let me be !"—My fate was again hastening to a crisis. In two months after this, Mr Shaw also became insolvent, in con-

sequence of being too deeply engaged in the West India trade, and in some continental speculations.

Some said, that he had been imprudent and extravagant: be this as it may, his affairs were in a deplorable state, and there was no hope of his saving any thing from the wreck of his fortune.

His country-house, with all his property, was transferred to the creditors; and his establishment was thus completely broken up.

Mr Bond's affairs were in a still worse situation; his creditors disagreed among themselves; and a litigation took place, which has not yet been decided. I had lodged all my little savings in his hands, of which I have never recovered a shilling.

Again I became a solitary and friendless wanderer on the land that gave me birth. I had reached my grand climacteric; and the stock invested in my name by Mrs Maitland, was the only means now left me for subsistence. What could I now do? or rather, what was I capable of doing?

My qualifications, whatever they might once have been, were almost superseded by young

and more enterprising adventurers on the voyage of life. Although I was what might be termed a hale old man, still I was sensible of the ravages of time, and the gradual decay of my constitution. I had long been accustomed to an easy life ; the fatigues of a school I was very doubtful of being able to bear ; and no other path appeared before me : even there my success was very uncertain.

Younger men, and more fashionable modes of education, would in general be preferred ; for although the principles of science will ever remain the same, yet the public are as fond of a new teacher, as a Bond-street loungee is of a Parisian tailor. However, I resolved to exert myself to procure a situation, being determined to live upon the simplest fare, rather than renounce my independence of mind.

Like other theoretical reasonings, I found this more difficult to practise than I had at first imagined. I was not yet in want ; but the dread of being so constantly haunted me. I became afraid to live to-day, lest I should starve to-morrow ; and I felt, with secret but indescribable horror, the rapid approaches of

that contraction of soul, which characterises the miser, and separates him from his fellow mortals. I turned from the mendicant with hasty step, while my heart smote me, and I smarted under the reproaches of my own bosom. I had retired to a small room, in an obscure part of the town, and resolved to shun all society, as far as possible; for this purpose, I seldom or never went out, except early in the morning, or late in the evening,—a companion for the owls, if any had fixed their residence so near the dwellings of men.

This mode of life became injurious to my health, and my former melancholy returned with redoubled strength. I had just sufficient exercise of reason still left, to find, that life was not worth holding upon these terms, and that it was necessary I should make a vigorous effort, or sink under the attacks of the foe which was now lurking in my bosom. I might not be able to expel the enemy, but I was determined not to yield without a struggle; and if I should be overcome, rather to die in the breach, than retire to a secret chamber, and give myself up to despair.

Having formed this resolution, I repelled every new attack ; went out during the day ; took regular exercise to procure sleep ; sought society ; and, as a never-failing resource against bad weather and low spirits, began to study the German language, and made some progress in translating a very interesting work in that tongue. Such were my defensive weapons ; and I soon found that, by constantly exercising them, I could not only keep the enemy at bay, but render him more shy in his approaches. To speak without a metaphor, I became convinced, that timeous and prudent efforts to prevent melancholy will often succeed ; and that, like many other passions, its operations affect both body and mind, which produces action and re-action, till the disease becomes desperate, if not incurable.

About this time, an advertisement appeared in the newspapers, for a teacher to a parish school. Conceiving myself qualified, I became a candidate ; but before the day of trial, I received a letter from the clergyman of the parish, saying, that my age was an insuperable objection, and that his respect for

me had prompted him to communicate this information, that I might be spared the mortification of a public appearance.

Soon after, I applied for a school supported by private subscription, where the candidates were to undergo a comparative trial. The day of examination came; there were five competitors, all of whom were examined. My knowledge in Latin and mathematics was allowed to be much superior to that of the other candidates; but we had still to exhibit specimens of our English pronunciation. Even after this, the suffrages appeared to be in my favour; when one of the subscribers stood up, and addressed the meeting in these terms:

“Gentlemen, I would be sorry, very sorry indeed; to say any thing that might hurt Mr Campbell’s feelings; at the same time it is necessary, absolutely necessary, that we should not allow our delicacy to run away with our judgment; and, with all due submission to Mr Campbell and this company, I say with all due submission, I beg leave to say, that although Mr Campbell’s pronunciation may have been good, very good, in its day, yet it

is now far, very far, from being according to the most approved standards. Gentlemen, did you observe the difference between Mr Buskin's pronunciation and Mr Campbell's? I say, gentlemen, did you observe the difference? I could point out many, a great many words; but, wishing to be delicate, I confine myself to a few, a very few; for instance, '*skies, burial, and plaid*;' I ought also to mention '*satiety*;' they were barbarous, they were intolerable to a delicate ear; and Mr Campbell will excuse me, if I say, that Mr Buskin is the *reader*, the *man* for my money."

A dispute now arose among the subscribers; a majority of whom began to argue, that they conceived arithmetic, and the other branches of mathematics, of more importance to their children than fine speaking; and therefore it was their opinion that I was best qualified for the office. The *amateur* of fine English again addressed them.

"Every one for himself, gentlemen; all's fair, quite fair; and therefore I will now speak my mind fully and freely: Mathematics, and so forth, may suit well enough, per-

haps, with your sons—I have only one son, and he goes to college next session; but you all know that I have seven daughters, I say *seven*, all at school! and to my daughters, a correct pronunciation is of much importance, very much importance indeed; and without offences to the other candidates, of whom I humbly, very humbly beg pardon, with the exception of Mr Buskin, there is not one of them whose language would be tolerated in a provincial theatre; and I am resolved, unalterably resolved, that my daughters shall be taught in the newest, most fashionable, and most approved method, style, and manner; and therefore, unless you appoint Mr Buskin to the office, my *seven* daughters come no more to school! You may, you have a right, gentlemen, the same right as I have, to please yourselves; but my mind is made up, and it is needless, totally needless, to talk more upon the subject.”

The subscribers were rather in a dilemma; not quite satisfied with Mr Buskin, and feeling rather reluctant to be dictated to in so peremptory a manner; but, even when unani-

mous, their funds were but small, and they could not easily spare so large a contributor as a subscriber with *seven daughters*. Consequently Mr Buskin, a lad of *sixteen*, was elected, and *threescore and five* was again disappointed!

Foiled, but not overcome, I determined to persevere; for I now felt that, by giving up exertion, the tone and elasticity of my mind would be irrecoverably destroyed. I therefore resolved upon settling in Glasgow, renting a school-room, and advertising for scholars. This plan I immediately carried into effect, and thereby improved my scanty income, and kept melancholy at defiance. I was occupied during the day; and some time after opening school, I first resolved upon this artless narrative of my humble life, as an amusement during the long winter evenings.

During five lingering years, I struggled with my fate, exhausted with daily fatigue, and buried in obscurity. Mine was not an age when I could form new friendships; and in the place where I had fixed my residence,

few sought to associate with an old man, to whose person and mind they were utter strangers. The speculations of commerce occupied their thoughts, and the finesse of buying and selling engrossed their attention, without having any attractions for me. In fine, our minds had no affinity for each other, and our intercourse seldom went beyond the common civilities of society.

CHAPTER XLII.

"Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Even from the *grave* thou *shalt* have power to charm!"
MASON.

I HAD now numbered threescore and ten years, the period mentioned by the Hebrew bard as the limit of the life of man; and finding myself incapable of longer enduring the fatigues of a school, I renounced it altogether.

I became tired of the city, repeating with Cowper,

"God made the country, but man made the town."

My only wish now was to settle myself, if practicable, in some quiet spot, where I might live out my remaining years, with such simple

accommodations as my niggard income would furnish. For this purpose, I made a visit to my old friend Roger, who had now taken a small farm, and was doing well. Upon my arrival, the sincere and hearty welcome which I received, produced an exhilaration of spirits, to which I had long been a stranger.

After mutual inquiries and explanations, Roger seemed anxious, yet afraid, to propose what I so much wished. Perfectly aware of the good man's feelings, I started the subject; and never did I see modesty and benevolence maintain a greater struggle, than was now exhibited by Roger and his kind-hearted Jenny;—most anxious to promote my comfort and happiness, but afraid that their rustic dwelling and habits were ill suited for promoting my comfort. I soon freed them from all concern on that score, and fixed my time of removal.

It was the spring of 1816; and Roger, without saying a word of the matter to me, immediately set about constructing an addition to his house, which was completely finished in summer. It consisted of a small bed-

closet, and a room of about fourteen feet square, with a number of little accommodations. These were destined solely for my use; and when I remonstrated with him upon the expense, he tried to persuade me that it was a trifle; that it would always be useful to his family; and that he had a right to be paid for it at the expiration of his lease.

In the month of July, a strange whim took possession of my mind; and I determined to carry it into execution. This was to make a visit to the spot where the hallowed dust of Maria B. had so long reposed.

The young and gay may laugh, and the cold-blooded men of the world may scoff at my romantic feelings; but in this, as in other parts of the record of my life now before them, I relate my actions, without attempting to justify them, far less to hold them up as examples. I am afraid that too often they may rather be considered as beacons; but I have endeavoured to give a fair unbiassed account of my feelings and my conduct. My attachment to Maria B. was pure and hallowed from the beginning; it was nursed by

enthusiasm ; and, unlike to most early associations, which, when the tie is rent asunder, are healed by time, mine

“ Grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength.”

I was so fully aware that my present purpose would be considered as the romance of dotage, that I could not avow it even to Roger. I told him, that I intended to visit the spot that had given me birth, and once more bend over the graves of my beloved parents. The proposal met his hearty approbation ; and he said, that, as he could take a few days leisure, and the horses were idle, he would accompany me. I saw so much kindness in this offer, that I could not inflict the pain of refusing him as a companion ; although I really wished to make the journey alone.

We set out on a Monday morning, and, on Wednesday, I once more trod the haunts of my early days. But their features, like my own, were changed ; although unlike me, who had dwindled into wrinkled old age, the fields around me smiled in renovated youth.

The clustered villages had disappeared ; and the daisied greens, where the village lasses bleached their linens, while the noisy children gamboled around them, were no longer to be seen. The straw-covered farm-house, had given place to the strong built slated mansion of two stories: stone dykes, and hawthorn hedges, in parallel lines, divided the fields, over which I had formerly run for miles without interruption, except from an occasional ditch, broken down and half choked up by the trampling of cattle. Thick and verdant belts of planting sheltered them from the northern and easterly winds. The thickets of furze and broom had been grubbed up ; and the heath, which formerly, about this season, shone so gay with its purple blossoms, was now covered with the dark and sombre fir. In short, had it not been for the hills and valleys, the prominent and lasting features of nature, and the church and manse, which remained the same, I should hardly have known the face of the country. Although satisfied that it was improved, still it did not please me: it was not what Memory

had pictured, and what I fondly expected to see.

The inhabitants were almost equally strange. Many of the former occupants had forever bid adieu to the cares of life; and many had been removed to make room for others more spirited and enterprising. Of one village, which had contained more than twenty families, not a vestige remained, except a few trees in the middle of an inclosed field. In other instances, the mud walls were standing; the track of the chimney blackened with smoke, which formed a striking and melancholy contrast to the rude white-washing, that had formerly been sprinkled around. The recollections of early days, and the associations to which these gloomy pictures gave rise, became painful to the mind; and I hastened over a scene, which afforded no pleasure in contemplating.

As we approached the church-yard, Roger said he would take charge of the horses, and wait for me at the village inn.

Often, during the best years of my life, had I blamed the doating fondness and foolish va-

nity of my mother, who had persisted, (in spite of my father's better sense,) in educating me for the church. The reflections formerly made by me on this subject, had often recurred, confirmed by experience, and my observations on the fate of those, who had about the same time started with me on the journey of life. During every melancholy fit, I ruminated on her foibles with peculiar bitterness.

I approached the spot where her dust reposed, and all these were forgotten ; I thought only of her love, her maternal kindness, and unremitted solicitude to promote my happiness.

Situate near the wall of the church-yard, her grave, and that of my father, were less exposed to the foot of the playful school-boy, or the crowding passengers on a Sunday. The turf that covered them was close and unbroken, the grass thickly interwoven with wild flowers. Although convinced that it was of no importance, either to the dead or the living, yet it would have given me pain to have seen their graves trodden down and defaced.

I spent a couple of hours within the narrow limits of a country church-yard ; and retired with the reflection, that, at the utmost, a few years would lay me as low and still as if I had never been.

When seated with Roger, and talking over such subjects as were naturally suggested by my visit, I introduced my intention of proceeding to the church-yard of —, in the next county, that I might have the melancholy pleasure of kneeling on the dust that covered Maria B. Roger said that he would accompany me to any distance, were it likely to promote my happiness ; but, in the present instance, he begged leave to express his doubts : “ For,” said he, “ such is the respect, or rather devotion, that you have uniformly shewn to the memory of that lady, ‘that should you fulfil this visit, I fear your feelings may overpower you ; and you cannot say what may be the result to your bodily health. However, I now leave it to yourself ; and am ready to go forward, if this continues to be your wish.” “ I thank you,” said I,

“ for your friendly advice ; but my resolutions are formed !”

We proceeded on our journey, and arrived, a little before sunset, at a village about half a mile distant from the silent mansions which I had determined to visit. Upon inquiry, we found that the church and burying-ground had been removed to a considerable distance ; that the present Mr B. being a principal heritor in the parish, and the former church having stood in his grounds, he had driven away the materials of the house, but allowed the burying-ground to remain undisturbed, except that he had planted it with trees and shrubs, chiefly weeping birches and evergreens, and inclosed the whole with a neat wall of about three feet high, surmounted by a light railing. Mr B. had said, that his father, while alive, had a pleasure in living among his tenants and dependents ; and it was fit that they should now sleep around him in uninterrupted repose.

This last retreat from the pleasures and cares of life, was situate near the bottom of a sloping bank, facing the south-west ; be-

hind, tall pines waved dark in the air ; nearer, the spreading lime and cheerful mountain-ash mingled their shades ; in the valley, a gurgling rivulet murmured over the rocks, which echoed to the cushat as she complained from the surrounding woods. The last rays of the setting sun could scarcely penetrate into this retreat, except, when a slight breeze fanned aside the leaves, that a transient ray shot between. A winding path, nearly parallel to the turnings of the river, had been formed along the banks on the opposite side, and led to this house of silence across a rustic bridge, thrown over between two hoary and rugged rocks ; and, after forming several curves in almost impervious gloom, conducted the passenger to " that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

The spot where Mr B.'s ancestors reposed, was separated from the rest of the cemetery by a slight railing on three sides, and on the fourth by a wall, in which were affixed marble slabs, indicating who slept below.

That opposite to Maria's grave was white

as alabaster, and bore the following inscription :

Sacred

To the Memory of
A dutiful, affectionate, and beloved Daughter,
MARIA B.

who died 19th May 17—
in the 21st year of her age.

Her face
was an index to a mind, spotless and amiable :

Her heart
was benevolent, susceptible, and affectionate.

But

Her noblest monument will be found
in the hearts of those
who had the pleasure of enjoying her friendship ;
and now lament the untimely blast,
by which so lovely a flower
was swept away,
to blossom in a climate
where Innocence and Virtue
flourish
in perpetual Spring.

Some gentle hand had planted a rose-tree
at her head ; and a weeping birch, entwined
with woodbine, rose at the foot of her grave.

I stood for some time motionless, as in the presence of a superior being. My emotions were too strong to permit me to enter the hallowed domain. I leaned upon the railing, and observed a half-expanded rose-bud hanging over her head. Unable to disguise my feelings, and consequently afraid of being seen, although rivetted to the spot, I was anxious to retire for the present. After some time, I withdrew, sought my friend, and counted the tardy minutes, till it was near midnight.

Again I sought Maria's lone abode—all was solitude and silence, except the streamlet that faintly murmured over the broken rocks below. The moon shone through the trees, and her silver light fell upon the marble tablet in the wall. As I leaned in silence, the church-clock struck midnight, and its knell mingled with the echoes of the stream; even these I considered as intruders, and disturbers of my dream of visionary bliss. With trembling knees, and palpitating heart, I clambered over the railing, and stretched myself upon the grassy turf. I bathed my face with the dew that glistened on her verdant canopy, and

became insensible of all around me. I felt as if only Maria B. and myself existed in the universe. "Sister of my soul," cried I, "behold him, who for forty years has not forgotten thee. Cold is thy mansion of dust, but thy spirit inhabits regions of celestial light! Take me to thy abode—long and weary has been my pilgrimage; but come now, and conduct me, and I will bless the hour which brings so happy a termination! Come, Maria! promise that thou wilt again meet me, in those fields of cloudless light, where sorrow is unknown, and all is pure as thy seraphic spirit!"

These may perhaps seem the incoherent ravings of insanity. Be it so—they were the ebullitions of an enthusiasm, which I still wish to subside only with my last breath!

Morning had begun to break in the chambers of the east, and I was entirely unconscious of the lapse of time. A slight and suppressed cough, at some distance, awakened me from my dream of rapture; and looking around with fearful inquietude, after a few minutes of painful suspense, I discovered Roger at a

respectful distance. Unwilling to be interrupted even by him, and feeling that the celestial charm was now dissolved, I took my knife, and, with trembling hand, cut off the rose-bud and a sprig of the weeping birch : “ Forgive me, Maria !” cried I ; “ these are emblems of thee—and I will preserve them with sacred veneration !”

Still I lingered, reluctant to leave this hallowed ground ; and although my heart was tuned to harmony and peace, yet I mentally execrated Roger, who had not only interrupted, but dispelled, a scene of bliss, a vision of felicity, pleasant and pure, as ever was sketched by Fancy’s magic hand.

This kind-hearted friend had been alarmed at my stay, and now came up to meet me. Again I gazed upon the solemn spot, pressed my lips to the cold and senseless marble where her name was recorded, bade a silent farewell to the peaceful and sacred asylum, and unconscious of any earthly care, joined my companion.

We sauntered in the pleasant sequestered walks till morning, that we might not alarm

or disturb the people of the inn ; and after breakfast, mounted our horses, and returned home.

CHAPTER XLIII.

" Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—O, leave the light of Hope behind !
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between !
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please."

CAMPBELL.

I CONCEIVE myself as having now almost closed my intercourse with the world. Another year has passed away, during which, if my enjoyments have been few, I have had nothing to complain of; for I have arrived at that stage of life, when there is little either to be hoped or feared.

My residence is in a quarter of the country thinly inhabited, and distant from any mar-

ket-town. Roger is an active and industrious man, and constantly employed on his farm. For some time after I came to reside with him, I expected soon to die of *ennui*: however, when the season will allow, I keep much out of doors, and in winter have recourse to my library, and an occasional hit at backgammon with my landlord. A weekly newspaper, and the Edinburgh Review, (which I have continued to receive since its commencement) constitute my stock of literary intelligence.

When I wish to amuse myself with descriptions of men and manners, I have recourse to the poems of Campbell, Crabbe, and Walter Scott; to which a friend in Edinburgh has kindly added Waverley, Guy Mannering, Tales of My Landlord, and Byron's Poems;—all of which have cheated me of many a lingering hour. Not that I find them all equally interesting and agreeable. Lord Byron's poetry is not adapted to my mental regimen; it is too highly seasoned with misanthropy; and although I find it agreeable to my palate, experience convinces me, that it is not suited to my consti-

tution, which is still liable to attacks of melancholy. There was a time when I should have considered it a literary feast; but I am now contented to admire the originality of his images, the boldness of his conceptions, and the manly independence of mind that pervades the whole, without adopting or approving of his sentiments. For although nearly weary of the world, I neither wish to hate, nor be hated by those that are plodding forward on the same journey, in paths as rugged as mine.

But Walter Scott still affords me many a delicious banquet. His dedications to *Marmion* furnish a mental feast, the richness of which I would not willingly forego. The pleasing recollections, and tender associations which they call forth, lead back the mind to many an early and delightful scene; they are rich in that delicate sentiment which is most congenial to my soul. *Marmion* may buckle on his armour, and rush into the combat; even Douglas and Roderic Dhu' may appear in all their native dignity;—I can at any time turn my back on the heroes to re-

pose on a heathy bank with Ellen and Allan Bane ; or to moralise on the varying aspects of nature, calling forth the recollections of early days amidst the wild imagery of Ettrick Forest.

The kindness and attention that I experience from my worthy friend Roger and his wife, are constant and sincere ; they endeavour to anticipate my wants, and add to my comforts, in every way that their sphere of life will permit.

My property in the public funds is all that I possess, the interest of which would be inadequate to my wants in any other situation, and is far from being a reimbursement to my friends equal to their affectionate and respectful attention, and to the numerous comforts which they take pleasure in providing for me. I have made my will, leaving one half of this little capital to Mrs Maitland's eldest daughter, and the other to Roger in trust for his family.

Before I close my humble Memoirs, it may be expected that I should notice the fate of those, who have occupied a conspicuous place in my narrative.

About nine months after the date of my last letter from my unfortunate friend in New York, I received advice from his father-in-law, that he was no more. The letter spoke of his death in rather ambiguous terms ; but stated, that he died suddenly, leaving a widow and an infant daughter.

During his wife's pregnancy, he had requested as a favour, that their child, if a son, should be named after me ; and if a daughter, after Mrs Maitland. The child was born, but not baptized, at the time of his death, and had, agreeably to his wishes, been named Eliza.

Colonel Maitland and his lady, after a considerable stay in Ireland, removed to Switzerland ; the gloom and misanthropy of his mind increasing daily.

Shunning the rich, and disdaining to associate with the poor, he was almost a recluse. His amiable lady exerted herself, in every possible way, to promote his happiness. The nameless sacrifices which she made, left hardly a comfort in life unimpaired, except the pleasure of attending her children ; but these

privations were submitted to with cheerfulness, that she might the more amply discharge her conjugal duties. In a letter which I had from her, she writes thus :

“ Were I to indulge in a querulous disposition, perhaps I might find sufficient apologies ; but this would be idle ; or, worse, it would create or increase the feeling which it is both my duty and my interest to suppress. I therefore study incessantly to cultivate and preserve that cheerfulness of temper, which is more calculated to promote both the Colonel’s happiness and my own.

“ Spited with the world, he has no enjoyment beyond his own family, all of whom he still loves ; although to you I must confess, that his temper has lost much of its fine suavity and even tenor.

“ Charles is pursuing his studies, and about him the Colonel has much anxious concern : he cannot think of his son’s entering into business, and will not stoop to solicit patronage to promote him in life.

“ The younger branches are more immediately under my own eye ; and the progres-

sive development of their minds now constitutes my principal enjoyment.

“ The greater and better part of life is now past ; and if it has not been a scene of uninterrupted pleasure, it has produced to me few serious or lasting vexations. If Providence has seen meet to deprive me and my family of that wealth and rank which we once possessed—why should I repine ? We are still left the means of living comfortably ; and I feel thankful for what we enjoy, rather than regret for what we have lost.

“ Were it possible for my husband’s mind to recover its tone, O how great would be my increase of happiness ! But this, I much fear, is not now to be expected ; and my only resource is, to exercise patience, resignation, and cheerfulness.

“ My greatest privation is being exiled from my native land, which I do not expect ever again to see ; for the Colonel will not, even in his happiest moments, hear of revisiting the shores of Britain ; neither does he wish to see any one by whom he was formerly known. On my own account, all this is lit-

tle, but it is of incalculable importance to my family. They will be brought up not only strangers to the people, habits, and manners of their country, but almost to those of the world at large; for their father now sees no company that it is possible to avoid. He walks out with his gun during the day; at night we play at chess and read alternately. Except upon particular business, he has not written a letter to Britain since our arrival here; and he does not even wish that the place of our residence should be known; so anxious is he to avoid every association likely to produce painful recollections, and so solicitous to hide himself from the world.

“ You may regard it as a proof that you stand high in his estimation, when I inform you, that this letter is written at his request. Yesterday after dinner, he asked if I had lately heard any thing of you. ‘ My dear,’ said I, ‘ how could I? you know he is quite ignorant of our route and present settlement.’ ‘ Poor fellow!’ he replied, ‘ I am afraid he is now, like us, without friends! Write to him; inquire into his fate; we may yet be useful

to him, and can easily spare what would add to his comforts. Or, if you could persuade him to come hither, and unite himself to our fallen fortunes, we should form a little family of friends, forgetting and forgotten by the world. But whatever he may resolve upon, request him not to make our residence public : I wish neither to be pestered with impertinent visitors, nor letters of hypocritical friendship and canting condolence !”

“ Such were my instructions ; and I am fully convinced, that the Colonel would not only make you welcome, but also reckon you an acquisition to our little circle. That I would do so, I trust you firmly believe. Still I will not second his invitation ; as I am rather uncertain whether it would promote your happiness. My husband’s heart I know to be the same as ever, but his temper and manner are changed. An angry sally and gloomy fit, although they pass off like an April cloud, might (placed as you would be) disturb your tranquillity.

“ It gives me pain to suspect, from some information which I had before leaving Ire-

land, that your latter days are less comfortable than I am sure you deserve. This you have studiously concealed from us. We can still render you effectual assistance; but foolish modesty and false delicacy have been your foibles through life. Will you yet permit us to serve you? Write either to the Colonel or me, under cover to ————; and believe me to be, most sincerely, your unchangeable friend,
E. MAITLAND."

I replied to this letter, assuring my friends that I was very comfortable, and expressing my most unfeigned wishes for their happiness; but I have not since heard any thing further of the family.

Flora M'Donald has long since completely recovered the use of her reason; but she has lost her former cheerfulness and vivacity; and, to those who know her history, seems never to have forgotten her misfortunes.

The laird of Glenbeath, her seducer, after having offered himself in marriage to several young ladies, is still a bachelor. Shortly after Flora's return from the asylum, stimulated either by conscience or shame, he procured an

account of the expense which she incurred while there, and tendered payment ; but, when told that it was already discharged, he added a further sum to the amount, making the whole two hundred pounds sterling, which is deposited in the Bank of Scotland, in Flora's name, and at her own disposal.

Sir Peter Lightfoot and his lady have both been dead some years; and between Mrs Maitland and the rest of that family all correspondence has long ceased. Dick, the militia officer, soon quarrelled with his wife, and they separated by mutual consent some years ago. The lady again took to the stage, and became eminent in her profession. His sister's husband, who retired from the stage at her earnest intreaty, is now a rich farmer, and they live happy and much respected.

My college acquaintance, Tom Standish, continued his trade of itinerant preaching; wandering over great part of the south of Scotland, till his habits of intoxication so far overcame him, that he ceased to preserve even the external appearance of decorum in his labours ; when, after a few months more of in-

digence and degrading stupefaction, he was found dead under a hedge, without a hat, with stockings wanting the feet, an old Bible, an empty tin snuff-box, a worn out pen-knife, a pair of spectacles wanting one of the glasses, and one halfpenny in his pocket.

Such have been the principal events of a life, protracted beyond the usual period. From this narrative it is obvious, that I have lived without being useful either to myself or to society. Until a very extraordinary chance threw me in the way of Mr. Belfield, I was a mere idler, and a burthen to my parents. The kindness and protection which I experienced at Hawthorn-lodge, were not earned by any exertion of mine: and although the happiest years of my life were passed with Mr Belfield, yet I could never feel that independence of mind, which is essential to the dignity and the happiness of man.

And even now, the bread which I eat, and every the most trivial comfort that I enjoy, are purchased with the bounty of another. From the refined enjoyments and delicate en-

dearments of domestic felicity, I have ever been excluded ; and, for years past, no one has participated in my pleasures, or sympathised in my sorrows. I constitute no link in the chain of social life ; and there is not a fellow mortal who has an interest in my existence. If I should be stretched upon a bed of lingering sickness, I must become a burden, where I have never been a comfort !

Strangers must perform the last offices to my lifeless clay ; no tear will drop upon my tomb—the clods and mouldering bones must fall unheard upon my coffin—while the unthinking spectators will stand around, talking over the news of the day.

The sexton will press down the turf upon my head—the company will turn their backs upon the dreary mansion of the grave, after having consigned to oblivion a weary pilgrim, whose name and family shall then be no more ; and before the next Sunday, when they meet on the same spot, I shall be forgotten.

Reader ! I have presented you with a faithful record of my actions, my errors, and my

failings—make your own comments. The result of my experience is, that indolence and dependence destroy all the energies of the mind, and are totally incompatible with true happiness; and that the life will close in the most pleasing serenity, which has been most actively employed in promoting the welfare of society.

THE END.

*Oliver & Boyd, Printers,
Edinburgh.*

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